Jan. 20, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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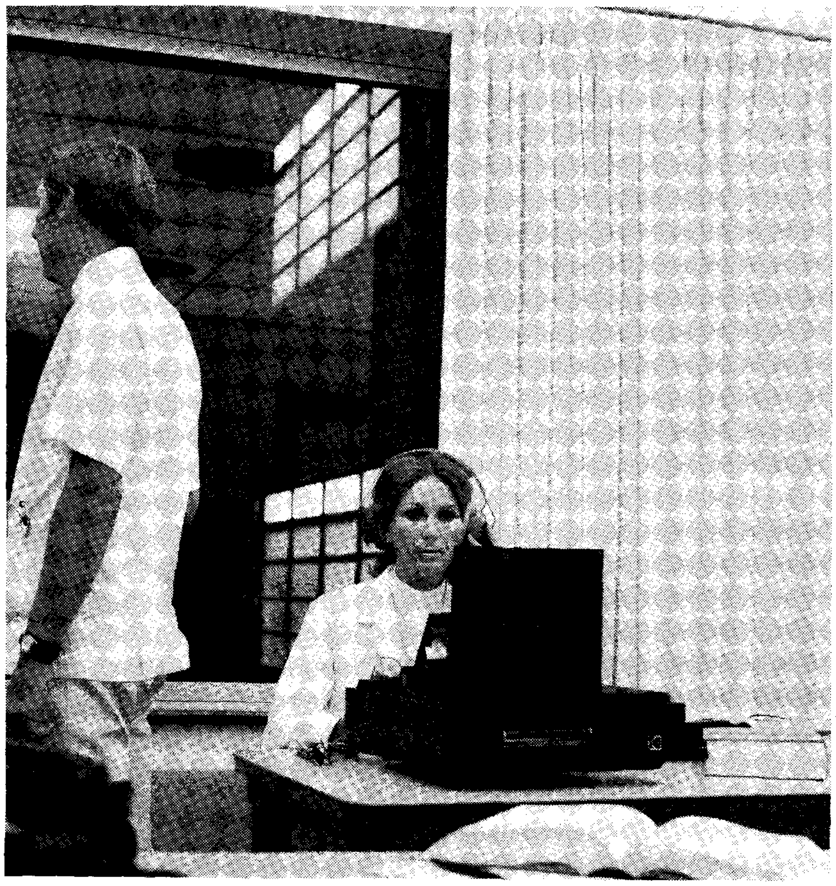

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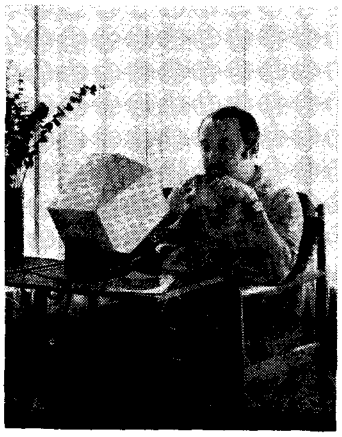

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writing of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butley—Alan Bates in the best role of his career, as a deteriorating don whose self-loathing becomes an all-out and often very funny attack on the entire human race. Written by Simon Gray, who knows a thing or two. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Cherry Orchard—An extremely interesting production under Michael Schultz's direction. The all-black cast includes Gloria Foster, James Earl Jones, Ellen Holly, and Earle Hyman, among others. Josephine Premice gives a wonderful performance as Charlotta, the governess and amateur sleight-of-hand artist. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Children—This mysterious, blurry little play is almost all fantasy. It is about the son, the lover, the daughter, and the husband of a dying woman, none of whom is especially good company. With Bob Balaban, George Welbes, Fern Sloan, and Kevin McCarthy. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don Juan in Hell—Shaw's comedy, comprising the third act of his "Man and Superman," performed by Paul Henreid, Ricardo Montalban, Edward Mulhare, and Agnes Moorehead. John Houseman directed. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan—A one-man show of selections from the lively and altogether extraordinary writings of the late Irish dramatist. Mr. Duffin's performance, while hardly extraordinary, is quite lively, too. (Abbey, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY, a musical by Joe Manchester, Earl Shuman, and Leon Carr, suggested by the James Thurber story. The fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Games and After Liverpool—A pair of one-act plays by James Saunders. The third in the New Phoenix Repertory Company's "Sideshow" programs. (Bijou at the Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. Monday, Jan. 22, at 8. For tickets, call 765-1620.)

Green Julia—A rather silly but lively comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Jockey Club Stakes—A play by William Douglas Home, imported from London, with Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner. Directed by Cyril Ritchard. Preview Tuesday, Jan. 23. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 24, for a six-week engagement that will run through Saturday, March 3. (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Last of Mrs. Lincoln—A tidy, soap-opera version of the widowhood of Mary Todd Lincoln, endowed with charm by Julie Harris and an attractive supporting cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 4.)

Let Me Hear You Smile—Sandy Dennis, James Broderick, and Jack Zaharia are the entire cast of this comedy by Leonora Thuna and Harry Cauley. Directed by Mr. Cauley. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea—Irene Papas in the Euripides play, adapted and directed by Minos Volanakis. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 17, and will run through Sunday, April 1. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Much Ado About Nothing—High spirits never soared higher. This Shakespeare Festival version of the old comedy is enchanting from first to last. With, among many others, Kathleen Widdoes and Sam Waterston. Directed by A. J. Antoon. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fri-

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DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Donald Reilly, Richard McCallister, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, Edward Koren, Vahan Shirvanian, Alan Dunn, William Hamilton, Charles Addams, William Steig, Mischa Richter, Frank Modell, Ed Arno, Robert Weber, Warren Miller*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
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days at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rainbow—A dreadful, fatuous musical (but *with a rather pleasant score*) by James Rado. The hero is an American soldier dead in Vietnam, and he is supported by, among others, a sissy, mincing Jesus who drifts around the stage in a diaper. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 674-2010. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Mati*nées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays* at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sean O'Casey's **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**, with Jack MacGowran and Roberta Maxwell. The second in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 10.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Satur*days at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées* Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—A labored little comedy by Bob Randall, saved by the skill and charm of Jane Alexander and Jerry Orbach. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Sunshine Boys—A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Albertson and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,294 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Martha Raye, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR:** A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Duo Concertant," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Friday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Concerto No. 2," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: "Swan Lake," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Harlequinade."... ¶ *Sunday, Jan. 21, at 1:* "Swan Lake," "Violin Concerto," and "Danses Concertantes."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 21, at 7: "Serenade," "Tarantella," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ "Don Quixote": Thursday and Friday, Jan. 25-26, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2 and 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Variations for Four," "Scherzo for Massah Jack" (première), "Intermezzo," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ *Thursday, Jan. 18, at* 8: "Sea-Change," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "The Maids," "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Scherzo for Massah Jack," "The Flames of Paris," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2: "Scherzo for Massah Jack" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 21, at 7:30: "Coppélia."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Scherzo for Massah Jack," "The Flames of Paris," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8: "The River," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Unfinished Symphony," and "Monument for a Dead Boy."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Paquita," "The Maids," "The Flames of Paris," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 27 at 2: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Intermezzo," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Sea-Change." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 28.)

Lado, Yugoslav National Dance and Folk Ensemble—*A company of fifty dancers, singers,* and musicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Jo Jo Starbuck and Ken Shelley, Freddie Trenkler, Anna Galmarini, and Sashi Kuchiki. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 18-19, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 20, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 21, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated one-ring circus, with Popov the clown, cycling bears, Cossack riders, strong men, jugglers, aerialists, and acrobats. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 24-25, at 7:30; Friday, Jan. 26, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 28, at 1:30 and 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

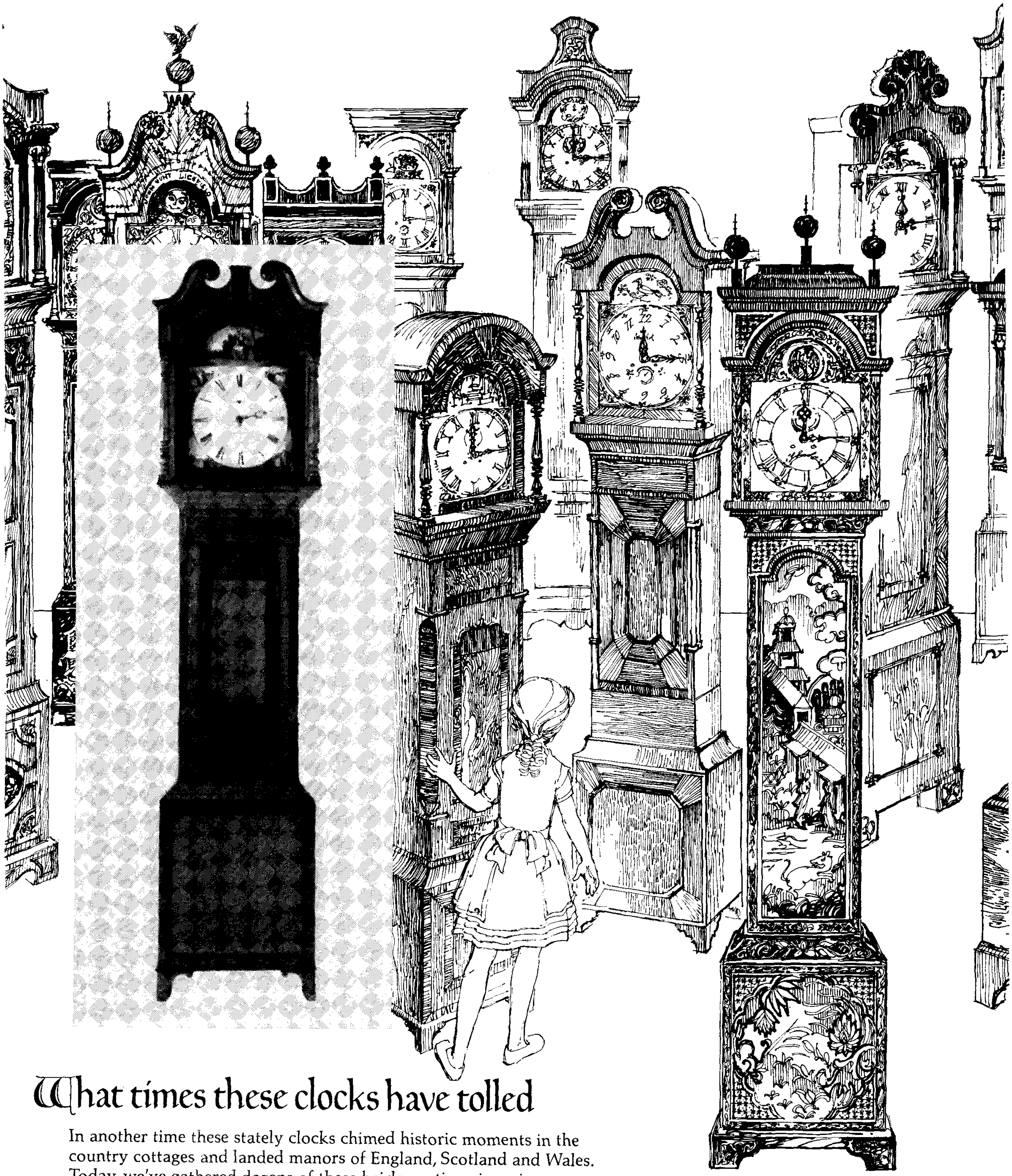
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays *through Saturdays, from nine until three,* pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show, a California-bred, country-type group, will be here through Sunday, Jan. 21. Then on Wednesday, Jan. 24, Lily Tomlin will come in to do some of the alarming characters she has invented, and—be forewarned—the place will undoubtedly be mobbed. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. On Wednesday, Jan. 17, drummer Omar Clay will be in charge of a trio. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 18-21, pianist Junior Mance will lead a threesome. Music from nine to two, except Mondays, when there are soul sessions from eight until two.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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the-wood vibrations. Mike Abene, a talented young pianist, will be collaborating with bassist Harvey Schwartz through Saturday, Jan. 20. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Anyone desiring to play a set just after Marian McPartland has finished one would be taking his musical reputation in his hands. Mrs. McPartland's jazz piano grows stronger with the years. Her sidemen—drummer Joe Corsello and bassist Rusty Gilder—give her a suitable background in this fastness of velvet and aplomb. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of those *rarae aves* where the music begins reasonably early. Six nights a week, from eight until one, Teddy Wilson—venerable, swinging, and technically faultless—plays from his old hit parade. Al Bruno helps out on bass. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 27-28, between three and seven, blues-and-gospel singer Brother John Sellers will be backed by a pianist and a guitarist. Sunday evenings, from eight until one, Dick Hyman takes to the keyboard. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Through Saturday, Jan. 20, singer-composer Spanky Brown and comic Billy Braver will share the proceedings with a group called Revival. Sandy Bull—an eclectic instrumentalist with an affinity for both Eastern music and the blues—will open Tuesday, Jan. 23, along with a bunch known as Bill Chinnock and Friends. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The time, the place, the musicians have all come together in this little spot and it's a winner. Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Jan. 21, the duo will play an all-Jerome Kern program from five to seven-thirty, before their regular session. Mondays, another piano-and-bass team performs. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but important for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. At the moment, John Fourie, guitar, and Midge Pike, bass, are taking turns with jazz-and-classics guitarist David Qualey. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 23, the Jack Wilkins duo will alternate with Qualey. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. What is more, there are two jazz groups each night. Through Saturday, Jan. 20, a quartet led by saxophonist James Moody will trade sets with Dakota Staton and a trio headed by pianist Duke Pearson. (Miss Staton, a singer who had a large following in the late nineteen-fifties, has recently returned to the scene with a series of night-club appearances in New York.) On Monday, Jan. 22, trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie—undefeated and still champ—will bring in his quintet to play opposite the Hank Jones-Remo Palmieri quartet. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, between seven and one, Duke Pearson leads a seventeen-piece band.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Roy Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Big and square and mighty like a barn, with some solidly grounded jazz emanating from the bar (which is as round as a quoit). Barry Harris is on piano and Larry Davis on bass Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays. No music Mondays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Rustic surroundings and one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York. Singers—usually folk—are in evidence most nights. Buzzy Linhart, who sings in a penetrating voice about life's vicissitudes, will be here through Sunday, Jan. 21. Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 23-28, folk singer Michael Gately will be on hand, and Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 24-26, Merry Clayton—who has what it takes to be a really tough soul singer—will share the stage with Gately. Music nightly, from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. Waylon Jennings, a country singer and guitarist who has been performing since the nineteen-fifties, will be here with a backup crew through Sunday, Jan. 21. Songwriter-singer-pianist Carol Hall will be on the same bill. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Mondays and Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters. Drinks and snacks.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Shows at ten and midnight each night. . . . ¶ In the **oscar wilde room** (which the Bracknells and Windermeres would find very strange), on the same floor, high-decibel live groups start at ten nightly. Dancing, when the music is suitable.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns may be observed here, and so may a certain number of cats, especially on Mondays, from nine to midnight, when actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen leads a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Wednesday through Saturday, from nine to one, Stan Freeman will be playing jazz piano. Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 23-27 (same hours), Dave McKenna will be at the keyboard. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Patti Wicks, a vital young jazz pianist, plays with bassist Perry Lind Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays and Mondays, between seven and midnight, Mel Dancy claims the piano. Dining.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—This is the room that used to house the Half Note—which recently moved to midtown—and, under its new management, it looks and sounds about as it always did. (It's congenial, but be prepared for deserted streets and minimal illumination.) Through Sunday, Jan. 21, tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate will lead a quintet, and Laurel Watson will sing. Drummer Roy Brooks will arrive with a fivesome on Tuesday, Jan. 23. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—An upper floor with tables and music, and a lower floor with a bar. Bassist Earl May directs a threesome between eight and two Thursdays through Saturdays. The menu has soul.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small and attractive. Mickey Tucker, who favors an electric piano, is leading a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. No live music the rest of the week. Snacks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Once in the history of jazz, this club was known as the Five Spot—and it was known far and wide. Now, with the same owners and about the same appearance, the room has become a neighborhood bar-and-restaurant. The food is Italian. The jazz is all electric, and it is provided by keyboard man Dave Matthews, guitarist Sam Brown, and a bassist. Ten to two every night but Sunday.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Reggie Moore, a jazz pianist with intellectual bite, will conduct his trio through Sunday, Jan. 21 (and when bassist Hank Haynie solos, gee whillikers!). On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman alternates with the regulars. The rest of the time, pianist David Lam starts the evening at about nine-thirty, and goes on to play between sets by other musicians. Mondays, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: On Monday, Jan. 22, from eight to one, Jazz Interactions will present a flock of musicians, including the Harold Mabern trio, the Roland Hanna trio, the Barry Miles trio, Dave Burrell, and Willie the Lion Smith.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Keith Jarrett, who is primarily a pianist but who also plays soprano sax and other things—he used to be with Miles Davis—is being looked to as an important force in jazz these days. He will lead his quartet through Sunday, Jan. 21. Thelonious Monk, a pianist with much influence and few imitators, will bring in his quartet on Tuesday, Jan. 23. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a miniature revue, is on tap at nine and eleven. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The port of entry for many of the most *furioso* acrobats of the Latin world. The latest troupe is headed by Cuban singers Rolando Laserie and Luisa Maria and dancers Augie & Margo. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Jan. 17, is the final night for the Jerry Butler Revue. On Thursday, Jan. 18, along come the Golddiggers as the choral sector of the evening, and Rick Daniels as the tenor sector. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music by the Peter Argiro trio from ten o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of Mark Monte's orchestra and the Teddy Diamond trio during dinner and to some English, French, and American discs during supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ**, Herb Winner's dance threesome will be around through Saturday, Jan. 20, seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio will play Sunday through Saturday, Jan. 21-27.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Singers Daniel & Dimitri have the floor of the **PERSIAN ROOM** at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Dick Lewis orchestra and the Barry Levitt trio the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP**, two musicians tiptoe through the tulips from five until ten. Discothèque dancing after ten. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting the pulsing quartet of Stan Getz and the songs of Yvonne Elliman. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday; dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from seven o'clock on.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A Fortnight of Greece will be celebrated here, beginning Thursday, Jan. 18, when a bevy of Greek chefs, dancers, and musicians will simultaneously go into action. Black tie opening night. The hours for entertainment are seven, ten, and midnight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Pop singer Freda Payne is the dinner and supper tenant of the **MAISONETTE.** Dancing all evening to the Anthony Terini orchestra and a trio. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Egypt as it never was. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs and move around with smiles on their faces. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no music Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists; and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** below-decks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PAUL REVERE'S TAVERN,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): The old silversmith might flip on finding that his tavern has gone Gaelic. Arnold Elder and Brendan Sheridan are doing Irish ballads on Mondays as well as Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Tuesdays, Paddy Noonan and Martin Flynn do the job, and on Wednesdays and Thursdays they join the other duo. Music from seven to midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from eight to one Fridays and Saturdays. *The menu is in accord with the music.*

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. There is piano by Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm, and *amour, amour* is the mood of the piano operated so well by Robert Poitevin, who is on hand from five until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg Empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): Gazing out at the Park, one might almost ignore the parti-colored interior—but one should not. Arooj Lazewal plays sitar and Badal Roy drums and tabla every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. The cuisine, like the gentle music, represents Bangladesh. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): An inn on the road to the castle. Larry Oleno, whose baritone softens the night, is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays between nine and midnight. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): In the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around *10* or *11* to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAROO ASHEVAK—Carvings in whalebone, often humorous, of human figures and animals, by an Eskimo; starting Tuesday, Jan. 23. (American Indian Arts Center, 1042 Madison, at 80th St.)

ALICE BABER—Streaming circles and ovals in high-keyed colors; through Feb. 1. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. and 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Colors on a grid; through Wednesday, Jan. 24. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY BELL—New sculptures by a West Coast artist known for his geometrical structures in transparent plastic; through Feb. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH BEUYS—The first one-man show here of the work of this leading German conceptual artist and art-world performer; it consists of drawings since 1947, multiples, and information (video tape, photographs) about the artist and his ideas. Through Feb. 7. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract paintings that stress color and texture; through Feb. 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR BRAUNER (1903-66)—Paintings of fantastic creatures by a Surrealist; through Feb. 3. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYDNEY BUTCHKES—Shaped canvases; through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

MIGUEL CONDÉ—Mexican-influenced paintings by an American; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Abstract bronzes and related drawings; through Feb. 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD DELONGA—Sculptures and paintings of castles, cathedrals, and armored figures; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HANK DE RICCO—Paintings, banners, scrolls, and screens in various mediums—bark, leather, ribbon, braided cord—that reflect a fusion of Oriental and American Indian motifs; through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Watercolors by the pioneer American abstractionist; through Friday, Jan. 19. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St.)

EDWARD DUGMORE—Paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Wednesday, Jan. 24. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER—Portraits and figure

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paintings, also still-lifes in watercolor, by a New Realist; through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Michael Goldberg—Abstractions with luminous bronze metallic surfaces; through Wednesday, Jan. 24. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; starting Thursday, Jan. 18. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Peter Grass—Paintings on three-dimensional geometrical forms; through Friday, Jan. 26. (Yu, 81 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Ilise Greenstein / Alice Landes—All-white abstract paintings. / Black female figures. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Starts Tuesday, Jan. 23.)

John Gundelfinger—Misty landscapes; through Feb. 1. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harmony Hammond / Howardena Pindell—Wall pieces. / Paintings. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Jan. 31. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Ten large paintings from the late fifties; through Wednesday, Jan. 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gillian Jagger—Works showing the imprints in plaster and paint of figures in motion; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Johnson—Collages representing the history of the Parsons Gallery; through Feb. 3. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Judd—Structures in various materials by a leading Minimalist; through Feb. 3. (Castelli, 420 W. Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Marty Kalb—Areas of flat color occasionally suggestive of landscape; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Two large cutout figures in aluminum, also smaller constructions of blue canvas on armatures; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Harry Kramer—Huge black-and-white paintings dedicated, on the basis of the artist's fondness for fishing, to Izaak Walton; through Wednesday, Jan. 24. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Doris Kreindler—Abstract paintings that convey the artist's impressions of the northern lights; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Irene Krugman—Evocative wrigglings of animated plastic sheets; through Wednesday, Jan. 24. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Loew—The first show since 1965 of an established New York painter of color abstractions; through Friday, Jan. 26. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Lozowick—Oils and lithographs by an artist known for his social-realist prints; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Dain, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

August F. Lundberg (1878-1928)—Landscapes, figure paintings, and nudes; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clyde Lynds—Free-standing constructions with moving patterns of light and color, which the artist refers to as "spectral kinetics;" through Jan. 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rodger Mack—Abstract bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Mangold—Shaped canvases by a Minimalist; through Feb. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James McGarrell—Slightly Surreal paintings; through Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Ennio Morlotti—The first showing in New York of this veteran Italian's Expressionist paintings with figure and landscape elements; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

Donald Munson—Drawings from nature in colored pencil; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Slides, photographs, video tapes, and other informational materials by a contriver of extra-studio projects (earthworks, *e.g.*); through Saturday Jan. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

John Opper—Paintings composed of vertical bands of color by a well-known New Yorker; through Feb. 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Paternosto—All-white paintings with bars of color along the sides, by an Argentinian; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Matt Phillips—Abstract figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carolyn Plochmann—Romantic subjects done in oil, watercolor, and mixed mediums; through Feb. 3. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Earl Reiback—Projections of moving light in intense colors; through Feb. 17. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Reisman—Paintings, often humorous, of New York City scenes and types, by a veteran realist; through Feb. 15. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

Cornelis Ruhtenberg—Paintings of scenes from everyday life; through Feb. 2. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Saunders—One large painting of Jack Johnson, the prizefighter, and smaller mixed-medium pieces—made up of baggage tickets, old calendars, Donald Ducks, and reproductions of art works—some of which reflect the artist's recent trip to Africa; starting Tuesday, Jan. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

William Scott—Abstract and figure paintings by a well-known artist of the British Isles; through Feb. 10. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Front and rear views, in relief, of nudes: a new development added to this artist's familiar plaster-cast tableaux; through Feb. 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Frank Stella—Works by a leading "color" painter; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

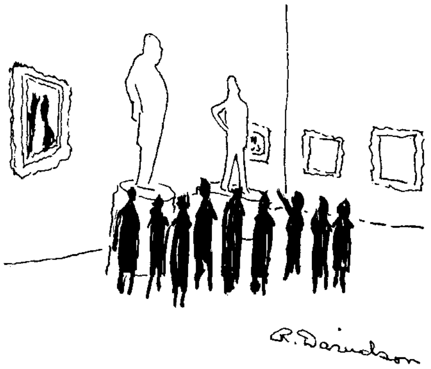
Edvins Strautmanis / Abdul Mati Klarwein—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Figurative paintings. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Marjorie Strider—Paintings and sculptures of commonplace objects which make use of plastic foam; through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Thomas—Paintings based on the motif of the ellipse; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Walasse Ting—Paintings that consist of spatterings of high-keyed pigments on a one-color ground; through Feb. 3. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cy Twombly—Drawings of the last decade by an artist known for his "scribblings;" through Feb. 6. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)



Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints emphasizing New York scenes by an early American modernist; through Feb. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Wesley—More paintings of everyday objects, with a comic-book slant; through Feb. 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jim Wolfe—Steel sculptures; through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Zakanych—Four abstract paintings; starting Saturday, Jan. 20. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Drawings by, for instance, Ralph Humphrey, Brice Marden, and David Novros; through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.)... **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: One work each by Robert Grosvenor, Forrest Myers, and Richard Nonas, created especially for this exhibit; through Feb. 9. (Weekdays, 8 to 6.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures, from the third century B.C. to the present, on the subject of the male; through Feb. 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: American nineteenth-century still-lifes; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Ceiling pieces in acrylic-on-canvas strips by Perry Gunther, others in muslin stuffed with shredded foam by Ida Horowitz, and still others in aluminum, nylon, and rope by Mildred Stanley; through Tuesday, Jan. 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: About fifty pieces of American folk art; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and drawings by European masters of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; starting Thursday, Jan. 18.... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century Americans; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Cadmus, Thon, Vickrey, and Hale; through Feb. 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, and Walkowitz, for example; through March 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper by Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, and others; through Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the nineteen-forties exhibited by Baroness Hilla Rebay, then director of the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, now the Guggenheim; through Feb. 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, and photographs by seven artists; through Jan. 28. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Realistic figure and landscape paintings by Vincent Arcilesi; stained, poured, and sprayed paintings by Edgar Buonagurio; and shaped canvases and hard-edge paintings on Plexiglas by Helen Soreff. Through Thursday, Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Two new exhibitions in the American Art galleries on the second floor entitled, respectively, "19th Century American Landscape" and "The Painterly Photograph 1890-1914" survey their subjects with exemplary brevity, modesty, and authority. The landscape show begins with three early examples of naïve art, ends with Impressionist works, and is largely devoted to work by the Hudson River School (which term was first coined as a pejorative by a hostile critic, and stuck, even though its exponents ranged far beyond the Hudson River Valley). Many of these romantic paintings, which looked like kitsch a few years ago, now look like art; their quietness, softness, and solitariness express a feeling about nature that has come alive again today. Asher Brown Durand, John Frederick Ken-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sett, Jasper F. Cropsey, George Inness, and Ralph Albert Blakelock are among the painters whose idea of "the country" coincides with our own. The panoramic extravagances of Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and Frederic Evans Church, however, still look unearthly; as Henry James once wrote, while trying to find something nice to say about a new painting by Church, "It is the kind of art which seems perpetually skirting the edge of something worse than itself." . . . ¶ "The Painterly Photograph" offers sixty-five specimens of the work of the Photo-Secession who, by emulating the advanced art of their day (Whistler, Corot, and the Barbizon School, among others) and by strenuously manipulating prints and negatives, sought to establish photography as an art form. These delicate prints, sometimes exquisitely colored, permit one to see—as reproductions in books don't—how close to looking like drawings and etchings the productions of the "pictorial school" came; one can readily understand how the 1902 Beaux-Arts in Paris came to accept ten Steichen photographs, submitted as "prints," under the impression that they were works of graphic art. (The salon sheepishly rejected them on realizing their "mistake.") Clarence H. White, Robert Demachy, Gertrude Käsebier, and Frank Eugene are among the photographers represented, along with Steiglitz and Steichen. . . . ¶ Ten pairs of portraits of husbands and wives by Dutch painters of the seventeenth century: Rembrandt, Memling, Hals, and others; starting Friday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Medieval and Renaissance stained-glass windows from six European nations; through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of Diane Arbus (1923-71), consisting of a hundred and twenty-five photographic portraits; through Sunday, Jan. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Sunday, Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Eighty sculptures and drawings executed between 1965 and 1970 by Eva Hesse (1936-70), well-known Minimalist; through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The first two stages of a biennial survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture, which is replacing the Whitney Annual; through March 4. The third stage will open Thursday, Jan. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective exhibit of three hundred and seventy-seven works covering the entire career of the post-Surrealist Lucas Samaras, including sculptures, designs, and mixed-media works; through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ About a hundred Japanese wood-block prints (1860-63) reflecting the influence on Japanese art of the opening of the port of Yokohama to foreigners; through Jan. 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and color slides of shells, along with examples, marking the publication of a book on the subject by Andreas Feininger and William K. Emerson; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Pottery and porcelains dating from prehistoric times to the seventeenth century; starting Thursday, Jan. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Sculptures by Boris Lovet-Lorski; through March 11. . . . ¶ Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; through Sunday, Jan. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Seventy-four works, including screens, panel paintings, lacquer ware, metalwork, and ceramics, done in Japan in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries and reflecting the influence of the arrival of the Portuguese and Spanish; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and eighteen Master drawings from the collection of Christ Church, Oxford University; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ About sixty American bookbindings from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through March 31. . . . ¶ Forty-two Hopi kachina dolls, toys, musical instruments, and other objects; through Feb. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works by nearly a hundred women painters and sculptors, chosen by an all-woman committee; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Works in soft materials—such as string, rubber, cloth, inflatables—by Oldenburg, Serra, Hannah Wilke, and others; starting Thursday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A hundred drawings, most of them done in the nineteen-sixties, by American artists—Flavin, di Suvero, Heizer, Judd, Serra, and Smithson, for instance; starting Friday, Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety; through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Japanese and Nepalese manuscripts, a Mongolian block-printed book, Shakespeare's First Folio, and illustrations of the complex languages of music and mathematics, all contributing to an exhibit portraying the variety of past and present languages; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 17: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Judith Forst, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Louis Quilico, and Cesare Siepi; conducted by Robert Benzi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 18: "Pique Dame," with Teresa Kubiak, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, and Dominic Cossa; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 19: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Monica Sinclair, Jean Kraft, Luciano Pavarotti, and Donald Gramm; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 20: "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 20: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 22: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Monica Sinclair, Jean Kraft, Luciano Pavarotti, and Donald Gramm; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 23: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Gail Robinson, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 24: "La Traviata," with Pilar Lorengar, Leo Goeke, and Cornell MacNeil; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 25: "Macbeth," with Martina Arroyo, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 26: "Pique Dame," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, and Dominic Cossa; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 27: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Gail Robinson, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Sherrill Milnes; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 27: "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Christine Weidinger, Enrico Di Giuseppe, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 19, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; David Ulin, boy soprano; Michael Best and Robert Johnson, tenors; and Raymond Michalski and Robert Shiesley, basses); Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 26, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:30 (with John Cerminaro, French horn). . . . **NOTE:** The Gramercy String Quartet will perform "Five Movements for Strings, Opus 5," after which Mr. Boulez will conduct the orchestra in a performance of the same work, as well as discuss Webern and his music (and answer questions) on Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8:30, at Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St.

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, and Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8, with four organists and six pianists, including Mr. Thomas, Raymond Lewenthal, Marilyn Neeley, and Antonio Barbosa. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8, with the New England Conservatory Chorus; Susan Larson, soprano; Yasuo Watanabe, piano; and other vocal and instrumental soloists.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Thomas Schippers conducting, with Dino Ciani, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 5:30, with Gina Bachauer, piano. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8, with Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and Artur Balsam, piano.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the Ensemble of New York in the second in a series of four concerts, this one a John Cage retrospective. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2:30.)

I Musici—The first of two concerts by the Italian chamber ensemble, this one an all-Bach program, with Roberto Michelucci, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Yuri Krasnapolsky directing, with Seth McCoy, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8, the fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8:30, the first of two special varied concerts.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in a program of music by Vittorio Rieti, with the New York Woodwind Quintet, the Phoenix String

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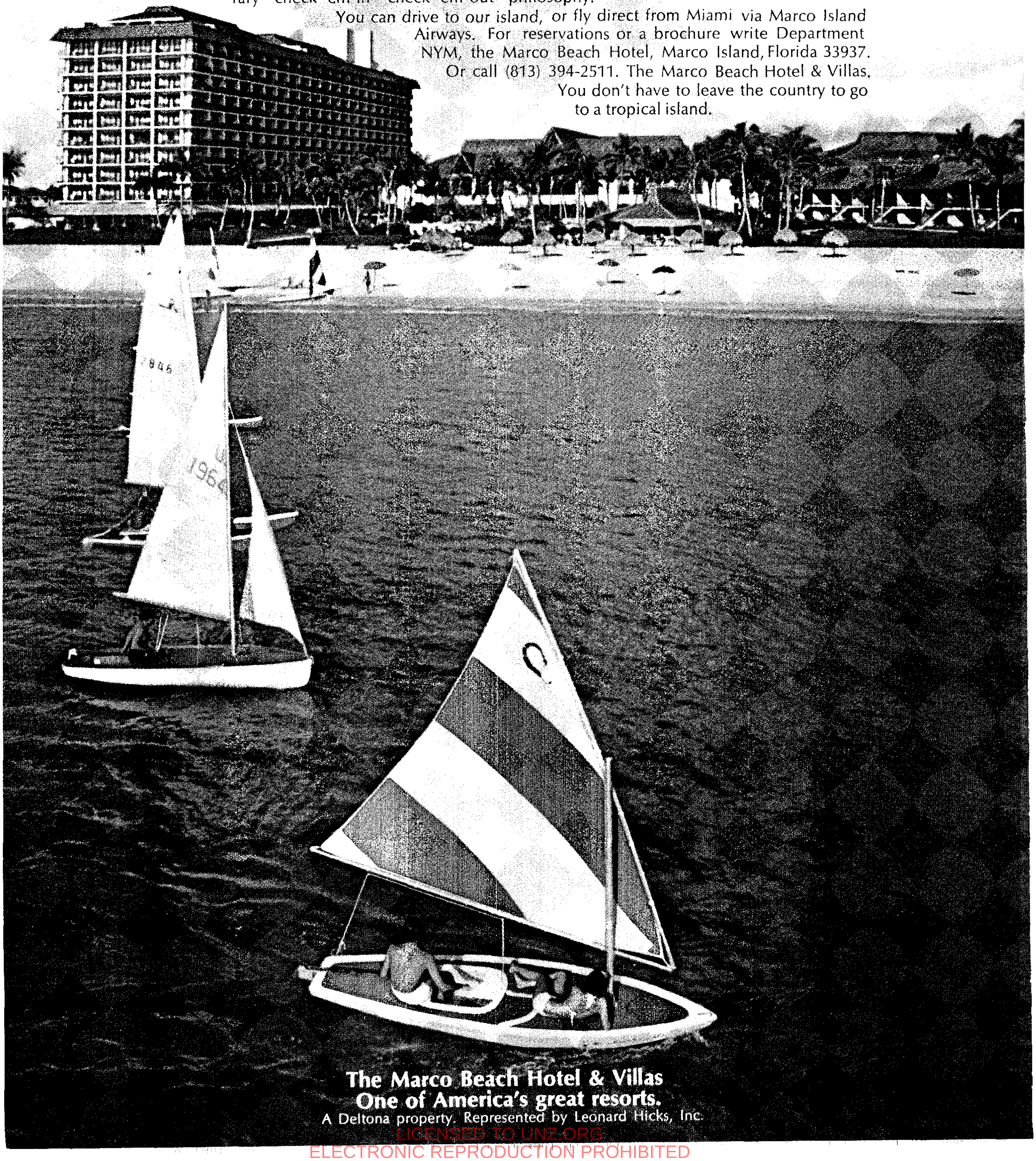

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Quartet, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. Mr. Rieti will also conduct one of his works. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

David Nadien—Violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Janos Starker—A Bach-Kodály program of music for unaccompanied cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of programs of piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Luis Leguía—A program of music for unaccompanied cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2:30.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the first in a series of three Beethoven-Schubert-Liszt recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 3.)

Jessye Norman—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 7:30.)

Lee Luvisi—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

David Behrman—Homemade synthesizer music with sliding pitches performed by Mr. Behrman and Katharine Morton. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 22-23, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, in an all-Brahms lieder program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—Chamber music. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Régine Crespin—Soprano, in a recital of French music. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Ruth Laredo, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Jeffrey Solow, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

Note—The Orpheus trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Jan. 22, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Music by Charles Ives and Charles Morrow—Performed by the Western Wind; the New York Imperial Pickup Night Guard Military Band, conducted by Henry Schuman; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; and Zita Carno, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 5:45: **TEDDY WILSON**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 5:45: **IRVING CAESAR.**

World's Greatest Jazzband of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart—A benefit concert, with Maxine Sullivan and Bobby Hackett. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 879-2236.)

Charles Mingus with Dizzy Gillespie—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8.

Mahavishnu Orchestra with John McLaughlin—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 8.

Neil Young—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 10. . . . ¶ Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8.

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Enrico Macias—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.

Lou Reed—With Garland Jeffreys. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8 and 11:30.)

Edgar Winter Group—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Denver, Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Dallas, Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2:05. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Buffalo, Thursday, Jan. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Raiders vs. Minnesota, Monday, Jan. 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston, Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. California, Tuesday, Jan. 23, at 8:05.

Racing—At **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 16.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 26, at 7.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"Iolanthe," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 20-21, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Jan. 27, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Chicken Little." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "Just So Stories." (Society for the Advancement of Judaism, 15 W. 86th St. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 724-7000, weekdays.) . . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS:** "Cinderella." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Jan. 21, at 1 and 3:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "When Earth Became a Planet." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Winter Antiques Show—Rarities from all over the world, many of them displayed in room settings. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday, Jan. 19, through Sunday, Jan. 28. Weekdays, noon to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 19, at 2: Continental and English silver, from several owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century European paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: Continental and English furniture and decorations, belonging to Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 2: Art Nouveau, including a Tiffany Laburnum lamp, jewelry, pottery, and furniture; from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 25, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 20.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 17 at 5:30: "Si Pintjang" (1953), in Indonesian, directed by Kotot Sukardi; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2: "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 5:30: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson and Eva Dahlbeck. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: "Winter Light" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2: "The Last Laugh" (1924), directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 5:30: "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Harriet Andersson. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at noon: "The Last Laugh" (1924). . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 3: "Jamilya" (1971), in Russian, directed by Irina Poplavskaya. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5:30: "Katerina Izmailova" (1967), in Russian, directed by Mikhail Shapiro. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 12:30 and 3: "Conquest of the Pole" (1912), directed by Georges Méliès and "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 5:30 and Jan. 22 at 2: "Anna Karenina" (1969), in Russian, directed by Alexander Zarkhi. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 5:30: "Byelorussian Station" (1970), in Russian, directed by Andrei Smirnov. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961), directed by Elia Kazan, with Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 5:30: A program of films directed by Neelon Crawford. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 5:30: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961). . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6: "Flight" (1971), in Russian, directed by A. Alov and V. Naumov. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of Russ Meyer films: Jan. 17: "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers" (1968). . . . ¶ Jan. 18-19: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970). . . . ¶ Jan. 20-21: "The Immoral Mr. Teas" (1959). . . . ¶ Jan. 24-25: "Vixen" (1968). (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Through Jan. 21: Films by Hill, Hanoun, Jacobs, Markopoulos, Jordan, Landow, Keaton, Menken, Mekas, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Jan. 21) at 10. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 23: A twenty-day retrospective of films by Sergei Eisenstein, from "Strike," of 1924, through "Ivan the Terrible," of 1946. Showings at 6, 8 (except Jan. 25), and 10. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 24: "Imagine," with John Lennon and Yoko Ono. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 25: Five short films by five different filmmakers. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Sounder."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 20: "You're a Sweetheart" and "Every Night at Eight."
Jan. 21-23: "Naughty Marietta" and "Bitter Sweet."
From Jan. 24: "Summer Stock" and "Babes on Broadway."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 23: "The Exterminating Angel," "Murmur of the Heart," and "King of Hearts."
From Jan. 24: "Greaser's Palace" and "Putney Swope."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 23: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Frenzy."
From Jan. 24: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Harold and Maude."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 23: "Death of a Jew."
From Jan. 24: "Fat City."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Getaway."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Avanti!"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The First Circle."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Travels with My Aunt."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Up the Sandbox."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Jan. 23: "Last House on the Left."
From Jan. 24: "Prison Girls."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Jan. 23: "The Emigrants."
From Jan. 24: "Innocent Bystanders."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Images."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

68th St. Playhouse, *3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)*
"Traffic."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Jeremiah Johnson."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 23: "The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid" and "The Culpepper Cattle Co."
From Jan. 24 (tentative): "Lady Sings the Blues."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Jan. 23: "Death of a Jew."
From Jan. 24: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Across 110th Street."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Avanti!"

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Getaway."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Sounder."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 23: "Last House on the Left."
From Jan. 24: "Prison Girls."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
Through Jan. 23: "Hit Man."
From Jan. 24: "Innocent Bystanders."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Ruling Class" and "The Nightcomers."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 23: "The Emigrants."
From Jan. 24: "Play It As It Lays."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 23: "Deliverance."
From Jan. 24: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 23: "Death in Venice," "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," "Bullitt," "Bonnie and Clyde," "Lady Sings the Blues," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," and "King of Hearts."
From Jan. 24: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Jan. 23: "El Topo" and "Barbarella."
Jan. 24-25: "The Last Movie" and "Sometimes a Great Notion."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 22: "Rivals" and "The Nightcomers."
From Jan. 23: "Last House on the Left" and another feature, to be announced.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Sword in the Stone" and "The Biscuit Eater."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"1776."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Fellini's Roma."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 18: "Deliverance."
From Jan. 19: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Limelight."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Prince Igor."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Emigrants."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Jan. 23: "What's Up, Doc?" and "A New Leaf."
From Jan. 24: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Deliverance."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Spider's Stratagem."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 23: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "Such Good Friends."
From Jan. 24: "Play It As It Lays."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 18: "Straw Dogs" and "Kotch."
Jan. 19-22: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Harold and Maude."
Jan. 23-25: "Minnie and Moskowitz" and "Taking Off."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Across 110th Street."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through Jan. 23: "Sounder."
From Jan. 24: "The Poseidon Adventure."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 23: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Persona."
From Jan. 24: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Across 110th Street—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. *(Juliet 2 and Riverside.)*

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Babes on Broadway (1941)—Busby Berkeley directed Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in this engaging M-G-M backstage-musical fable. The nonsense story has considerable charm, and Garland and Rooney hoofing together are a happy sight. Vincente Minnelli, new to films, directed Garland's solos. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 24.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Elgin; through Jan. 23.)

The Biscuit Eater—From the Disney Studios, with Earl Holliman and Patricia Crowley. Directed by Vincent McEveety. (Guild.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—The songs are by Noël Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again," but not everyone has the stomach to see the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and the dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy again. By no means the worst of their love-duet films, but not one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes George Sanders. *(Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 21-23.)*

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the hold-ups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Quad Cinema 2; through Jan. 23.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Quad Cinema 2; through Jan. 23.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. The film, which is superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

The Culpepper Cattle Co.—With Gary Grimes, directed by Dick Richards. A nonentity. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Jan. 23.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (pho-

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tographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Quad Cinema 1; through Jan. 23.)

Death of a Jew—With Assaf Dayan and Akim Tamiroff, directed by Denys de la Patellière. (Kips Bay and Juliet 1; through Jan. 23.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Jan. 23.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and 8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 23.)

Every Night at Eight (1935)—Moderately pleasant program picture from Paramount, with Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Patsy Kelly, and George Raft. (He was certainly a star, but why?) Unusually good songs, including "I'm in the Mood for Love" and "I Feel a Song Coming On," by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh, and also the neat "Then You've Never Been Blue." Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 20.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Quad Cinema 4; through Jan. 23.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 23.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Kips Bay; starting Jan. 24.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Festival.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (U. A. East and Cinema Studio.)

The First Circle—Based on the novel by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, directed by Alexander Ford. (Fine Arts.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Gramercy; through Jan. 23.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. The audience hoots MacGraw's smirky-schoolgirl line readings and applauds when McQueen slaps her around. (34th St. East and Loews Orpheum.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 24.)

The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid—A vivid, lucid picture about the days when adventurism and commercial excitement were taking over the West. With Cliff Robertson as Cole Younger and Robert Duvall as Jesse James; directed and written by Philip Kaufman, who has made a beautiful, simple picture about the gaudiness and hope of living in 1876. The film is not really a Western—more than that. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Jan. 23.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia; Jan. 19-22. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Jan. 24.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first, besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

Hit Man—With Bernie Casey and Pamela Grier, directed by George Armitage. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Jan. 23.)

Images—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but seductively shot and edited, and with some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Columbia I.)

Innocent Bystanders—With Stanley Baker, Geraldine Chaplin, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews; directed by Peter Collinson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Jan. 24.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Loews Tower East.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated

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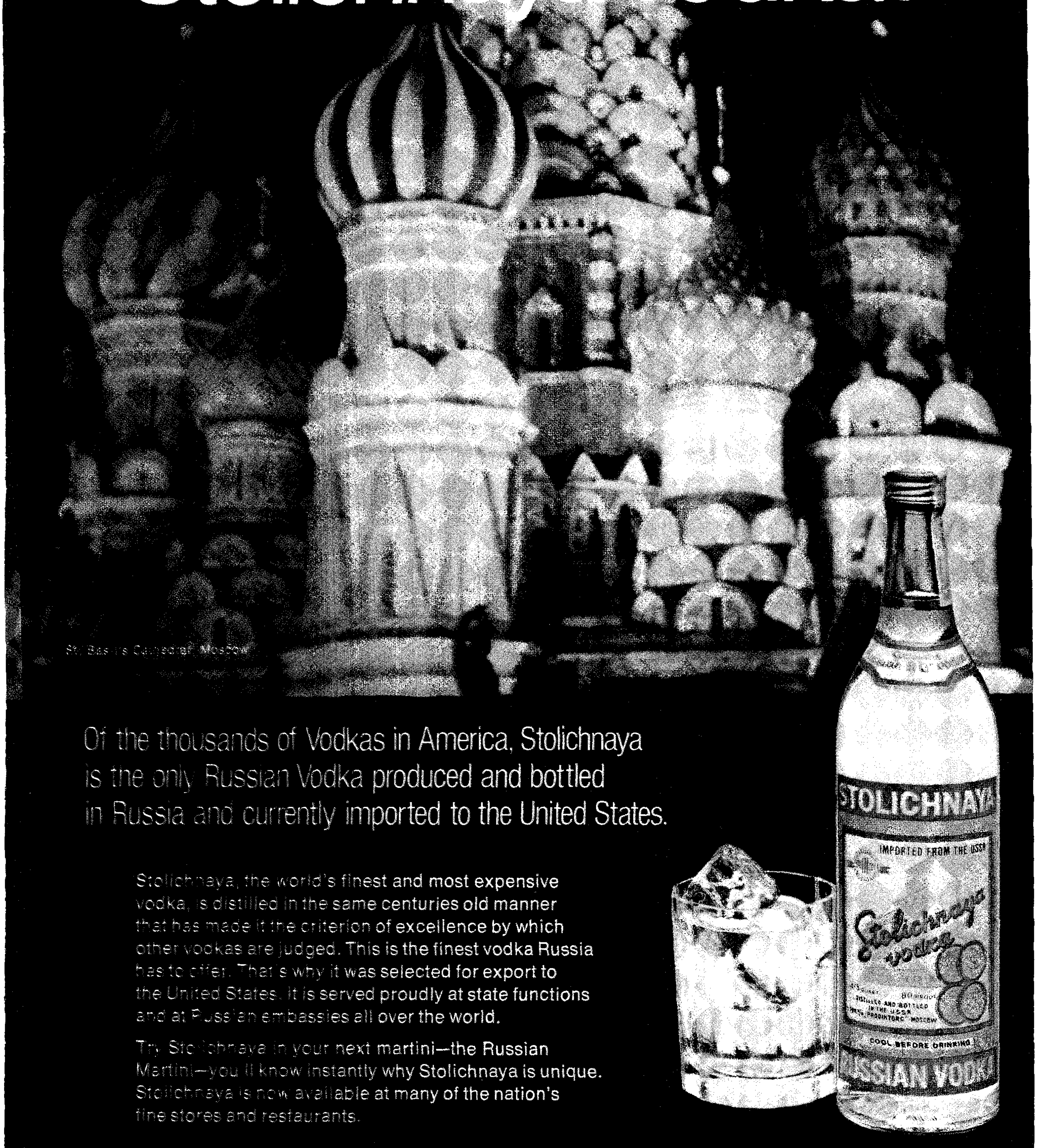
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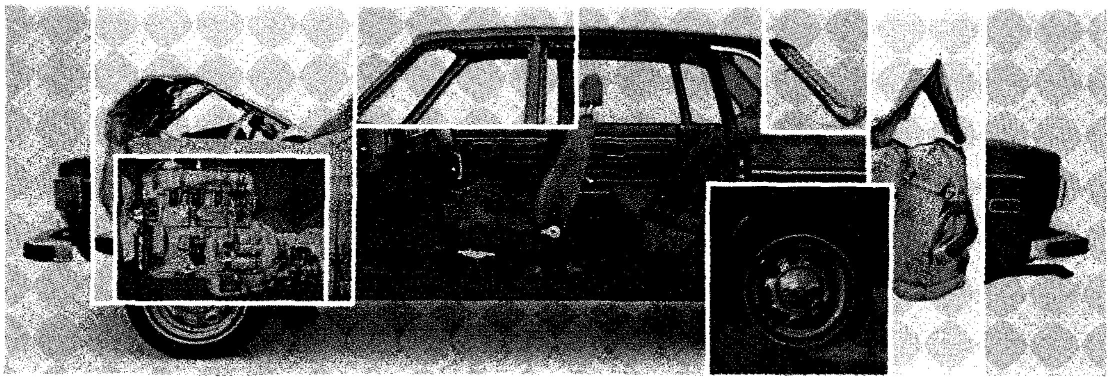

Car makers hold one truth to be self-evident: give people what they want and sell a lot of cars.

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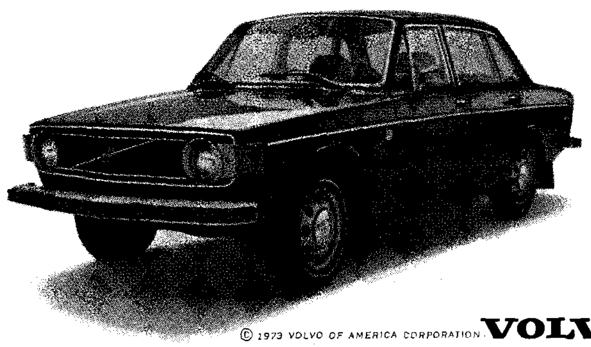

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VOLVO

village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema and Quad Cinema 4; through Jan. 23.)

Kotch (1971)—Dreadful. With Walter Matthau as a clean old man who is mistaken for a dirty old man. If this had been reversed, the picture might have had something. Directed by Jack Lemmon. (Thalia; through Jan. 18.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Quad Cinema 3 and Symphony; through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Jan. 24. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 24, tentative.)

Last House on the Left—With David Hess, written and directed by Wes Craven. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Jan. 23.)

The Last Movie (1971)—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (Elgin; Jan. 24-25.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (Murray Hill and Loews Ciné.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Lincoln Art.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Quad Cinema 1; through Jan. 23.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Olympia; through Jan. 23.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Thalia; Jan. 23-25.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 23.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond camp, it's in a realm of its own. With Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 21-23.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Beacon; through Jan. 23.)

The Nightcomers—Ingenious but literal-minded prelude to Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw," showing how Peter Quint (Marlon Brando) and Miss Jessel (Stephanie Beacham) corrupted the children. Quite well done—both Brando and Miss Beacham are very fine—yet pointless, since it is neither effective as a horror story nor as a psychological study. It leaves the viewer cold. Michael Winner directed, from a script by Michael Hastings. (Waverly. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Olympia; through Jan. 23.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style, derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Baronet.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Thalia; Jan. 19-22.)

Play It As It Lays—About empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll, as Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine. (She's discovered the nothingness of life.) The movie is bound to be a touchstone, like the book: people have different levels of tolerance for stories celebrating soulless high life, and catatonic alienation has never been more poshly narcissistic than in this one. Frank Perry directed; it's visually handsome but a peculiarly passive viewing experience. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (8th St. Playhouse and Symphony; starting Jan. 24.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelly Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Beekman. . . . ¶ Riviera; starting Jan. 24.)

Prince Igor—Performed by the Kirov opera and ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Regency.)

Prison Girls—With Robin Whitting. (R.K.O.

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59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Jan. 24.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 24.)

Rivals—With Joan Hackett and Robert Klein, directed by Krishna Shah. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 22.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Waverly.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Gramercy; through Jan. 23.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

Sometimes a Great Notion—With Paul Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick; directed by Newman. (Elgin; Jan. 24-25.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Art and 86th St. East. . . . ¶ Riviera; through Jan. 23.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful, but Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive. The story is too thin for the heightened colors and the evocative imagery; the movie is all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (New Yorker.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (Thalia; through Jan. 18.)

Such Good Friends (1971)—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them at that. It's a sour, crude movie, with an atrocious performance by James Coco. (Symphony; through Jan. 23.)

Summer Stock (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the story materials, which are far from fresh; it's the old gimmick about staging a show in a barn, and the whole thing is corny and simple-minded, but Garland and Kelly make their scenes new. The cast includes Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken, and Marjorie Main; the songs include "You Wonderful You." Charles Walters directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 24.)

The Sword in the Stone (1963)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Guild.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Fireman's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Thalia; Jan. 23-25.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; through Jan. 23.)

Traffic—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new, and rather precious, film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Plaza.)

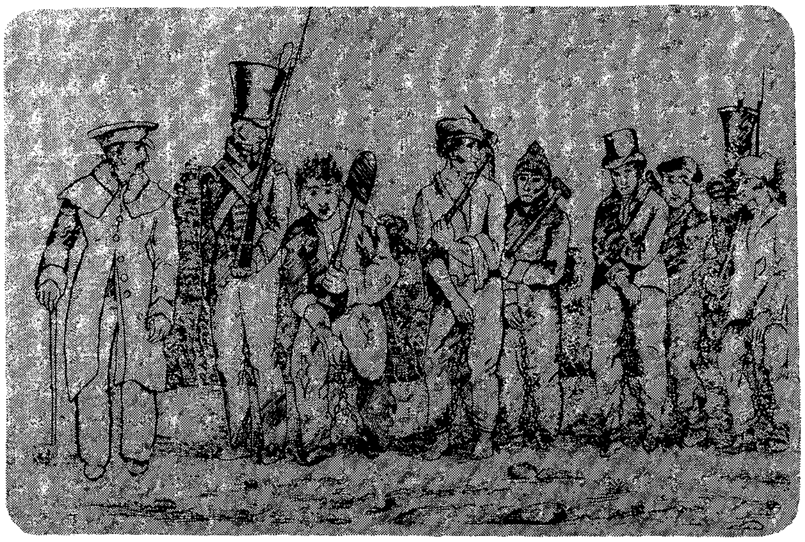
Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant, as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Coronet.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Beacon; through Jan. 23.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

You're a Sweetheart (1938)—Not by a long way. A Universal musical, with Alice Faye, George Murphy, Charles Winninger, and that altogether negative personality Ken Murray. A couple of good songs and several clinkers. David Butler directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 20.)

"A terribly gruesome history, our Port Arthur. But we'll tell you lots of jokes to keep you from crying."



"I'm Constance Horsfall, retired schoolteacher. My two sisters, Madge and Muriel, and I run a museum in Richmond on the road to Port Arthur, Australia's last penal settlement. The jail of the Empire's in crumbling ruins now, but faded lists tell of James Lynch, age nine, seven years for stealing toys. Body irons were attached to the pour souls who tried to escape, so there was no future in rebelling and nicking off. Only four men ever escaped.

"Even though we started life as a penal settlement, we're not ashamed of our past. Many of the men reformed and became our leading citizens.

"On your way back, stop in Richmond. Convicts built The Granary in 1832, and my sisters and I've restored and filled it with our collection of Aboriginal art and folk art bits. Many of our Georgian homes are restored, and the Catholic Church's quite sweet. Australia's oldest bridge is here, and it's been haunted by a ghost since convict days.

"A few miles away is Hobart, the capital of our island state, Tasmania. Many years ago, Hobart was the world's roughest city. Today it's a human-sized city nestling at Mt. Wellington's foot beside a beautiful deep-water port. Ships tie up in the town's centre, and Salamanca Place's salty quays recapture the convict and whaling ship atmosphere. Go to the Ball and Chain for cider and the Old Dutch Inn for local crayfish and scallops. The Wrest-Point Hotel welcomes you with apples in your room. But early in 1973, a Casino will open there and we're all wondering if dear Hobart will become another Monte Carlo.

"The rest of Tassy has changed little since the 19th Century. Running streams and hedged lanes in tranquil landscapes, fishing villages, neat orchards and dark unexplored forests where the Tasmanian Devil lurks, it seems closer to England than the mainland.

"If you get restless, go to the bright lights of Sydney and Melbourne or the romantic tropics of the Great Barrier Reef. Perth's the world's friendliest boomtown, and don't miss the Centre's Waltzing Matilda desolation.

"As far as I'm concerned, Australia's a large island off the coast of Tasmania, and I'll stay right here where the cats are snoozing and people have a chance to chat around my fire."

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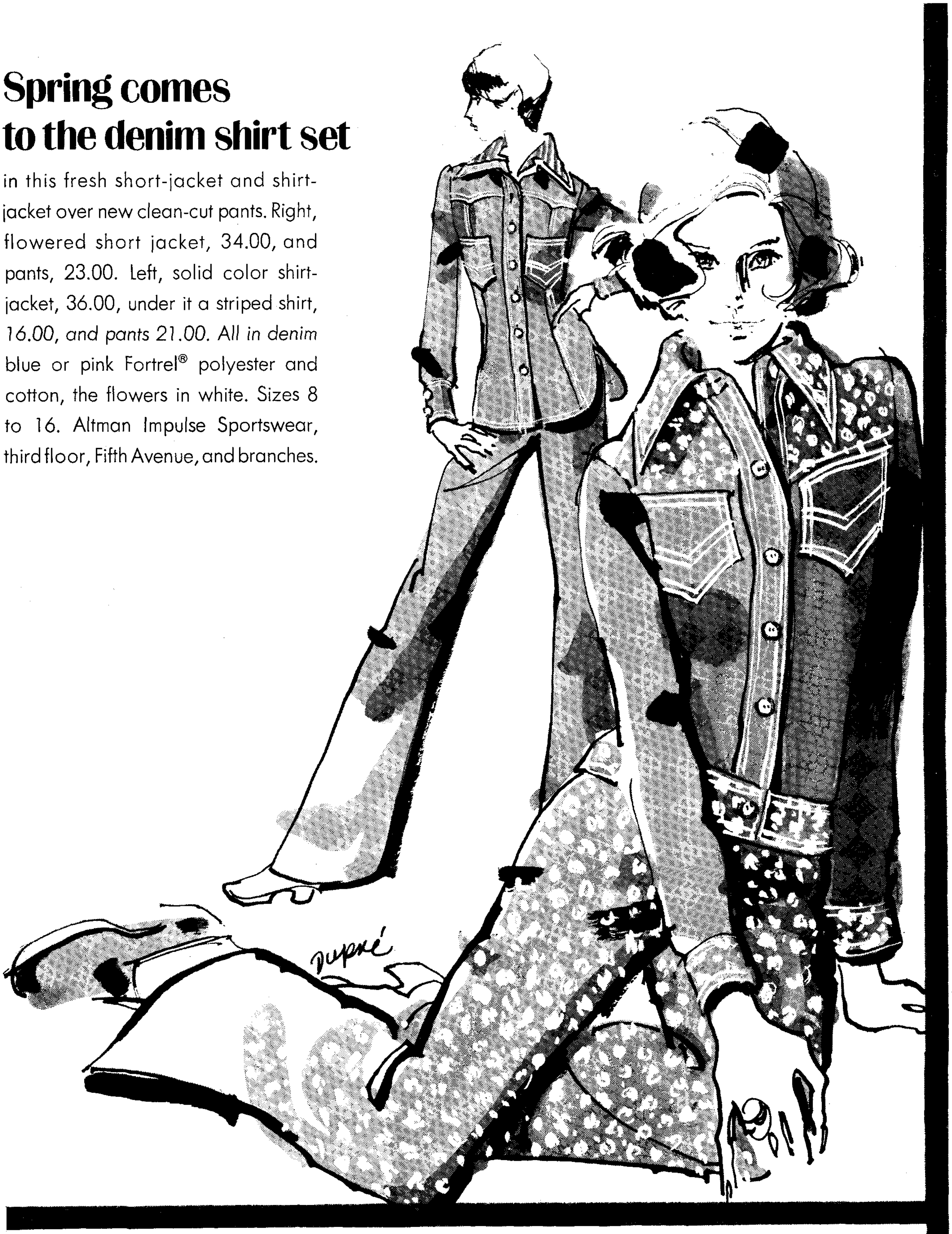

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

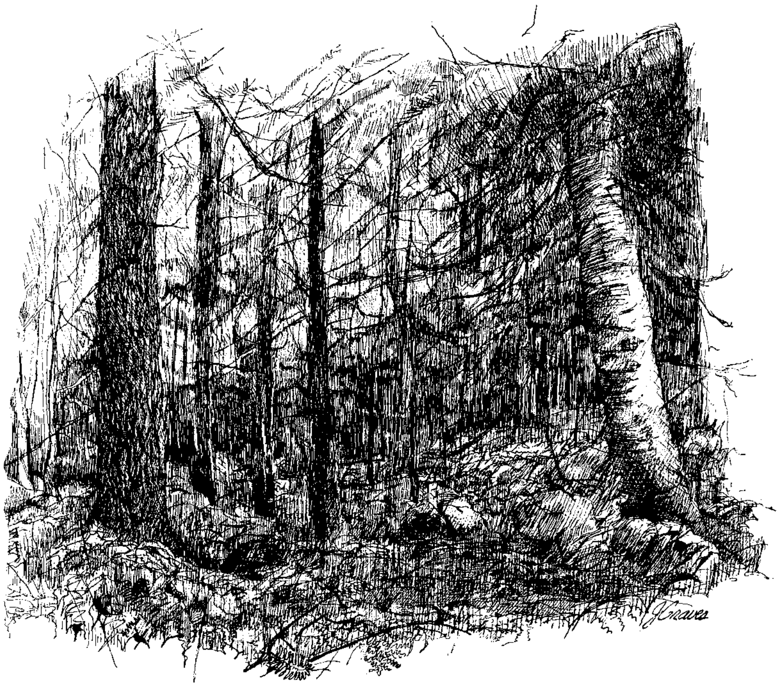
Notes and Comment

ONCE more, we have heard from our friend the long-winded lady. She writes as follows:

"It is ten degrees above zero, five o'clock in the morning, and I have just returned to this hotel after a visit to Bickford's, where I had a cup of coffee. I had to get the elevator man to let me out of the hotel. The outer doors are locked for security reasons, and in the little vestibule between the inner and outer doors such a blast of hot air was pouring up that I was glad to get out of it into the icy cold outside. There is no wind. The morning is still and dark, with the touch of anxiety that comes with waiting. It is time for the day to begin. For the moment, as I hurried around the corner to reach brightly lighted Bickford's as quickly as possible, I saw that the avenue—Sixth Avenue—was swept clean of traffic and pedestrians. It was a tall, angular oasis of stillness, very hard and remote in outline but not unfriendly. I couldn't even hear my own footsteps. I am wearing fur mukluks I bought at Lord & Taylor, and I pad along making no sound. I didn't look up at the sky to see if I could find moon or stars, but I did take a quick look back up along Sixth Avenue and saw that uptown a little forest of Christmas trees was still glimmering whitely, seeming tall even against the high glass cliffs that ought to dwarf it.

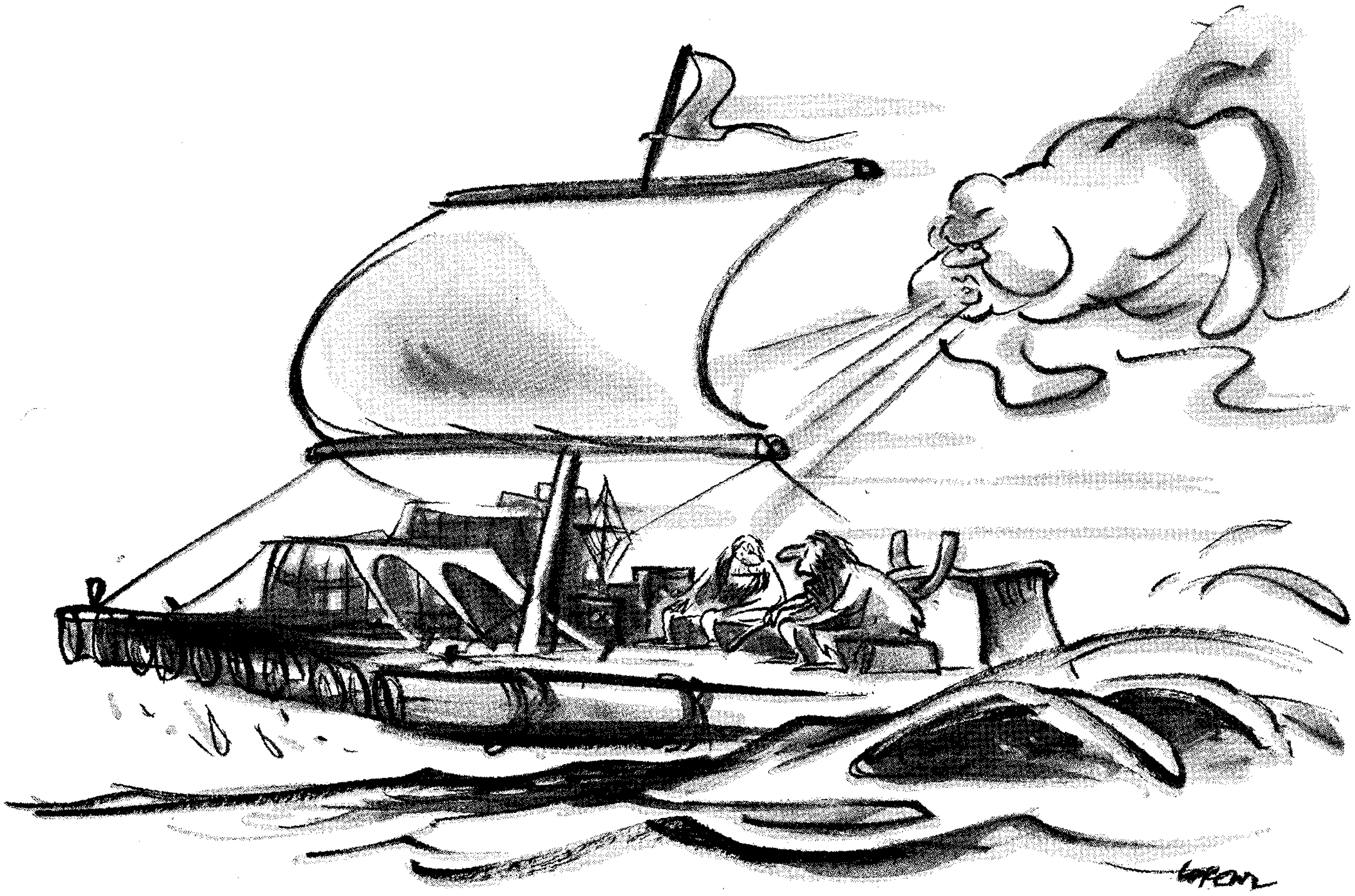
"Bickford's, which used to be a place of gay pastel plastic décor and bucket-shaped seats, is now comparatively sombre, with shiny brown panelling on the walls, and countrified wooden stools, but the background array of jello and pie and fruit salad is as dominant as always, and the orange juice still bubbles away in its big glass dome. And the coffee is very hot. The waitresses wear white nylon uniforms, with woolly colored cardigans to ward off the drafts. My waitress was a middle-aged woman with gray hair and a hard, kind face. She told me she was very tired. 'I'm not used to night work,' she said. She brought over one of those heavy metal baskets of glasses to be put away, and as she set it down she knocked her elbow against the edge of the basket, hurting herself. 'See, knocked my funnybone,' she said as she rubbed her elbow. 'I'm asleep on my feet. I'm not used to night work. That's what I'm telling you. I've been working days always.' Bickford's was well lighted, as usual, but it was quiet there. About fifteen customers stood or sat around, scattered here and there at the counters, some of them talking in murmurs and some of them stony-still, with their hands holding their coffee cups. One man was fast asleep, with his face in the *Daily News*. A thin woman in a drab brown coat and with a little brown hat on her head was making a telephone call. It was so dark and cold outside, and so quiet, so warm and quiet, inside, that we all seemed to be sitting in the half-light—a sequestered feeling.

"When I finished my coffee, I thought of having a second cup, but I didn't. Bickford's seemed sad, in contrast to its usual brassy air, and I didn't want to stay there. I hurried along Sixth Avenue, and there were two people ahead of me—a man and a woman with their arms around each other's shoulders but walking quite quickly just the same. They were in haste, and I got the impression they had a long way to go. I rang the bell to get back into the hotel, and this time I was glad of that blast of warm air in the little vestibule."



Weeds

LAST Tuesday, nearly four hundred weed scientists from all over the Northeast were at the Commodore considering the best methods of controlling weeds, and, returning briefly to first principles, one of them defined a weed as a plant that is out of place. We were there for a while, and when the definition was given it seemed natural to reflect that almost anything can be a weed—even weed scientists



"On the other hand, we have no way of knowing if the Micronesians received the same assistance."

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pursuing their interests amid the steel and granite of New York City, where so little of *anything* grows. At various morning and early-afternoon panel discussions and meetings, the talk, of course, was mostly about weeds and chemicals, and it was strictly scientist talk: lots of Latin names for weeds, and chemical terms for what to treat the weeds with. We could understand little of it. Every once in a while, however, a scientist let drop the name of a weed in plain English, and, putting these occasional morsels together, we ended up with a list of weeds that—except for crabgrass—we had not heard of before.

Late that afternoon, we went to the Windsor Ballroom, where a number of the scientists were having what they called a mixer; that is, they were standing around drinking draft beer or Coca-Cola, and, in their language, still being scientists together. We took our list up to one of them—Dr. Donald N. Riemer, of the Department of Soils and Crops at Rutgers—and, telling him we knew little or nothing about weeds, asked him to describe its items for us. Dr. Riemer said that he would be glad to do what he could, but we should understand that he was not an expert on all weeds—only on aquatic weeds. He explained that there are experts on aquatic weeds, experts on agronomic weeds, experts on horticultural weeds, experts on weeds that infest ornamentals (e.g., flowers), and experts on brush and non-crop weeds. To provide a broader range of expertise, Dr. Riemer called over three of his colleagues, and, having told them of our interest, sat all of us down around a table. The others—who all seemed glad to help—were Dr. John F. Ahrens, plant scientist at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, in Windsor; James H. Flanagan, herbicide specialist at the CIBA-GEIGY Corporation, in Ardsley; and John E. Gallagher, turf-and-aquatic-weed-control specialist at Amchem Products, in Ambler, Pennsylvania. What followed was a sort of exchange of notes among the four men, for our benefit, and we took down what we heard going on around us:

"Well, we can start at the beginning. A weed—and, as you already know, a weed is simply a plant that is out of place—could be bluegrass in a strawberry bed, or redtop grass among cranberries. By themselves, they are anything but weeds. Bluegrass is a high-quality turf grass, and redtop is an excellent forage grass. Wheat growing among corn, or corn growing among wheat, is a weed. They compete for water, nutrients, and growing space. Crabgrass is Public Enemy No. 1 to the homeowner, because it crowds out the other grass."

"Water milfoil and pondweed are aquatic weeds, and they can be extremely dangerous. Swimming in a pond or lake, you can get tangled in them and drown. A very good friend of mine—a weed scientist, as a matter of fact—got drowned in some of these weeds while carrying out a scientific investigation. Also, certain aquatic weeds produce toxins that are injurious to fish."

"Nut sedge is one of the world's leading weed problems. It ranks second or third in all countries within reasonable distance of the equator. It plays havoc with potato fields and corn fields, owing mainly to its spearlike root, which shoots out horizontally and grows right through potatoes."

"Barnyard grass infests corn, rice, and other grain crops. It looks like a three-foot corn plant. We call it the prostitute of the botanical world, because, growing in fourteen recognizable varieties, it is not particular about what other weeds it mates with."

"Foxtail is an aggressive, competitive weed—more aggressive than, say, carpetweed. The foxtail seed head—a long stalk with a brushlike tip—looks like a bottle washer or literally like a fox's tail."

"Jimsonweed is a major nuisance in soybean crops. If you are a soybean farmer in the Carolinas or in Virginia, then jimsonweed is your No. 1 enemy. It blooms in a big, tubular flower, generally white."

"Pigweed is ubiquitous. You find it in almost any situation. It produces millions of offspring. The same applies to lamb's-quarters. It has a long, thick stalk—about six feet high—and spreads about three feet in all directions. It is a threat mostly to horticultural and vegetable crops, and its basic method of survival is by producing millions of seeds."

"When you say ragweed, you say hay fever. It grows alongside almost every country road. It is said that the American Indian never had hay fever until the white man came. According to the story, when the white man came and started cutting down the trees and clearing the fields, the first weed to appear was ragweed. It just loves the open spaces."

"Bindweed is the scourge of several sections of the country. It has spread throughout the soybean belt and the corn belt. Its root has been found to go as far as thirty feet into the ground. You can chop it down all you want, or pull up as much of it as possible, but you just can't get rid of it."

"In England, they call quack grass 'tickle grass,' because it tickles the maidens when they frolic in it. It is a very vigorous competitor. Like nut sedge, it has a root that spears right through potatoes or carrots. You'll find lots of it in Canada as well, for it will live through the coldest winters."

"Well, we could tell you about Johnson grass, love grass, fall panicum, smartweed, purslane, pepperweed, knawel, henbit—you name it. There are more than a hundred commonly occurring weeds that are of interest to weed scientists."

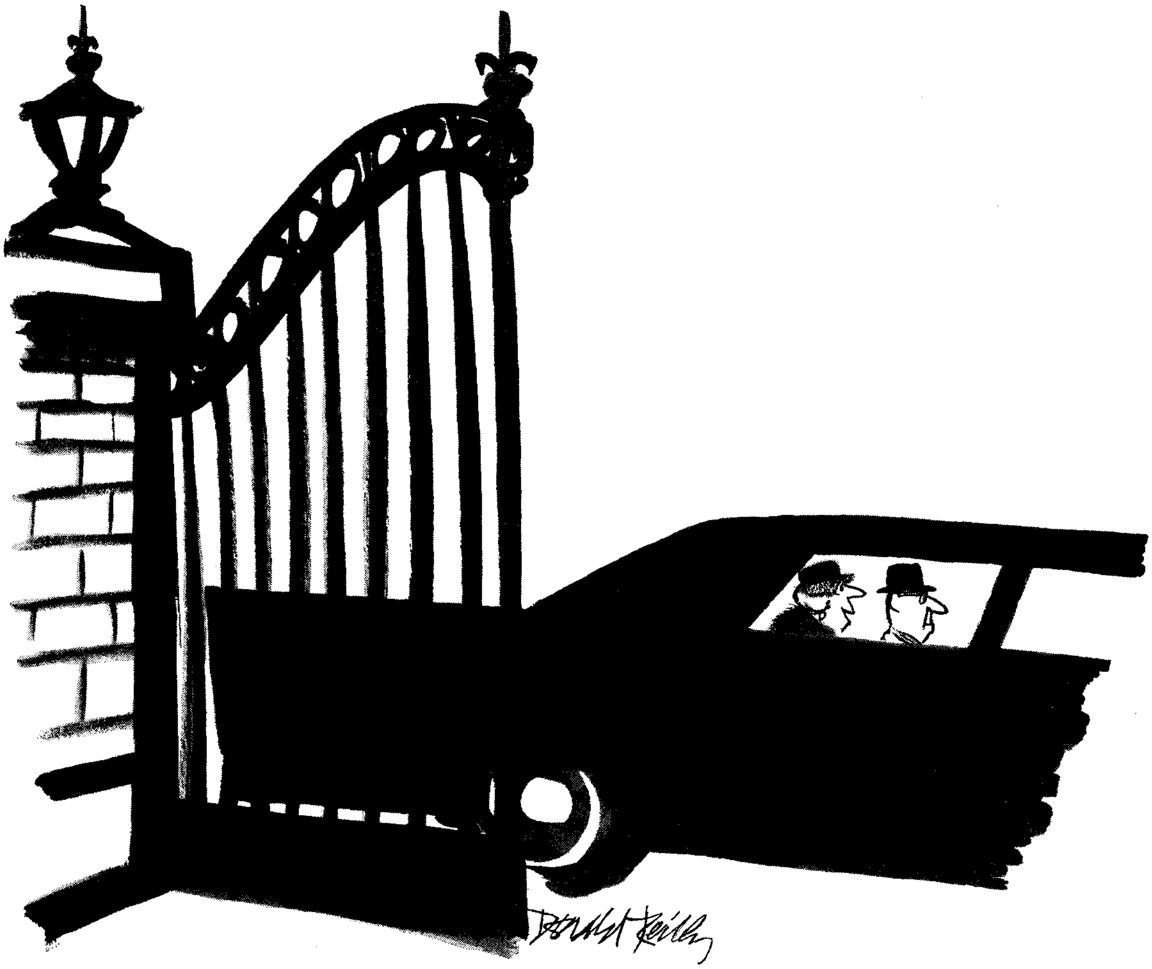
The offer was tempting, but we said it would be too much for one sitting. We thanked the four scientists and excused ourself, thinking, as we left, of another definition we had heard that day. "What is a weed?" one of the scientists had said, quoting Emerson. "A plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered." In that sense, we concluded, these experts who had come to our city from greener and softer fields could scarcely be considered weeds.

Looking In

DANNY KAYE, a comedian of indefatigable wit and infinite variety, turned up at the Metropolitan Opera recently as the host of a couple of Look-Ins—ninety-minute programs that introduced a total of eight thousand grade-school children to the enchanting unreality of grand opera. Look-Ins were invented at the Stockholm Opera by the late Goeran Gentele, the Swedish impresario who ran the Met briefly, until his death in an automobile accident last summer. The format has been Americanized by a team consisting of Mr. Kaye; Mr. Gentele's widow, Marit; and Schuyler Chapin, the acting general manager of the company. (Mr. Chapin is fond of quoting his predecessor's remark that one must poison the minds of potential operagoers at an early age.) The Metropolitan Look-In begins with a technical tour of the stage area, which includes demonstrations of lighting, sound effects, and stage machinery; continues with a survey of the various types of operatic voices; and ends with two staged excerpts—a slapstick shaving sequence from "The Barber of Seville" and the triumphal scene from "Aida."

We dropped by the Metropolitan to catch a Look-In rehearsal, and found that Mr. Kaye, whose legendary charm is tempered by an authoritarian personality, had virtually taken over the house. "You know who it is he reminds me of?" said a friend we encountered in one of the corridors. "The conductor Herbert von Karajan, who insists on being in charge of absolutely everything."

We opened one of the auditorium



"I thank the good Lord that He let him live long enough to see the Dow reach a thousand."

doors and spotted Mr. Kaye—a tall, angular man who has light-blue eyes, a large nose, and permanently rumpled blond hair—pacing back and forth across the stage, on which were three sixteenth-century Venetian galleons mounted on rolling platforms. "Now, fellas," said Mr. Kaye, peering across the footlights at a group of Metropolitan executives who were assembled in one aisle as stand-ins for the schoolchildren, "I want all of you to say 'One, two, three, ROCK!' and then I want those ships to move in rhythm." The men responded raggedly until Mr. Kaye stopped them with an imperious gesture, stamped one foot to get absolute silence, and went on to conduct them in a very precise chorus. Behind him, the three ships bobbed back and forth like corks on a riptide. "Marvellous!" said Mr. Kaye, putting his hands in his pockets. "Now, here are our ships on a peaceful summer evening—blue sky, stars out. Suppose they get hit by a tropical storm."

"Dave," said Rudolph Kuntner, the director of stage operations, "get me the 'Otello' clouds. Georgie, bring in thunder and lightning when he's ready."

A few minutes later, lightning crackled and thunder rolled as gray storm clouds scudded across the hundred-and-nine-foot-tall cyclorama behind the ships.

"Now we get into a battle," said Mr. Kaye, who had the rapt look of a child playing with a toy railroad, "and we destroy the whole enemy fleet. But *our* ships burn up and almost sink."

"Dave," said Mr. Kuntner, "get out the magic-fire slides. Georgie, we're going to take the ships down five feet when I give the cue."

A red glow appeared behind the ships, which were disappearing slowly into the floor, and we recognized it as the fire that normally surrounds Brünnhilde's rock.

"Now," said Mr. Kaye when only the masts were showing, "we have to bail out the ships, and save everybody. BUCKETS! I WANT TWELVE STAGEHANDS WITH BUCKETS!" He pantomimed a drowning sailor as four startled-looking stagehands emerged from the wings and stood holding fire pails. Mr. Kaye showed them how to toss buckets of invisible water over their shoulders, and walked back to the footlights, looking pleased. "The kids should love that effect," he said. "Maybe we ought to have a chorus backstage singing 'Hallelujah.' DAVE! REVERSE THE WHOLE PROCEDURE!"

As the fire faded and the ships emerged from the floor, Mr. Kaye crossed a makeshift bridge into the auditorium and walked over to the orchestra pit, where James Levine, the cherubic, fuzzy-haired *Wunderkind* who is the Met's new principal conductor, introduced him to the musicians.

"Give me a sforzando in G," said Mr. Kaye, seizing a baton and raising both arms for the downbeat.

The orchestra replied with a sustained blast.

"Now a very short one," said Mr. Kaye.

The orchestra cheeped.

"Was that a G or an F?" inquired Mr. Kaye, cupping a hand behind his left ear. "Let's go on to the main course."

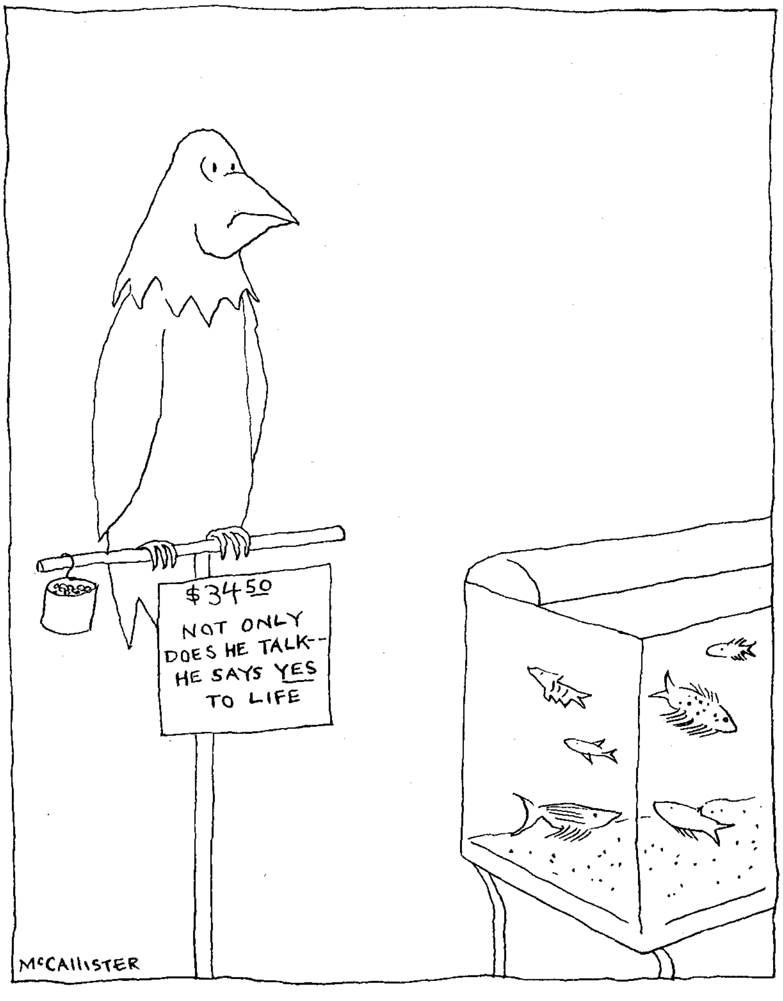
He led the orchestra through a breathless version of the circusy finish of Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours," pausing before the final chord to trap an unwary cymbal player into a solo crash. "Fooled you, didn't I?" Mr. Kaye said as the musicians burst into laughter.

"Now, fellas, let's do it a bit slower, and we'll *read* it this time," Mr. Kaye said. He repeated the passage, cuing brasses and winds with sharp stabs of an index finger, imploring the strings, with theatrical swoops of his left arm, to sing, and raising his eyebrows in pleased astonishment when the percussion section came in at exactly the right moment.

"Fellas, that was a Beecham tempo," he said when they had finished. "Tomorrow, I want to do it a bit brighter. Let's make all the changes loud and abrupt, because we're buried down here in a hole." He handed the baton to Mr. Levine, walked back a few rows, and collapsed into a red velvet armchair a few feet from where we were sitting.

We introduced ourself and asked Mr. Kaye if he could read music.

"Not a note," he told us proudly, "but I conduct a lot of orchestras around the country in pension-fund concerts. My repertoire includes Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Rossini, Ravel, Wagner, and Verdi, and I can sing you every entrance of every brass, every woodwind, and every string in all the pieces we play. What I'm trying to do here is to give kids a sense—informally—of how this theatre runs, of what an incredible number of people it takes to put on an opera, of how exciting a live performance can be. If even a small percentage of them go home and say, 'Gee, I want to come back and see what a real opera looks like,' we'll all be very pleased. The musical parts of the program are set in advance, but I've asked the stage crew to stay loose, because I'm go-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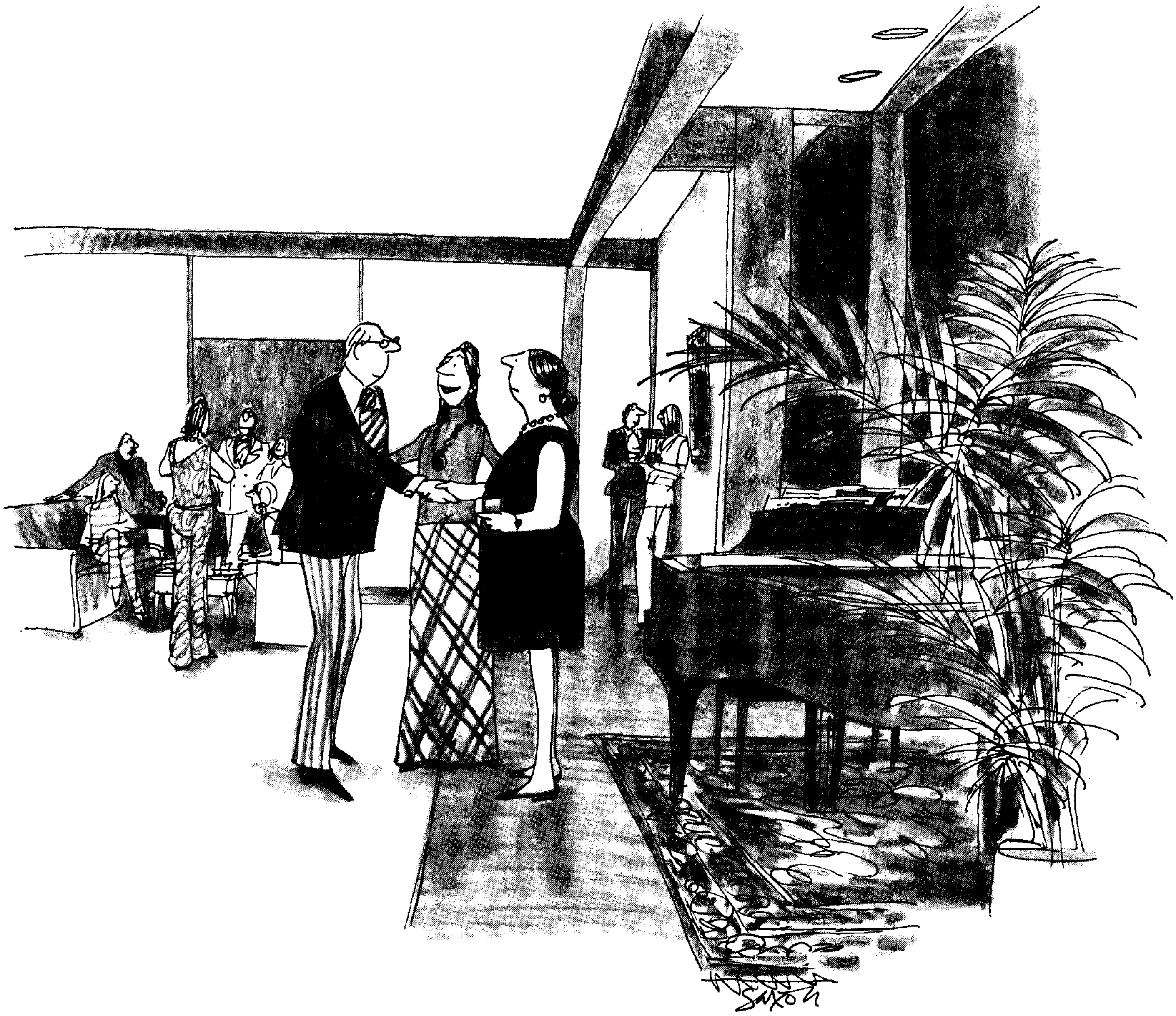

"Dear, you remember Mrs. Leeming. We met way back during Civil Rights."

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ing to improvise everything in between with the kids. This horrifies a lot of people in this efficient, well-organized company."

"How will you introduce the opera scenes?" we asked.

"For the 'Barber,' I'm going to explain that most people think opera means tragedy," said Mr. Kaye. "Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, and then boy *poisons* girl. Or boy stabs girl, or boy pushes girl off a cliff. So on the rare occasions when we have a funny opera we play it broadly. Besides, we must all remember that Rossini's tenor is related to Verdi's baritone."

"How do you figure that?" we asked.

"Our tenor, Enrico Di Giuseppe, is from Philadelphia," said Mr. Kaye. "So is Lucine Amara, the daughter of the baritone in 'Aida.' It's all perfectly clear."

"Tell us about 'Aida,' " we said.

"A touching story that was adapted from an unknown papyrus," said Mr. Kaye. "The soprano is the daughter of the baritone, who everybody thinks is a tenor disguised as a bass. Then, there's the high priest—another bass—who wants the tenor not to marry the soprano, because the other soprano is crazy about the baritone. At the end of the triumphal scene, this tenor, who is *not* from Philadelphia, is presented with the hand of the mezzo-soprano, who looks down her *spinto* at him. I'm probably going to wind up saying 'Look, fellas, forget about the plot. Let's just look and listen.' "

A half hour later, Mr. Levine, who had conducted a run-through of the "Aida" scene, came over to tell Mr. Kaye that eleven solo artists were waiting onstage to work out the vocal part of the program. "I asked each one of them to prepare a musical passage that would show what the voice can do," he said.

"I think some ensemble work might be nice," Mr. Kaye replied thoughtfully. "Three basses singing 'Notte e giorno,' from the beginning of 'Don Giovanni.' Two tenors taking turns with the high C's in that aria from 'Daughter of the Regiment.' Three Carmens in the card scene. How about eleven people singing the quartet from 'Rigoletto'? That might get *me* interested in opera again."

"You're already hooked," Mr. Levine replied with a smile. "One of my spies saw you backstage at 'Otello' last night. He said you conducted almost every bar."

THE EARLY ESSAYS

Following are a few of the early essays of Woody Allen. There are no late essays, because he ran out of observations. Perhaps as Allen grows older he will understand more of life and will set it down, and then retire to his bedroom and remain there indefinitely. Like the essays of Bacon, Allen's are brief and full of practical wisdom, although space does not permit the inclusion of his most profound statement, "Looking at the Bright Side."

ON SEEING A TREE IN SUMMER

OF all the wonders of nature, a tree in summer is perhaps the most remarkable, with the possible exception of a moose singing "Embraceable You" in spats. Consider the leaves, so green and leafy (if not, something is wrong). Behold how the branches reach up to heaven as if to say, "Though I am only a branch, still I would love to collect Social Security." And the varieties! Is this tree a spruce or poplar? Or a giant redwood? No, I'm afraid it's a stately elm, and once again you've made an ass of yourself. Of course, you'd know all the trees in a minute if you were nature's creature the woodpecker, but then it would be too late and you'd never get your car started.

But why is a tree so much more delightful than, say, a babbling brook? Or anything that babbles, for that matter? Because its glorious presence is mute testimony to an intelligence far greater than any on earth, certainly in the present Administration. As the poet said, "Only God can make a tree"—probably because it's so hard to figure out how to get the bark on.

Once a lumberjack was about to chop down a tree, when he noticed a heart carved on it, with two names inside. Putting away his axe, he sawed down the tree instead. The point of that story escapes me, although six months later the lumberjack was fined for teaching a dwarf Roman numerals.

ON YOUTH AND AGE

THE true test of maturity is not how old a person is but how he reacts to awakening in the midtown area in his shorts. What do years matter, particularly if your apartment is rent-controlled? The thing to remember is that each time of life has its appropriate rewards, whereas when you're dead it's hard to find the light switch. The chief problem about death, incidentally, is the fear that there may be no afterlife—a depressing thought, particularly for those who have bothered to shave. Also, there is the fear that there is an afterlife but no one will know where it's being held. On the plus side, death is one of the few things that can be done as easily lying down.

Consider, then: Is old age really so terrible? Not if you've brushed your teeth faithfully! And why is there no buffer to the onslaught of the years? Or a good hotel in downtown Indianapolis? Oh, well.

In short, the best thing to do is behave in a manner befitting one's age. If you are sixteen or under, try not to go bald. On the other hand, if you are over eighty, it is extremely good form to shuffle down the street clutching a brown paper bag and muttering, "The Kaiser will steal my string." Remember, everything is relative—or should be. If it's not, we must begin again.

ON FRUGALITY

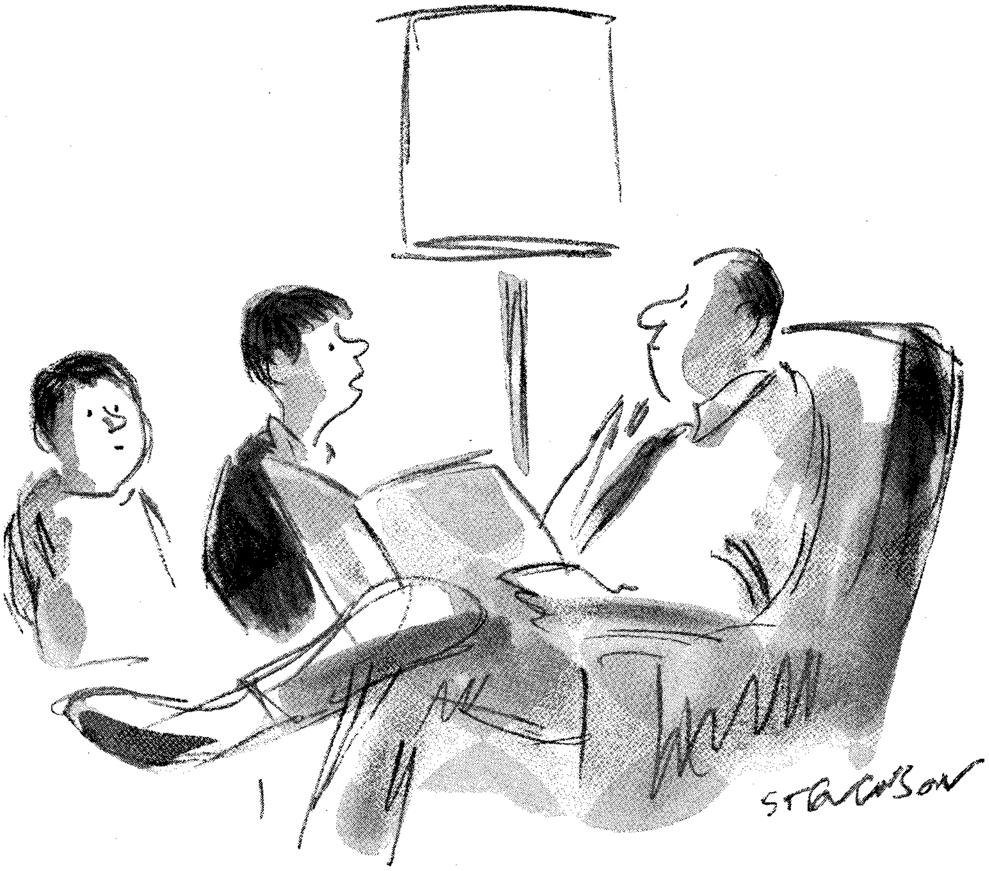
AS one goes through life, it is extremely important to conserve funds, and one should never spend money on anything foolish, like pear nectar or a solid-gold hat. Money is not everything, but it is better than having one's health. After all, one cannot go into a butcher shop and tell the butcher, "Look at my great suntan, and besides I never catch colds," and expect him to hand over any merchandise. (Unless, of course, the butcher is an idiot.) Money is better than poverty, if only for financial reasons. Not that it can buy happiness. Take the case of the ant and the grasshopper: The grasshopper played all summer, while the ant worked and saved. When winter came, the grasshopper had nothing, but the ant complained of chest pains. Life is hard for insects. And don't think mice are having any fun, either. The point is, we all need a nest egg to fall back on, but not while wearing a good suit.

Finally, let us bear in mind that it is easier to spend two dollars than to save one. And for God's sake don't invest money with any brokerage firm in which one of the partners is named Frenchy.

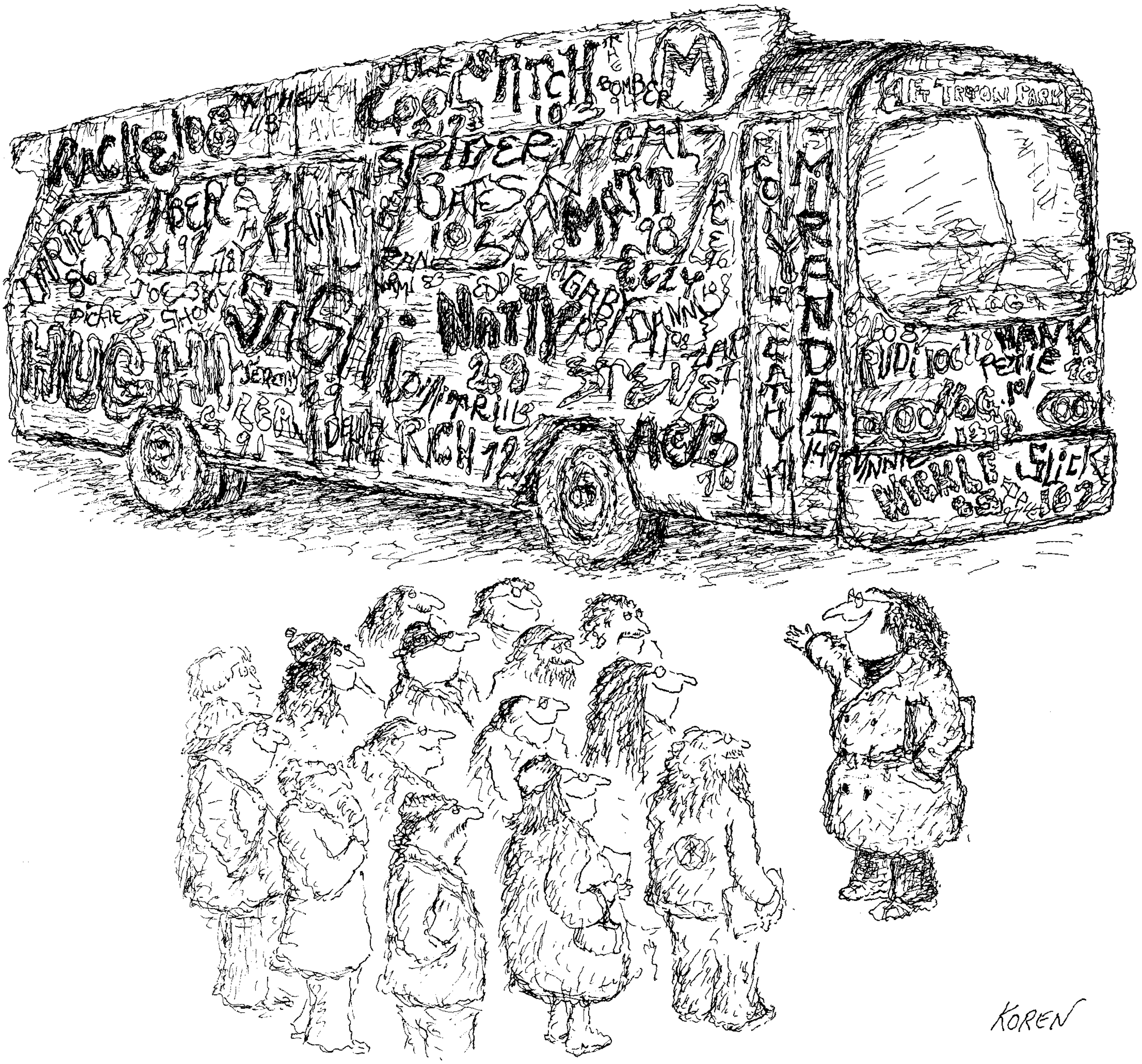
ON LOVE

IS it better to be the lover or the loved one? Neither, if your cholesterol is over six hundred. By love, of course, I refer to romantic love—the love between man and woman, rather than between mother and child, or a boy and his dog, or two headwaiters.

The marvellous thing is that when one is in love there is an impulse to sing. This must be resisted at all costs, and care must also be taken to see that the ardent male doesn't "talk" the lyrics of songs. To be loved, certainly, is different from being admired, as one can be admired from afar but to real-



"Dad, I understand that Disney World has come up with some amazing technological advances and extremely interesting solutions to urban-planning problems."



"Note the densely distributed, yet perfectly balanced, relationship between the expressive line and the organic whole—how unity of surface is achieved by overtly lyrical variations of scale, texture, and color, giving three-dimensional form a spontaneous, plastically graphic definition."

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ly love someone it is essential to be in the same room with the person, crouching behind the drapes.

To be a really good lover, then, one must be strong and yet tender. How strong? I suppose being able to lift fifty pounds should do it. Bear in mind also that to the lover the loved one is always the most beautiful thing imaginable, even though to a stranger she may be indistinguishable from an order of smelts. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Should the beholder have poor eyesight, he can ask the nearest person which girls look good. (Actually, the prettiest ones are almost always the most boring, and that is why some people feel there is no God.)

"The joys of love are but a moment long," sang the troubadour, "but the pain of love endures forever." This was almost a hit song, but the melody was too close to "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy."

On Tripping Through a Copse and Picking Violets

THIS is no fun at all, and I would recommend almost any other activity. Try visiting a sick friend. If this is impossible, see a show or get into a nice warm tub and read. Anything is better than turning up in a copse with one of those vacuous smiles and accumulating flowers in a basket. Next thing you know, you'll be skipping to and fro. What are you going to do with the violets once you get them, anyhow? "Why, put them in a vase," you say. What a stupid answer. Nowadays you call the florist and order by phone. Let *him* trip through the copse, he's getting paid for it. That way, if an electrical storm comes up or a beehive is chanced upon, it will be the florist who is rushed to Mount Sinai.

Do not conclude from this, incidentally, that I am insensitive to the joys of nature, although I have come to the conclusion that for sheer fun it is hard to beat forty-eight hours at Foam Rubber City during the high holidays. But that is another story.

—Woody Allen

TOM

MY father's hair was as black as the Devil's, and he flew into black, black rages. When he spoke of death, as he often did, he spoke of when he'd be put down in the black hole. You could say that everything about him was black except his red blood, his fierce blue eyes, and the gold spikes of love with which he pierced me to the heart when I was a child.

He had made a late, romantic, but not happy marriage. All the same, he and my mother stayed together their whole lives through. They drew great satisfaction to the end of their days on this earth from having kept faith with each other.

They had met on shipboard—on the S.S. Franconia. My father had gone to America when he was young, and was going back to Ireland to buy horses for the man he worked for in East Walpole, Massachusetts. My mother was returning home from a visit to a grandaunt and granduncle in Waltham, where the granduncle was pastor of the Roman Catholic church.

My mother's family lived in County Galway. They were not very well off. They were small-town merchants who sold coal, seeds, and guano as well as tea, sugar, and spirits. My mother was the eldest of twelve. It used to puzzle me that the eldest of twelve should go visiting in a land to which most Irish men and women in those days went as emigrants. Such a visit suggested refinement, and this was affirmed by her classic beauty, her waist—which was thin as the stem of a flower—her unfailing good taste, and her general manner. My father had set his eye on her the minute he went up the gangplank—she was already settled into her deck chair, reading a book.

They did not marry till three years later, when, after a correspondence conducted more ardently by him than by her, he sent her a diamond ring and money for her passage out again—this time to marry him. They were married from the parochial house in Waltham.

My mother hated living in America, and on three occasions when my father let her go see her people he had to follow and fetch her home. When she spoke of her ocean crossings, whichever way she was going, my mother referred to them all as visits, until the last one, when, eastward bound and taking me with her, she knew she'd never have to go back. My father had drawn out some of his savings and given her money to buy a house in Ireland. She bought it in Dublin. Then he gave up his job, took the rest of his money out of the bank, and went to Ireland himself—for good.

My father never seemed to feel resentment against my mother for forcing him to return to the land of his birth. He may not have felt any; his savings, although modest, enabled him to cut a great dash in his native land. He had brought home with him a car that looked so large on the narrow Irish roads that when we went for a drive of a Sunday it seemed at every minute as if the sides would be taken off it by the thorny briars in the hedges—hedges so high they made other cars look like cockroaches. Sitting up at the wheel of that car in a big coat with an astrakhan collar was a far cry from running barefoot across country in County Roscommon, where he had been born.

"Why didn't we go back to Roscommon to live?" I asked him one day.

His blue eyes blazed with contempt for my foolishness. "I have to educate you, don't I?" he said. And I suppose he imagined, like all poor emigrants, that in the place of his birth time would have stood still—the children going barefoot to school, doing their sums on a slate, and mitching every other day, until at last, like him, most of them would run off to England and thence to America with scarcely enough schooling to write their names.

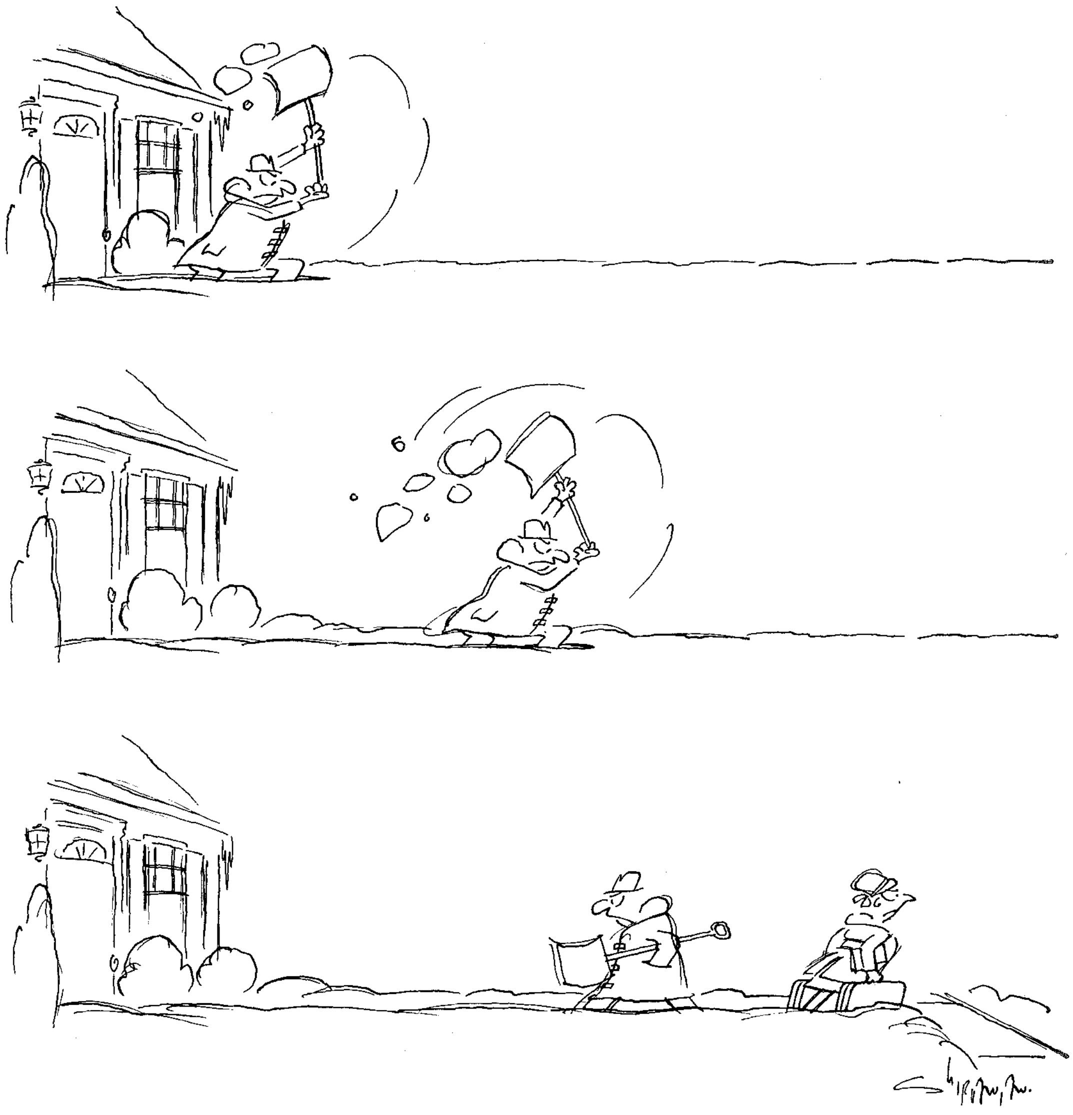
Although my father had a deep and a strong mind and was the subtlest human being I ever knew, he had had small schooling. He could read and write, but with difficulty. He came, indeed, from stock that had in the penal days produced a famous hedge schoolmaster, and of this he was very proud. It may well have been his pride in this scholarly kinsman that led to his own premature departure from a one-room schoolhouse in Frenchpark. For one day the schoolmaster, in a poetic discourse on spring, invoked the cuckoo, and he made reference to the cuckoo's nest. My father's hand flew up, and, without waiting for permission to speak, he gave voice to his shock and indignation. "The cuckoo doesn't build a nest! She lays her eggs in another bird's nest!"

"Is that so?" The master must have been sorely nettled by this public correction. "Well, boy, if you think you can teach this class better than me, come up to the blackboard and take my place." Abandoning sarcasm, he roared and caught up his cane. "I'll teach you not to interrupt me!" he cried.

"You're wrong there, too," my father said. "You'll teach me nothing more as long as you live!" And with that he picked up his slate and fired it at the master's head. Fortunately, for once his aim was bad and he missed. Instead, he put a gash an inch deep in the blackboard, and in the hullabaloo he lit out the door and down the road for Dublin. He was in such a rage he forgot to say goodbye to his mother, whom he never saw again in this life. He spoke of her to me three or four times, and I'm sure it was of her he was thinking on occasion leaning over a gate staring into the deeps of a field in a mood of utter blackness.

From Dublin my father went to Liverpool, from there to the potato fields in Scotland and the hop fields in Yorkshire, and finally, one Palm Sunday morning, he arrived in Boston, then a leading port. All he took with him to America was the memories of the boy he had been, running barefoot over the bogs and the unfenced fields of Roscommon with a homemade fishing rod in his hand, or maybe a catapult. That boy used to think nothing of running across country from Castlerea to Boyle, and even into Sligo. Towns that lay twenty miles apart were no distance to him—lepping stone walls like a young goat, bounding over streams like a hound, and taking the corner off a lake if there was wind would dry out his clothes. Whenever I think of what it is to be young, I find my mind invaded by images of a boy—a boy running over unpeopled land under a sky filled with birds. My father had made his memories mine.

My mother had her memories, too, but she had so many of them they seemed to take up all the room in her head. She never discarded duplicates. She had a hundred memories of summer evenings when she and her sisters and cousins strolled around the rampart walls that enclosed the small town where she was born. There was the same tinkle of laughter in every one, and the same innocent pretense of surprise when the girls met their beaux taking the air in the same place at the same time. Winter evenings could have been reduced to the tale of one evening in one parlor, my mother at the piano, with her sisters in a half circle around her singing high and the beaux in an outer ring singing strong and low. I was an only child, and when I was



small I liked to think about those gay young people swaying back and forth, their mouths like swinging censers spilling song to right and to left. But I got tired of hearing about them, and in the arrogance of my own youth I thought those memories of my mother's had used up all passion in her. Long before I knew what passion was, I knew there was no passion between my parents. Not that my mother wasn't always telling me proudly about all the American women—that is to say, Irish-American—whose expectations had been dashed to the ground when my father arrived back from Waltham with her as his bride. And she displayed with amusement his bachelor trophies—a topaz tiepin, a set of silver-backed brushes, and a half-dozen or so pairs of gold cufflinks. He had been the most eligible bachelor in East Walpole, she many times assured me. He was nearly fifty and had never been caught. It was my mother's code that nice girls never tried to catch a man but had themselves to be snared. She herself was thirty before she was snared. Everyone thought she was much younger, she said, until the midwife took the opportunity of asking her age in a cloudy moment just as I was about to emerge into the world.

"Your father's admirers were all a lot older than that, though," she told me. "They must have been out in America for years to be able to buy those expensive presents, because you may be sure they left Ireland empty-handed."

My mother's own trunk could not have been very heavily laden, but she based her estimate of what the others brought with them on the fact that they had travelled steerage. She had travelled cabin. My maternal grandfather, as well as wholesaling grain and guano, was a shipping agent for the Cunard and White Star Steamship Lines, and my mother knew all about poor Irish emigrants, no matter what grandeur they later assumed.

My mother had a stateroom to herself, and the courtesy of a reduced fare arranged by the Queenstown agents of the line. It was her firm conviction that no one—no woman, that is—could ever live down the stigma of steerage. Her stateroom in cabin class was a symbol to her of how my father had lifted himself up by his marriage, he, of course, having gone steerage on his first crossing. By the time they met on the Franconia he had elevated himself to cabin, else they would never have met.

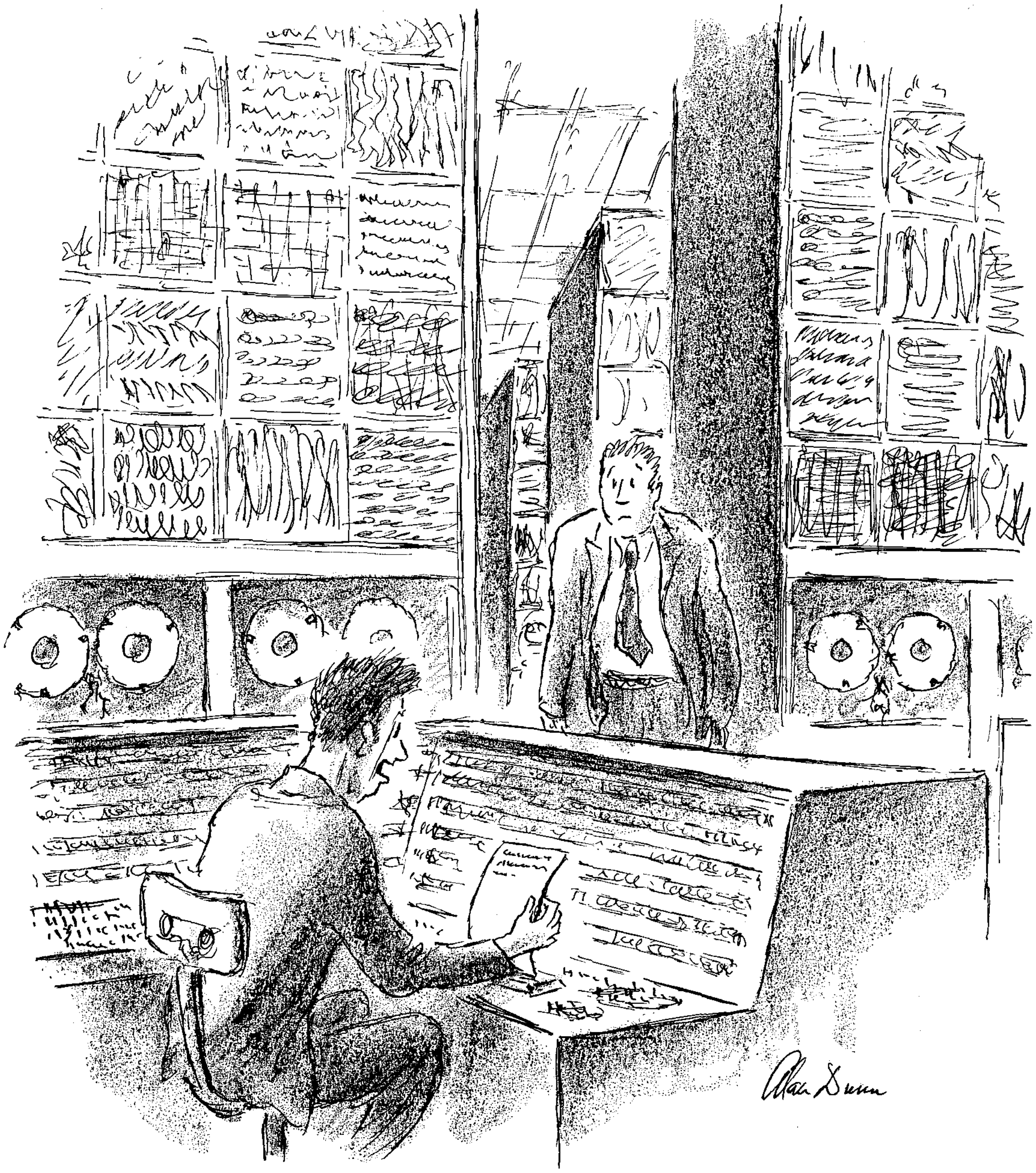
"He would never have been happy with any of those women," my mother explained to me in East Walpole. I knew them all by sight. They were plump and jolly and usually to be seen in the company of their husbands—at a ballgame, or watching a parade, or just sitting side by side with them in matching rocking chairs on their front porches. My mother never rocked on her porch. She never went to a ballgame. She watched only one parade, and that was when the United States entered the First World War. Then she stood at the gate of our house on Washington Street to see the American boys marching to camp. She cried all the time, thinking of her brothers back home in Ireland. Mostly she stayed at home, doing embroidery or reading. She didn't believe in tagging after a man everywhere he went.

I had my doubts about the wisdom of this, and once made a sly reference to my father about his former admirers.

He looked at me with astonishment. "They'd never have given me a daughter like you," he said. "You have not got your mother's looks, but you have her ways." I understood then that my mother's ways were an abiding source of his pride.

SOMETIMES I wondered if it was my father's lack of education that had kept my mother from marrying him in the three years that followed the voyage on the Franconia. He'd asked her as they parted on the quayside at Queenstown, she told me.

"But I took a dislike to him at first sight," she said. "I'd noticed him coming on board and I objected to the way he was staring at everyone, especially at me. I wasn't surprised when he came up to us and broke into our conversation." She had become acquainted in the departure shed with two elderly English gentlemen, who had helped her find a porter to carry her steamer trunk and arranged with



"Here it comes again—IBBEDY BIBBEDY SIBBEDY SAB."

• •

the steward to have her chair placed between theirs. They also urged her to choose first sitting, which was the sitting they favored. Their company was most enjoyable, she maintained; it was they who made the voyage so pleasant. They were both married and spoke very nicely of their wives, who hadn't accompanied them because this was a business trip. They showed her photographs of their wives, and said that their wives, too, had read and greatly enjoyed "The Weaver," by Parker, which was the book my mother was reading when my father caught sight of her from the gangplank.

It was in this book she'd left on her deck chair while she went down to the dining saloon on the second day out that my father wrote his name. He scribbled it in the margin of the page at which she'd left it open. And after that, every time she vacated her chair he wrote his name on whatever page was open.

"It was a very cheeky thing to do," my mother said. "My sisters would have been horrified."

Then one day, when she was playing quoits with the nice elderly gentlemen and the one who was partnering her put down the quoit for a minute to rest, my father picked it up and finished the game. Naturally, they won, my father and herself. And after that he partnered her into the finals, and victory. They were presented with a silver rose bowl, which he immediately gave her but which I never saw. It vanished into thin air during the three years that passed between playing quoits on shipboard and playing at marriage on dry land.

The two gentlemen between whose deck chairs my mother's had remained stubbornly placed used to tease her about Tom. "He'll propose to you before we dock in Queenstown," one of them prophesied, and the other agreed. They urged her to accept him. "He's a good man, Nora," they said.

"But I refused him!" my mother would insist, with a laugh that still rings in my ears. It was a pretty laugh; her face was only a small part of her charm. "He had a cheek, scribbling in my book." I think she had suspected from his handwriting his lack of schooling, and it would not be long until his letters proved her right.

I have often wondered what became of his love letters to my mother. What did she do with them? Surely bad spelling and grammar would not be cause for a woman to destroy her love letters? His letters to me, written the times she took me away from him to Ireland, told so much love it lies on the pages still, although the ink has faded and the paper frayed. I have them all treasured away. Among them there is one on pink paper that he wrote me after he'd come back to Ireland to join us. It was written on the eve of the Grand National, and he was going to Liverpool for the night. He had just had time to come to a hockey match in which I was playing left wing, but he hadn't been able to stay for the finish. I should explain that in his day he had been a great athlete—a champion hurley player, but at a time when everyone on the team was expected to score from any place on the field at any time and however he could. He wrote:

> Dear Little Daughter,
> This is a Pound For Pin Money and I hope ye will win. I was very Much Disopinted how you Plead you Seem to wait till the Ball Came to you that is Rong you should Keep Moving and Not to stay in the One Place. God Luck,
> Dadey.

"Dadey" is nothing unusual—just "Daddy" spelled his way. I wish he hadn't written "ye" for "you"—it looks like stage Irish. But it also shows that my father never felt obliged to spell a word in the same way in the same sentence, much less the same page. It was as if he felt that he could give new meaning to a word with each new spelling—or, at least, a different inflection of meaning. It was as if for him a letter had a visual quality and could impart a message beyond its mere words. How often I saw him, after he had laboriously composed a letter, lean back from it the way a painter might stand back from his easel and, grabbing up his pen, jab at the page again, dotting an "i" or crossing a "t" and adding "t"s and "s"s or doubling an "l" or "n" at a furious rate, until he felt he had given the composition a more powerful effect.

His letters to me must have roused at least as much love as was put into them. I keep them in the velvet-lidded box where my mother kept the trinkets he received from other women. In this box I also keep a few souvenirs that my mother herself seemed to treasure beyond their value: a silver Child of Mary medal, a gold-plated Communion cross, and a buttonhook of real but hollow silver. That buttonhook baffled me—it seemed to emphasize what I thought was the shallowness of her feelings. Why had she kept a thing like that throughout her life? It had been a casual gift, and an odd one, from a customer in her father's shop—a customer whom in her lifetime she always "Mistered." Mr. Barrett—that was how she referred to him. It seemed a distant way to refer to any man.

"But he always called me 'Miss Nora'!" she said when I questioned it.

MR. BARRETT was a land agent on a large estate called Multyfarnham, a few miles outside the town ramparts. My mother met him one afternoon when she and her sisters were picking the daffodils that grew in rings under the trees in such numbers they never regarded it as stealing to pick them.

"When he caught us, Mr. Barrett said we were only thinning them out," she explained. And she said it was to make sure she was happy in her conscience that he called that evening to buy a drink in her father's shop. "Only a glass of port wine," she hastened to add. "He never drank anything else." It was clearly a token drink to make his call acceptable to her family—as if anything could, it seemed from the tone of her voice. Why they disapproved I did not at first understand. "I used to stay out in the shop talking to him for hours," my mother went on. "My sisters would be furious. We all played the piano, but I was the best. What made them mad with me was that I stayed out in the shop until closing time."

"Couldn't you bring him into the parlor?" I asked.

"I thought I told you!" my mother cried. "Mr. Barrett was a Protestant!"

"Oh?" That was all I managed to say, but I looked with my first real interest at the crescent-shaped scar on her index finger. It was more than a crescent; it ran almost the whole way around her finger, like a ring. It was hard to believe it was not a real ring made of ivory or whalebone that had somehow sunk into her flesh and over which, like grass on a grave, the skin had grown. I don't think it would have been visible at all if her skin had not been the deep olive of a Galway woman's, which tradition credits to the wrecking of the Armada off the coast of Ireland. Even when my mother was an old woman, the texture of her skin was soft and smooth. And then, too, that scar shone bright as the sickle moon.

"I was polishing a glass for his port wine," she said, "and when the glass broke in my hand he pulled out his handkerchief and tore it into ribbons to bind up the cut. It was a silk handkerchief with his monogram on it."

"Do you ever hear from him? Where is he now?"

"He's dead," she said. "He was found dead one morning in a little ditch that ran between the road and the woods. He used to take a shortcut over it when he was going home at night. He must have slipped on the plank across it. He fell face downward into the water." She paused. "There was only half a foot of water, but he drowned."

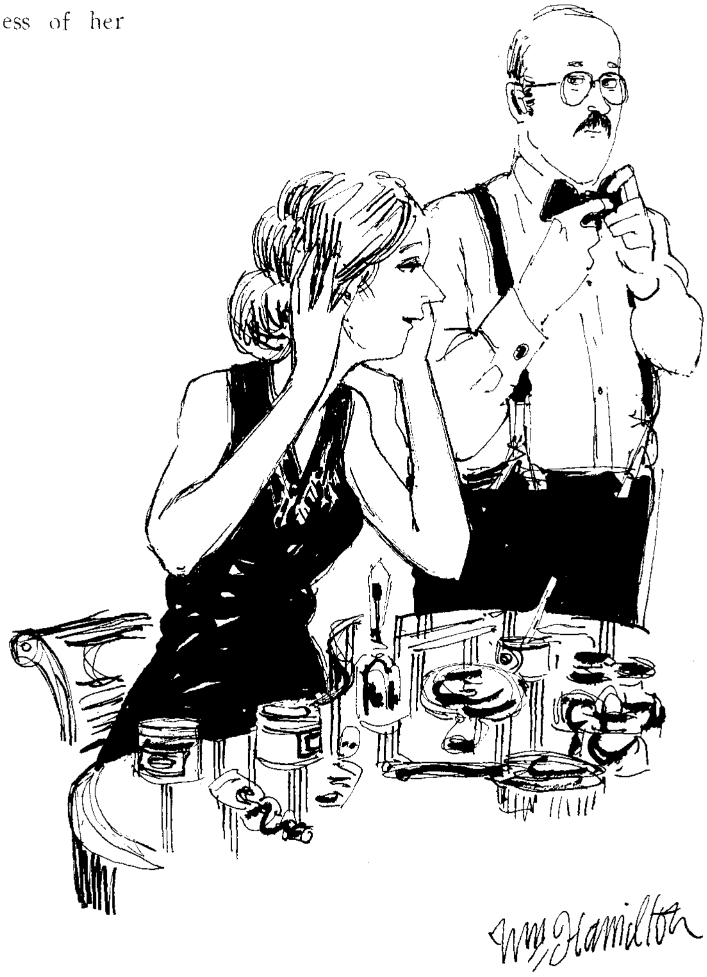
"Was he drunk?" It seemed a natural question, and I didn't think I deserved the look she gave me.

"I told you he only drank port wine," she said, "and never more than one glass."

"How frightful!" I cried. "Did you feel awful?"

"I didn't hear a word about it for two years. I didn't hear until the time I came back with you—an infant in my arms—to show you off to my family. It happened only a few days after I left for America to marry your father. I inquired about him the minute I came in the door—I was wondering if he ever called when I had gone." She looked down at the scar on her finger. "That's when they told me." She paused again. "But no matter what they said I knew he never drank to excess—only the one glass of port wine."

I never asked my mother about Mr. Barrett again, even when my father was dead and she might have been prepared to talk more about him.



"Now, remember. The Cochrans are not intellectuals, so please don't go on and on about 'Jonathan Livingston Seagull.'"

MY mother lived for twenty years after my father—her due, considering that was the difference

ROUAULT

He hangs from a gibbet.
The red sun
wears a black ring.
Man is a wolf to man.

"I believe in suffering,
it is not feigned in me.
This is my only merit.
I was not made to be so terrible."

The society lady fancies she has a
reserved seat in Heaven. Who does
not paint himself a face? We are
insane. We think ourselves kings.
Are we not all convicts?

The Chinese invented gunpowder,
they say, and made us a gift
of it. In all things tears.
War, which all mothers hate. This
will be the last time, little father.

"I underwent then a moral crisis.
I began to paint with an outrageous lyricism.
It was . . . an inner necessity."

For in turning toward his own inwardness
he may become divided from things.

The red sun always
wears a black ring.

—Van K. Brock

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in age between them. It was not a fair bargain, however, because he had had her beauty when he could proudly display it but she did not have his support when she needed it most. "Poor Tom," she'd say. "If he only knew that I'd be left so long after him, to fend for myself," or "If only Tom could see me now, crippled like this, it would break his heart." And while he had always spoken of death as being put into the black hole, she always spoke of it as "joining Tom." And the implication was that now wherever he was would be home to her. And a place of happiness, too.

She used to speak of him during those twenty years she survived him in much the same way that her sisters and brothers used to speak of him in his lifetime.

"Poor Tom," she would say. "He was so good to me."

"Poor Tom," *they'd* say. "He is so good to Nora."

One day when my mother had been dead for two years, I was paying a duty call on an unmarried aunt who kept house for one of her bachelor brothers. We were sitting in the little parlor that had been the scene in my mother's stories of so much brightness and laughter and song, but the day was dull, and our talk was sad, and we often fell silent. In one of those silences, my aunt picked up the newspaper and was glancing at it idly when she gave an exclamation.

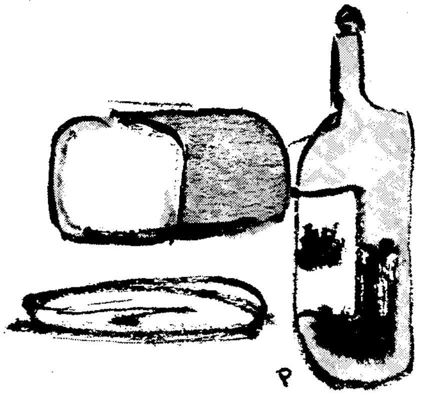
"Listen to this!" she said. "Yesterday some poor young man was found drowned in a small drain with only a foot of water in it. He was lying face downward. They thought he had drink taken, but from the evidence given at the inquest the coroner decided it was suicide."

"Where did it happen?" my uncle asked listlessly, and when my aunt said it had happened in another part of the country his interest evaporated. But my aunt was devouring the print. She caught my uncle's arm and shook it violently.

"Suicide!" she repeated. "Just like Nora's Mr. Barrett."

A hundred questions leaped to my mind, but I was silenced by the look on my uncle's face. "What are you talking about?" he cried. " 'Nora's Mr. Barrett'—as you call him—was accidentally drowned. You know that as well as I do. What would Muggie think if she could hear you saying such a thing?" Muggie was the name by which my maternal grandmother had always been called by her grown-up family; it was meant to be an endearing diminutive, but to me it had always seemed more appropriate than they knew. In one way or another, she had smothered most of her children.

Had my mother known the truth about Mr. Barrett, I wondered. Had my father? Had that knowledge had anything to do with his rare but terrible drinking bouts, and the less frequent but more terrible depressions that came down over him like a snuffer? I had seen that snuffer quench joy in him at times when he should have been happiest, looking over a gate at his purebred horses thudding across pastures flowing rich as rivers. Yet his face would darken, and I'd be sure he was thinking that, even before him, they would be put down in the black hole. Tiepins and silver brushes, he knew too well, could outlast a million men and a million horses.



I WAS twenty. I had just finished my first university examination, and while I was waiting for the result my father decided to take me to Roscommon, to the place where he was born. He had taken me to Killarney, with its lakes, and Connemara, too. We had gone together to the Glens of Antrim and the Burren in full flower. But I knew these places were nothing compared to a bogland bathed in the light of his memory, a light he thought had no night and over which he thought no cloud could ever settle.

It was midafternoon when we reached the town of Boyle and took the road to Frenchpark. What would he feel, I wondered, when he'd see the changes inevitable in the time since he'd last been there?

To my astonishment it did not bother him at all that where there had been golden thatch there were gray slates, where there had been plowshares there were tractors. He hardly seemed to notice that the boys wore boots and not one girl had a waterfall of hair. His eager eyes fell

RESTAURANT

short of these changes and fastened on unchanged mounds of earth, on unchangeable stone walls, and on streams that still ran over the same mossy stones. "Look at that!" he would cry, stopping the car one place after another and pointing out with delight something familiar. "Look at that five-bar gate! Many's the time I vaulted it. Look! Look! By God, that's the same old bank I put Dockery's ass over, digging my toes into its sides like it was into butter I was digging them!"

Then his eyes fell on something so exciting he could hardly speak. "I didn't believe it'd be still standing. By all that's holy! It's the old schoolhouse!" he cried. "God be with the master! I wonder if he's still alive."

The little schoolhouse was no longer used as a school, of course. We had passed a large new school a mile or so back the road. But Tom got out and stood staring at it. At last, he went over and tried the door. It was locked. He looked up, then, at the windows, which were very high up so the scholars of those days couldn't be distracted by looking out.

"I bet the mark of that slate is still on that blackboard," he said, and suddenly he lifted me up as he used to when I was a child in Boston lifted up to see a parade. "Can you see anything?" he cried.

"Only cardboard boxes piled up everywhere." The classroom was evidently used as a storage place for the jotters and copybooks, erasers and pencils that had replaced the old slates and slate pencils of his day.

He set me down. "But I'd guarantee the mark is still on that blackboard!" he said. He gave a laugh. "If I thought the master was hereabout, I'd call and let him see you." His eyes travelled over the countryside again. "There were eighty-four scholars in that little schoolhouse," he said. "And I could name every one of them." As

if I didn't know! I myself could sing out that litany of names: Micky Dockery, Tom Forde, James Neary, Ethel Scally, Mary Morrisroe, Paddy Shannon . . .

"Most of them went to America," my father said, "and I met many a one of them out there. I'd be in a bar and it crowded, and suddenly I'd see a face, and I'd know it at once for a Roscommon face. You wouldn't have to give me a minute till I'd put a name to the face as well. I'd leave my drink and I'd go over and I'd slap the fellow on the back and I'd call him by his name. But if he saw me coming he'd beat me to it. 'By the hokey—it's not you, Tom?' And after that it would be round for round as long as either of us had a dollar in our pocket. And it wasn't only the fellows but the girls. I was with your mother and you one day in Boston sitting in Childs Restaurant, and I caught sight of one waitress that was shapelier than the rest, with red hair that could make you think the evening sun was on it. 'Stop staring, Tom!' your mother said. She was easy embarrassed. But although the girl had her back turned to us I could have laid a five-dollar bill she was from the County Roscommon. 'Wait till she turns around,' I said, 'and I'll give you her name into the bargain.' But when she turned round she beat me at my own game. 'Tom!' she screamed, and she left down the tray she was carrying and ran over to us and began shaking hands with your mother and taking you in her arms and throwing you up in the air. And everybody in the place gaping. With all the commotion, it wasn't long till the manageress arrived on the scene, but seeing it was Molly Murray she turned away and let on to notice nothing. Molly wasn't the kind of girl any boss would attempt to put down. She'd have pulled off her apron and lit out of the place if anyone ventured to say a word to her! A real Roscommon woman! Do you know what happened when we'd finished eating and I asked for the check? She went over to the cash register and ran up a zero. 'On the house,' she said. That'll show you what she was like!" My father laughed.

He looked around him again over the flat land, where, among the new cement houses, there were still a few mud-wall cabins. But there was more grass growing out of their thatch than could be seen in the little fields around them. They, too, would soon turn back into the clay from which they were made. "She lived over there," he said, pointing to a cabin behind one of the new cottages. It seemed now to be a cow byre. He sighed. "But that was a long time ago. I don't know if she's alive at all. There can't be many of the old folk left. There must be a lot of them laid to rest in—" He paused, and I waited for the familiar phrase about the black hole, but the memories of boyhood were too strong. "In Drumshanbo cemetery," he said quietly, pointing to where in the distance I could see a small, walled cemetery, dotted with marking stones not much different from the rough field stones that surrounded the little plot.

"Is that where your parents are buried?" I asked, thinking of his mother, to whom he had never said goodbye. I thought he'd want to visit their grave.

But he shrugged. "They're put down somewhere there," he said, with what I took at first to be a strange indifference. "I sent money back to the priest one time and asked him to put a tombstone over them, but he returned it and said no one could find the exact spot." A dark shadow fell over us both for a minute.

"It's a wonder he didn't keep the money to say Masses for their souls," I said, and at that the shadow lifted and a smile broke like sunlight over my father's face.

"I never thought of that," he said. "Ah, but the priests that were going in those days weren't like the priests today. He was a gentleman even if he was a priest."

WE were walking back to the car when we saw an old man coming toward us on the road.

"Let's have a word with this old-timer," he said, "and see if there's anyone left around here that I knew in my young days." The old man was so bent and was walking so slow that we got back into the car and moved forward to meet him. As we got nearer, my father took his hand off the wheel and nudged me. "He's making his way to Drumshanbo to save people the trouble of carting him there," he said.

Yet when we drew level with him the old fellow looked spry enough for his age. His face was weathered by wind and rain, but he seemed as hardy as a wild duck. It wasn't poverty that had him bent double, either; he had a suit of good frieze cloth on his back and a pair of good strong shoes on his feet. As the car stopped, he came over to us with a courtesy not common today.

"Good day, sir."

"Good day to you, sir," my father replied, but I saw that he was staring at the old fellow with a puzzled look on his face.

"It's a nice fine day, sir, isn't it, thanks be to God," said the old man. And, as my father had said nothing, he looked appraisingly at the car. "That's a fine car you've got there, sir," he said. "I suppose it's visitors to this country you are? Is it wanting to know the way to Dublin you are, sir."

At that my father gave a laugh. "No," he said. "I know this part of the country well enough. I wish I had a dollar for every time I walked this road!" he cried with a reckless note in his voice.

"Ah, I knew you were from America, sir," the old man said. "Sure, Americans have plenty of money for travelling the world and going anywhere they like." Then he frowned, as if he, too, were puzzled by something.

My father hesitated for a second, and to my astonishment he turned the key in the ignition and put the car into gear. But just before we drove away he leaned out. "Did you ever hear tell of a young fellow called Danny Kelly?" he asked.

"Is it Danny Kelly? Usen't us two sit on the one form beyond in the old schoolhouse!"

"Is he still in these parts?" my father asked slowly.

The old man gave a dry chuckle. "He is!" he said. "He went to Scotland for a while, but his family brought him back here a while ago. And he'll never be leaving again." With a jerk of his thumb, he pointed toward the Drumshanbo cemetery. "The Lord have mercy on him."

"The Lord have mercy on him," my father repeated, and both of them took off their hats. "There was another young fellow by the name of Egan," my father said then. "Did you know him?"

"It would be a queer thing if I didn't! I'm called Pat Egan," said the old man, but now his blue eyes filled with mild inquiry. "If it's not an impertinence to ask, sir, where did you hear my name?"

Now, I thought. This is the moment. But my father was letting in the clutch.

"There was a fellow I knew in Boston that came from here," he said. "He told me if ever I passed this way to inquire about a few of the scholars that were in that schoolhouse there with him." He nodded at the little school.

"And what was that man's name, sir, if you'll pardon my asking?"

My father seemed to expect the question, he was so ready for it. "I declare to God I knew him as well as I know myself," he said, "but at this moment I can't recall his name."

Pat Egan was satisfied. He laughed. "Wait till you are my age, sir," he said, "and you'll be forgetting your own!"

We drove away.

"What do you make of that?" my father asked. "Pat Egan and me are the same age to within a day. I didn't know him from Adam when we drew up beside him. But when we were a minute or two talking I knew him by a bit of a blood mark that you maybe didn't see at all, because it was under his left ear. But I remembered it, because the female teacher, when she'd be expecting a baby—which was every year—used to make him keep his cap on in class, pulled down well over his ears so she wouldn't see it and it maybe bring bad luck on the child in her womb. I knew him by that blood mark. But he didn't know me from Adam!"

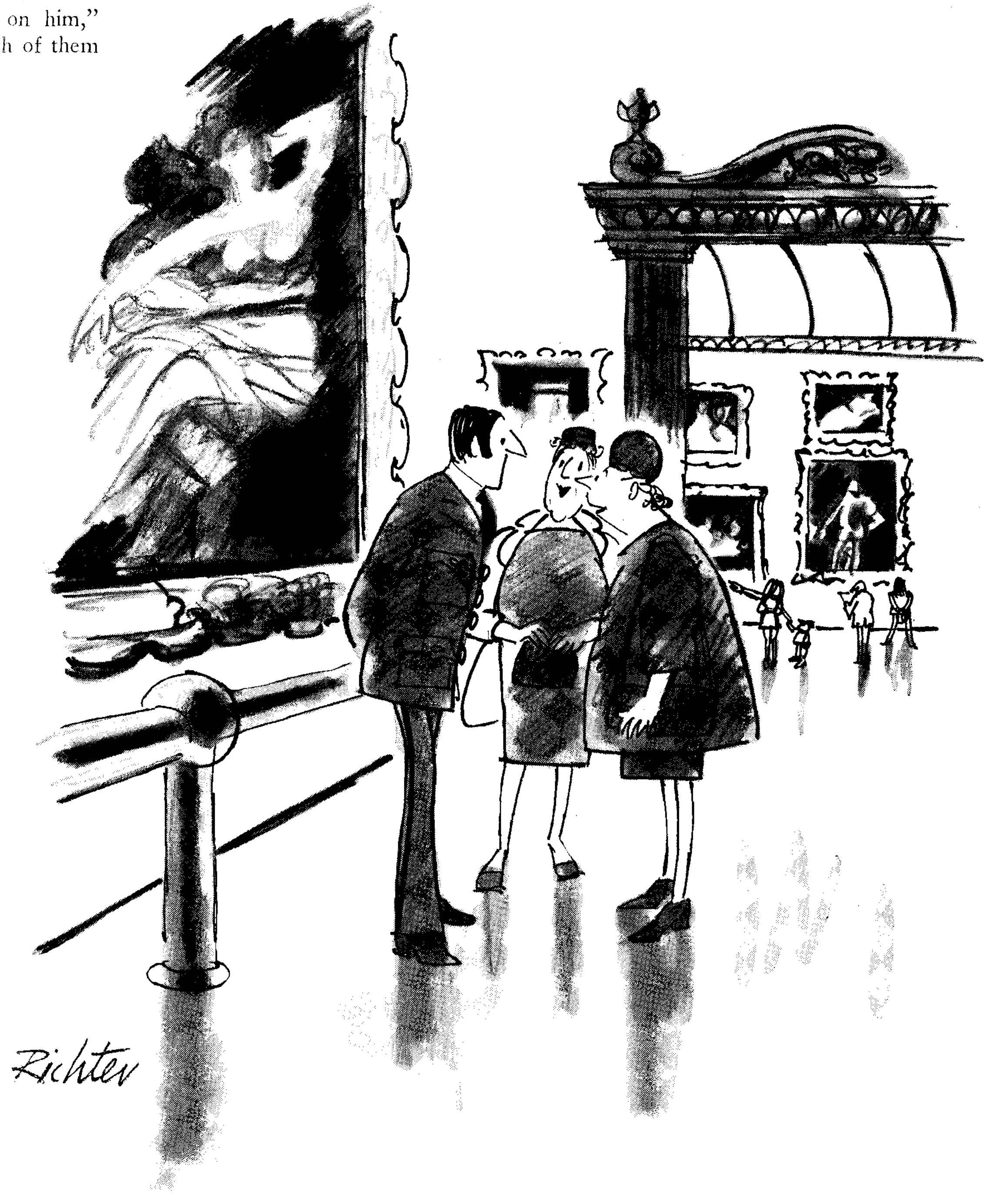
"Why didn't you tell him who you were?" I asked, looking back at the figure of the old man getting smaller and smaller behind us.

"I don't know," my father said quietly, and then, to my surprise, he abruptly swung the car into a narrow laneway on our left. "There used to be a cottage up this lane," he said, "and many's the time I was in it. I near wore the seat off my pants sitting on an old settle that stood by the hearth. Rose Magarry was her name," he said. "She was my first sweetheart." And now with every word he was giving little light laughs like a stream frolicking over stones. He was so lighthearted I thought I could tease him.

"Oh, you must have been a right boyo in those days," I said.

He turned angrily. "What makes you say that?"

"I was thinking about those tiepins



"Can you direct us to the cafeteria by way of that new Greek vase you just bought?"

and cufflinks you got from admirers. That's all."

"Is it them things?" he scoffed. "A few dollars is all that kind of thing cost in those days. Gold was cheap in America then. The girls could earn as much as us men then. And some were earning more! They gave presents like that to every fellow they met."

He had slowed down the car and was looking from side to side of the lane. "We ought to have come on the cottage before now," he complained.

We were passing a mound of dung that looked like rotted thatch, and among the nettles and elderberry bushes there were foxgloves and hollyhocks, twined together with honeysuckle, and a white rosebush gone wild. Hundreds of bees were buzzing over it, and white butterflies dancing. "Do you think there might have been a cottage there at one time?" I said cautiously, because I was thinking that if it is true, as legend tells us, that nettles grow out of the bones of monks and men of combat, perhaps honeysuckle and roses grow from the bones of young maidens.

My father was looking where I'd pointed. "You're right. That would be the spot. I knew I couldn't be so far out in my calculations. The old people would be dead, and she'd be married and gone. Come to think of it," he said, "I heard she was married and a widow into the bargain." He looked ahead, to where there were four or five new cottages, the ground around them as bare as a hen run. "We'll stop at one of those cottages and ask if anyone can tell us where Rose lives now," he said. He winked at me. "Just for fun."

We stopped in front of the first of the cottages, at the back of which a young woman was hanging out wet clothes. She turned and stared at us, more aggressive than curious. But an old woman, who had been sitting inside the window, got up and came hobbling out.

As she came down the cement path, my father called to her, "I'm sorry to bother you, Ma'am, but I wonder could you tell me anything about a girl by the name of Rose Magarry used to live in that cottage back there." He nodded back at the mound of rotted thatch and flowers.

The old woman had a touching simplicity. "Magarry was my own name, sir," she said. "Would you be meaning me? I am called Rose. I married Ned Malone, but he's dead these twenty years."

I looked anxiously at my father. He was gripping the steering wheel and staring straight in front of him. "I was only wanting to ask because of a young lad that used to know her long ago," he said stiffly. "A fellow I met in America. He asked me to call."

"And what would his name be, sir?" the old woman asked, and it broke my heart to hear the deferential note in her voice. But next minute she threw up her hands. "Ah!" she said softly. "Don't I know who that was! Tom! It's his son you are, sir, isn't it?" She darted close and peered into my father's face. "Tom's son. Sure, you're the dead spit of him!" Then, stretching out her hands, she caught at his and went as if to drag him out of the car. "How is he? Tell me, is he still alive? But wait, what am I thinking about, you'll come inside and be telling me over a cup of tea? And you too, Miss?" she said, recalling my presence. But next minute she glanced back uneasily at the young woman who was all the time standing by the clothesline staring.

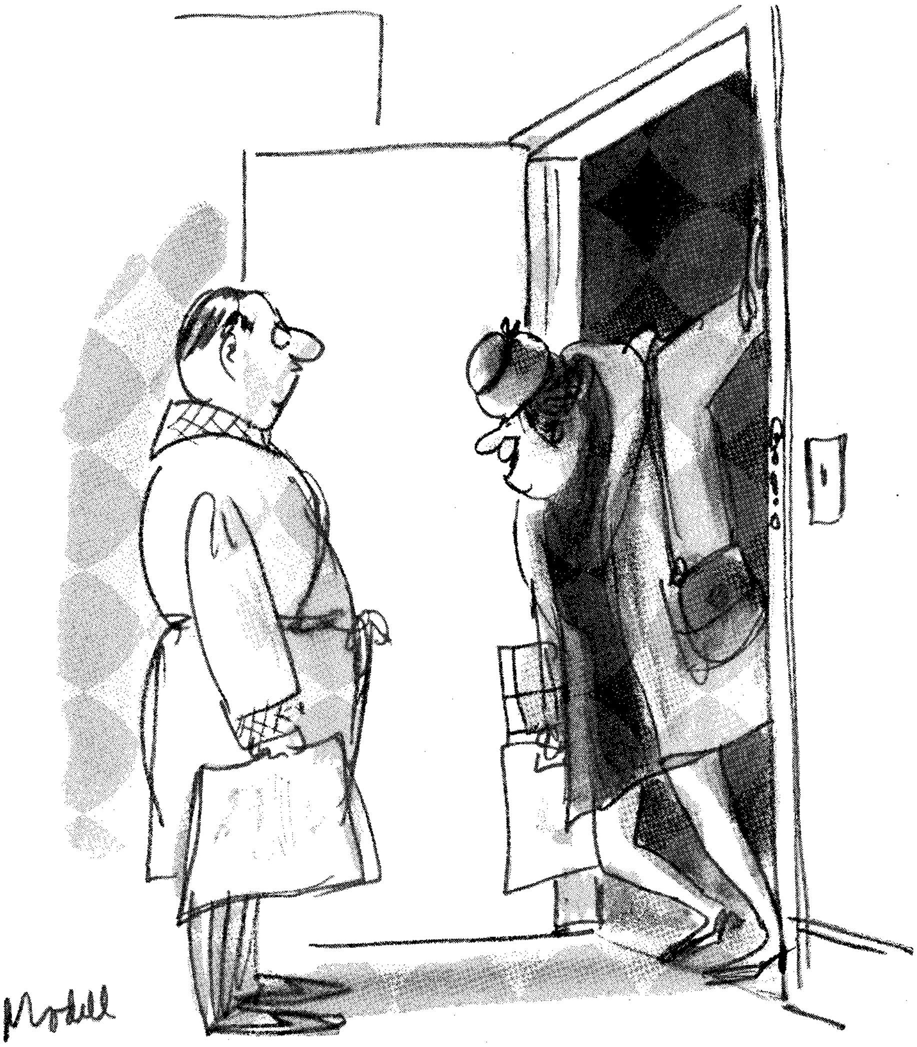
"You'll have to excuse us, Ma'am!" said my father. "We've a long journey ahead of us yet."

There was a strange little silence.

"Ah well, in that case, sir!" the old woman said then, and she seemed relieved. "But wait a minute, sir," she cried. "I'll open the two sides of the gate, so you can turn your car in comfort."

I waited till we'd turned and driven down the narrow laneway and were back onto the road. "Why didn't you tell her?"

He said nothing for a long time. "Why do you think?" he said, and the black mood that came down on him didn't lift till we'd crossed the Shannon. —MARY LAVIN



"This is a switch, Buster!"

•

COMFORT

do not worry
the snow will melt
the roads will again be passable
these delays are temporary
those who left you will come back

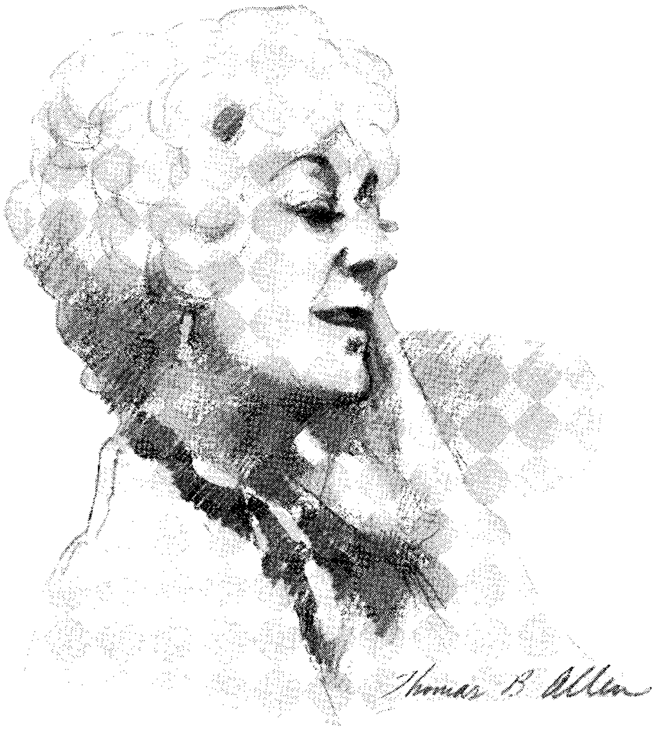
the spilled milk will be replaced
and the doll's missing blue eye
will be sewn on in exactly the right place

the hand of darkness you held all night
which slipped from you at dawn
will come over the horizon
reaching for your hand
and the pain will return

—RICHARD SHELTON

PROFILES

THE KEY OF D IS DAFFODIL YELLOW



Marian McPartland

FOUR scenes from the life, as she has lived it in the past year, of Marian McPartland, the unique and graceful English-born jazz pianist. The first scene takes place early in the spring.

I

SHE is seated at a small upright piano in a corner of an elementary-school classroom on Long Island. She has the polished, easy, expectant air that she has when she is about to start a set in a night club. Her back is ruler-straight, she is smiling, and her hands rest lightly on the keyboard. And, as always, she is impeccably got up. Her blond hair, shaded by pale grays, is carefully arranged, and she is wearing a faultlessly tailored pants suit. Twenty or so six-year-olds, led into the classroom a few moments before by a pair of teachers, are seated at her feet in a semicircle. She looks at a list of kinds of weather the children have prepared. "All right, dears, what have we here?" she says in a musical English alto. "Did all of you do this?"

There is a gabble of "yes"es.

"Hail, snow, hurricane, cloudy day, rain, twister, fog, wind, the whole lot. Now, I'm going to pick one out and play something, and I want you to tell me what kind of weather I'm playing about." She bends over the keyboard and, dropping her left hand into her lap, constructs floating, gentle, Debussy chords with her right hand. A girl with a budlike face and orange hair shoots a hand directly at her and says, "Rain, gentle rain."

"That's very good. It *is* rain, and gentle rain, too. Now what's this?" She crooks her arms and pads lazily up and down the keyboard on her forearms. She stops and smiles and gazes around the faces. There is a puzzled silence. A boy with porcupine hair and huge eyes raises a hand, falters, and pulls it down with his other hand. "Fog," says the little girl.

Marian McPartland laughs. "That's very close, dear, but it's not *exactly* right." She pads around on the keyboard again. "What's like a blanket on the ground, a big blanket that goes as far as you can see?" The large-eyed boy shoots his hand all the way up. "Snow! Snow! Snow!"

"Right! But what have we now?" Dropping her left hand again, she plays a quick, light, intricate melody in the upper registers. "Twister!" a pie-faced boy shouts. "No, hurricane," a boy next to him says.

"Could you play it again?" one of the teachers asks.

"Well, I'll try." She plays the melody, but it is not the same. It is a delightful improvisation. There are more notes this time, and she plays with greater intensity. "I think it's *wind*," the orange-haired girl says.

"It *is* wind, and wind is what we get when we have one of these." She launches into loud, stabbing chords that rush up and down the keyboard and are broken by descending glissandos. She ends on a crash. "Twister! Twister!" the pie-faced boy cries again.

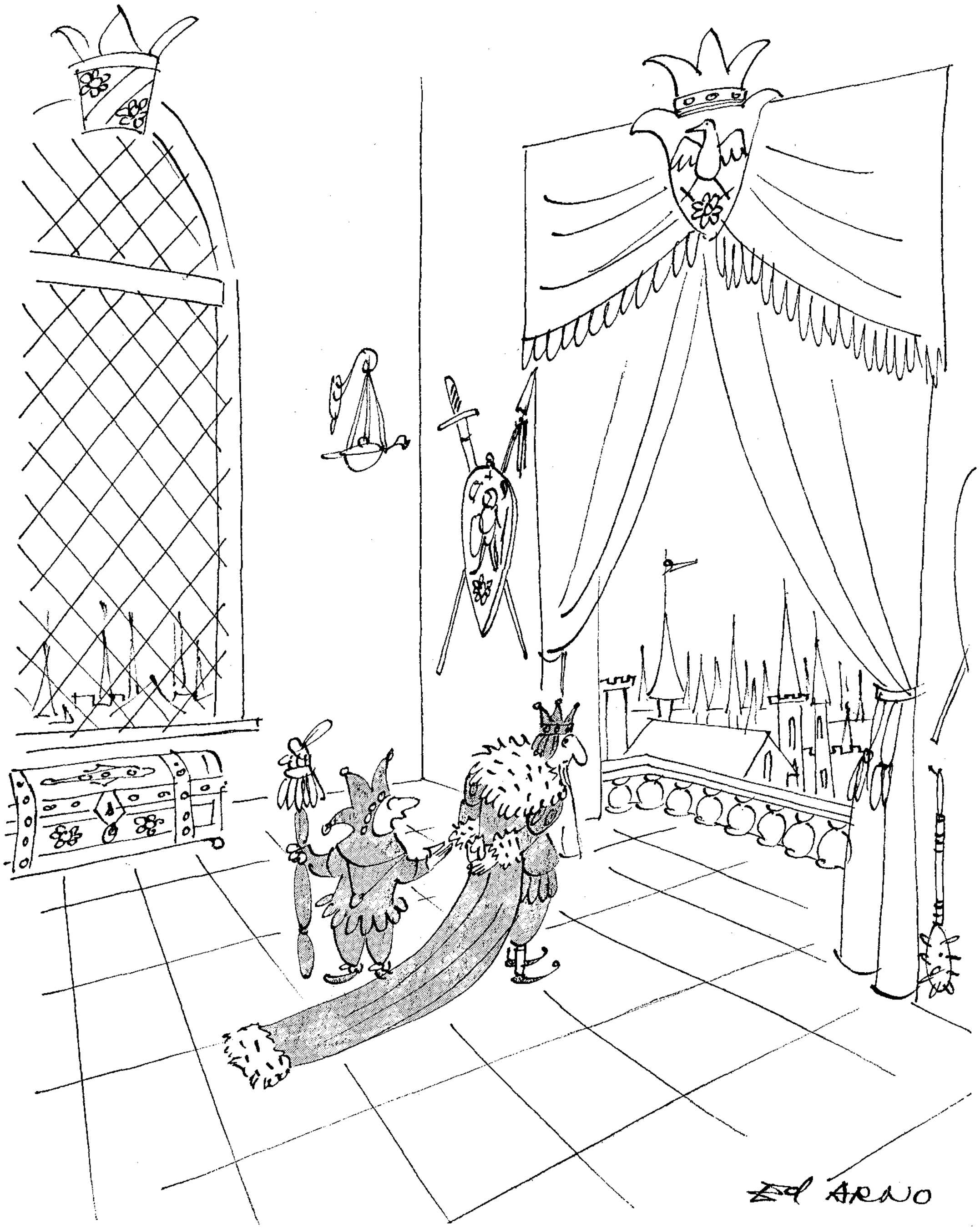
She shakes her head. "Now, *listen*, listen more closely." Again she improvises on her invention, and before she is finished there are shouts of "Thunder!" "Lightning!" "Twister!"

"I don't think I'd even know what a twister sounds like," she says, laughing. "But the rest of you are very close. Which is it—thunder or lightning?" She plays two flashing glisses. "Lightning!" a tiny, almond-eyed girl yells.

"Very, very good. Now this one is hard, but it's what we have a lot of in the summer." She plays groups of crystalline chords in a medium tempo. It is sunlight. A cloudy day and a breeze and a hurricane follow, and when the children's attention begins to wane, she starts "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head." The children get up and stand around the piano and sing. Two of them lean against her. She finishes one chorus and starts another, and at her behest the children clap in time. She gradually speeds up the tempo until the clapping is continuous and the children, hopping around as if they were on Pogo sticks, are roaring with laughter. She finishes with a loose, ringing tremolo. The teachers thank her and sweep the children out of the room. She takes a lipstick out of an enormous handbag and fixes her mouth. Then, in the empty room, she starts noodling a medium-tempo blues. But soon it is all there: the long, tight, flowing single-note lines and the rich, sparring chords; the flawless time; the far-out, searching harmonies; the emotional content, passed so carefully from generation to generation of jazz musicians; and the balancing, smoothing taste. She plays three or four minutes, and then, as a group of ten-year-olds comes billowing through the classroom door, she switches to the Beatles' "Hey Jude."

II

LATER in the spring, I stop by at her apartment in New York. It is on East Eighty-sixth Street, on the seventeenth floor, and it faces south. From the windows of her compact living room, the Empire State and the Chrysler Building and New York Hospital are knee-deep in an endless wash of brownstones. There is a small terrace, with chairs and a couple of boxes of geraniums. A grand piano, which faces away from the view, dominates the living room. Paintings hang on two walls, and the third is covered with photographs, most of which she is in. The business end of the piano is covered with sheet music and musical manuscript, and there are careful stacks of records on the floor below the photographs. She is wearing a flowered top and pants and a big leather belt, and she looks mint-fresh. She makes tea and sits down facing the panorama. She is extremely handsome. Her face, with its long, well-shaped nose, high forehead, wide mouth, and full chin, is classically English. She smiles a great deal and keeps her chin pointed several degrees above the horizon. She has the figure of a well-proportioned twenty-year-old. "I've been teaching four or five years," she says, crossing her legs and taking a sip of tea. "Clem De Rosa, a drummer and the musical director of the Cold Spring Harbor High School, got me going. I teach about six weeks out in that area every year. I started out doing assemblies with a quartet and then with a trio, but I didn't think we were getting across to the kids. Last year, I went into the classrooms with just a bass player, and this year I'm doing it by myself. I love to work with the little ones—especially the slower ones. I guess it has to do with listening. I'm trying to make them shed their fidgeting and their fears and make them *listen*. Very few of us ever learn how. I think I was first made conscious of it when I was in kindergarten in England and we had a teacher who used to take us on long walks in the woods and fields and make us listen to the birds and the wind and the water lapping in brooks. During the summer, I teach and play at college clinics, and it's terrific fun. Musicians like Clark Terry and Billy Taylor and Gary Burton do a lot of it, too, so there are always wonderful people to play with, to say nothing of the kids themselves. I wish there had been clinics and such when I was growing up. Becoming a jazz musician in those days, with my background and my sex, was like pulling teeth. It just 'wasn't done,' as my father used to say. I was born in Slough, near Windsor. But we moved to Woolwich a few months later, and then to Bromley, Kent, when I was about four. Bromley was much nicer than Woolwich, which resembled Astoria, New York. My family was upper-middle-class and conservative. All my mother's side lived around Slough and Eton and Windsor. My great-uncle sang at St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle, and my grandmother lived in The Cloisters, on the grounds. Queen Elizabeth knighted another great-uncle, and now he's Sir Cyril. He and Aunt Sylvia came over when I was working in New York at the original Hickory House in the fifties, and they were shocked and mystified by the whole scene. Uncle Cyril took me aside, between sets at the club, and said, 'Margaret'—I was born Margaret Marian Turner—'Margaret, does your father *know* what you're doing?' My father was a civil engineer who was involved with machine tools. He was an avid gardener, and clever at everything he did. When I was quite little, he made a goldfish pond with all sorts of pretty rocks on the bottom. He let me help him, and it was a great source of pride. I was Daddy's girl, in spite of the fact that I think he would have liked me to be a boy. My mother always used to say to me when she was annoyed, 'You're just like your father, Margaret—pigheaded!' I think they did quite a lot of bickering and carrying on. My mother was rather a critical person, but I suppose it was her upbringing. It was forever 'Do this, do that, pick up behind you, don't be late.' I was harassed by it, and it took me years to grow out of it.



"One thing you can be thankful for, sire. You don't have to run for reëlection every four years."

"My schooling was of the times. I started in at a one-room school, where I drew pictures of little houses with snow falling. Then, for less than a year, I went to Avon Cliffe, a private school run by two well-meaning women. I was a frog in the school play, and I was not pleased by that. There was

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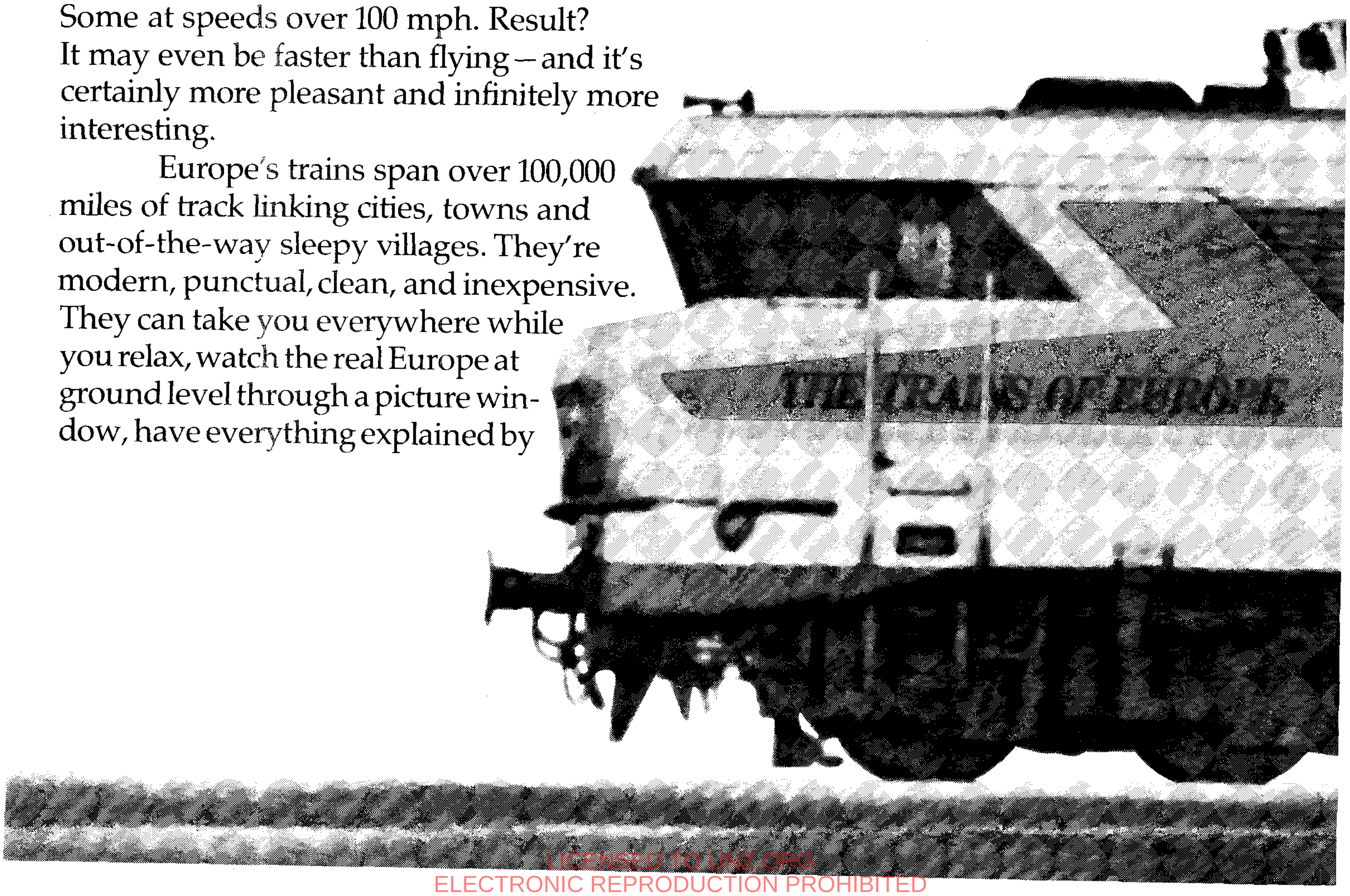
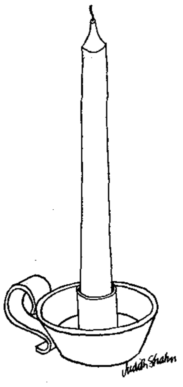


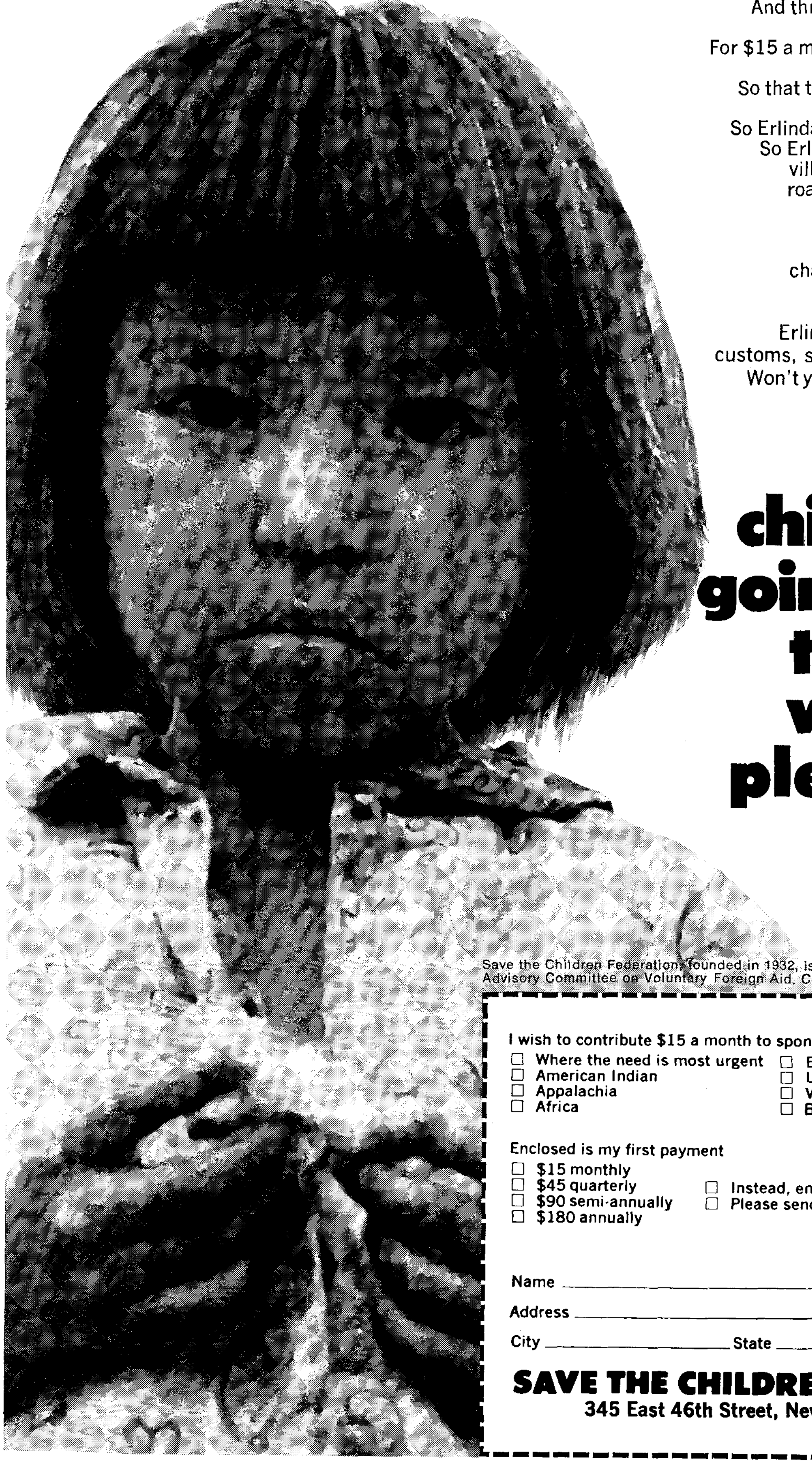
a nursing home, next to the school, where my grandmother spent her last days, and she'd wave to me out of the window every afternoon when I left. After that, I was sent to a convent school. My sister, Joyce—there were just the two of us—was always ailing with bronchitis, and I think my mother enjoyed hovering over her. But I was the strong, healthy ox. Even so, I was scared of some of the nuns. I was hopeless in some subjects, and they were always grabbing me by the neck and locking me in the laundry room. My mother said I'd have to go to boarding school if I didn't shape up. I didn't, so they put me in Stratford House, in a neighboring town. It was a nice school for nice girls from nice families. We had a matron with a starched headdress and we were told when it was our turn to take a bath and we were taught how to make a bed with hospital corners. I couldn't stand the school food or the smell of cooking, and I got sick headaches. But there were good things. I think I learned how to string letters and words and sentences together on paper. And I designed the school emblem—three sweet peas, entwined. It was quite beautiful. And I wrote the school song.

"I had started playing the piano when I was three or four. It was at my Great-Uncle Harry's, and the keyboard was all yellow. And I remember playing, sitting up high on a stool, at kindergarten with children all gathered around. My mother would make me play for her friends, and while I played they all talked. When I finished, she'd say, 'Oh, that was very nice, dear.' I was angry, but I wouldn't have dared pop out with 'You weren't listening!' I didn't realize that the pattern of my life was already set. I still play while people talk and then applaud. When I was nine, I asked my mother if I could take piano lessons. She said, 'Margaret, you already play the piano very well. I think you should take up the violin.' We went up to London and bought a violin, and I took lessons, but I never enjoyed the instrument. I played in concerts and competitions, but then my teacher died, and that put an end to it. I was studying elocution with Miss Mackie, at Stratford House, around this time, and I had a crush on her. I used to ask my mother if she'd invite her over for tea or dinner. Mummy was a nervous hostess, but finally Miss Mackie came, and it was she who advised my parents to send me up to the Guildhall School of Music, in London. My parents were always saying, 'You better think of what you're going to do after school; we aren't going to keep you forever,' which made me feel like a bit of aging merchandise. I went up to London and played for Sir Landon Ronald, who was the head of the Guildhall, and I got in. I commuted every day from Bromley, and I really worked. I studied composition and theory and piano, and I won a scholarship in composition. I took up violin again, because we students had to have a second instrument, and I studied singing with Carrie Tubb, a retired opera singer. The other day, I came across six pieces I wrote then. They have titles like 'Pas Seul' and 'Rêverie,' and actually they are pretty well put together. But I'd never claim then that anything I'd done was good. The reaction would have been immediate: 'How can you be so immodest, Margaret!' "

The telephone rings, and Marian McPartland talks for a minute. "That was Sam Goody's. They want more of my records. Some women buy fur coats; I have my own record company. It's called Halcyon, and I've put out four albums to date—three with myself and rhythm, and some duets with Teddy Wilson, which turned out surprisingly well. Sherman Fairchild helped me get it going. He died two years ago, and he was a great jazz buff and a friend for twenty years. Bill Weilbacher, who has *his* own label, Master Jazz Recordings, gives me advice, and a small packaging firm handles the distribution and such. A printing of five thousand L.P.s costs around fifteen hundred dollars. Whatever I make I put right back into the next record. The big companies are impossible, and a lot of musicians have their own labels. Stan Kenton has his, George Shearing has his, Clark Terry has his, and Bobby Hackett has started one up on the Cape, where he lives now. He's calling it Hyannisport. I think this do-it-yourself movement is terribly important, particularly in the area of reissues. What with all the mergers among recording companies, I'm afraid of valuable records being lost. Not long ago, I wrote the company that recorded me at the Hickory House in the fifties and asked if they intended reissuing any of the albums. I think they'd have some value now. But I got the vaguest letter back. So they won't reissue the records, nor will they let me. It's not right. I think that musicians should get together catalogues of everything they've recorded and perhaps form some sort of coöperative for reissuing valuable stuff. Anyway . . ." Marian McPartland laughs, and says she is going to make lunch.



She sets a small table and puts out pumpernickel and two big fresh-fruit salads. "I was listening to everything indiscriminately at the Guildhall, and I was beginning to learn all sorts of tunes. I have fantastic recall, but I don't know where half the music that is stored in my head has come from. I also started listening to jazz—the Hot Club of France, Duke Ellington's 'Blue Goose,' Sidney Bechet, Teddy Wilson, Bob Zurke, Art Tatum, and the wonderful Alec Wilder octets. I was playing a sort of cocktail piano outside of the classroom, and once, when my piano professor at the Guildhall, a solemn little white-haired man named Orlando Morgan, heard me, he said, 'Don't let me catch you playing that rubbish again.' Well, he never got the chance. One day I sneaked over to the West End, where Billy Mayerl had a studio. He played a lot on the B.B.C., and he was like Frankie Carle or Eddy Duchin. I played 'Where Are You?' for him, and a little later he asked me to join a piano quartet he was putting together—Billy Mayerl and His Claviers. I was twenty, and I was tremendously excited. The family were horrified, but I said I'd go back to the Guildhall when the tour was over. My father charged up to London to see 'this Billy Mayerl.' He didn't want any daughter of his being preyed on, and he wanted to know what I'd be paid—ten pounds a week, it turned out. So my parents agreed. The quartet included Billy and George Myddelton and Dorothy Carless and myself. She and I were outfitted in glamorous gowns, and we played music-hall stuff. We played variety theatres—a week in each town. We lived in rented digs in somebody's house. If it was 'all in,' it included food. Some of the places were great, and they'd even bring you up a cup of tea in the morning. Meanwhile, my family had moved to Eastbourne. The tour with Billy lasted almost a year, and then I joined Carroll Levis's Discoveries, a vaudeville show, and I was with them until the early years of the war. By this time, my family had given up on me. But my father would catch me on his business trips, and he'd come backstage and wow all the girls in the cast. I was going around with the manager of the show. He was a comedian, and he was also Jewish. My father would take us out to dinner and he would manfully try not to be patronizing. But it was beyond him. He would have liked me to work in a bank or be a teacher, and here I



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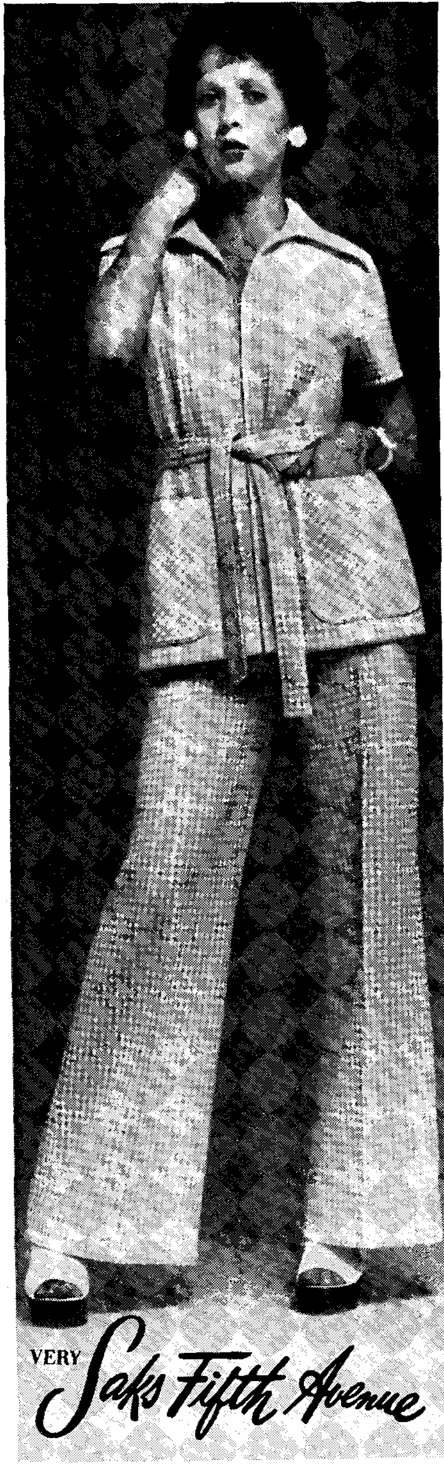

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was playing popular music and going around with someone who was not 'top drawer.' I don't think it was real anti-Semitism; you just didn't go around with Jews and tradespeople. When I was five or six, and my mother found out that one of my friends was the daughter of a liquor-store owner, I wasn't allowed to see her anymore."

The phone rings again, and Marian McPartland talks with animation. "That was my dear friend Alec Wilder. He wanted to know if I'd done any writing today. He's incessant, but he's right. For a long time I procrastinated and procrastinated. I'd start things and let them sit around forever before finishing them. Alec gave me a set of notebooks, and I jot ideas down in them in cabs and at the hairdresser. Tony Bennett recorded my 'Twilight World,' which Johnny Mercer wrote the lyrics for, and it's just come out on Tony's new L.P. Johnny is another great friend. One evening, he and Ginger, his wife, and his mother came up here, and Johnny sat right over there by the piano and sang about fifteen songs. It was a marvellous experience." Marian McPartland clears the table, and we sit down in the living room with fresh cups of tea.

"In 1943, I volunteered for E.N.S.A., which was the English equivalent of the U.S.O. I travelled all over England with the same sort of groups I'd been with, and then I switched to the U.S.O., which paid better and which meant working with the Americans! Boy, the Americans! The fall of 1944, we were sent to France. We were given fatigues and helmets and mess kits, and we lived in tents and ate in orchards and jumped into hedgerows when the Germans came over. At first I played accordion because there weren't any pianos around. I met Fred Astaire and Dinah Shore and Edward G. Robinson, and I worked with Astaire in a show that we gave for Eisenhower. We moved up through Caen, which was all rubble, and into Belgium, where I met Jimmy McPartland. A jam session was going on in a big tent, and I was playing, and in walked Jimmy and saw me—a female white English musician—and the my-God, what-could-be-worse expression on his face was clear right across the room. But it was a case of propinquity, and in the weeks to come it was Jimmy on cornet and me and a bass player and whatever drummer we could find. We'd go up near the front and play in tents or outside, and it was cold. He annoyed me at first because he almost always had this silly grin on his face, but I found out that it was because he was drinking a great deal. Somewhere along the line he said, 'Let's get married.' I didn't believe him, so one morning I went over to his place very early, when I knew he'd be hung over and close to reality, and asked him if he really meant it, and he said sure and took a drink of armagnac. I guess I was madly in love with him. We were married in February, in Aachen, and we played at our own wedding.

"When we got to New York, early in 1946, we went straight to Eddie Condon's, in the Village. I was so excited I couldn't stand it. Jimmy sat in and so did I, even though my left wrist, which I'd broken in a jeep in Germany, was still in a cast. We stayed for a while with Gene Krupa, then we went to Chicago to stay with Jimmy's family. A colonel with our outfit had given the news of my marriage to my parents when he was on leave in England. My father was stiff-upper-lip, but Mummy told me she cried a whole day. I guess my not telling them first was a rotten thing to do, but we were so isolated. You couldn't just pick up a phone at the front and tell them you were going to get married. But when Jimmy finally met them, he charmed them completely. My mother was really crippled with arthritis by then, and he made her laugh, and Jimmy took my father to the movies. They told me, 'He's not like an American. He's so polite.' In Chicago, I became greatest of friends with Jimmy's daughter, Dorothy, who was very beautiful and just fifteen. Jimmy had been married before, and Dorothy had been their only child. Jimmy had sent a lot of money back from Europe, and the first six months in Chicago were spent hanging out and treating people. All anybody seemed to do was drink, including Jimmy, and eventually it got to be one crisis after another. I left him a couple of times, and once I even booked passage on the Queen Elizabeth. But it was all done without much thought; I seemed such a brainless person then. And I think I must have been quite awful to Jimmy. One of Mummy's dire predictions was 'If you become a musician, Margaret, you'll marry a musician and live in an attic.' And that's exactly what happened; our first place in Chicago was a furnished room in an attic. But there were a lot of nice times, too. Jimmy and I started working together, and Jimmy was always marvellous in that he was proud of me, he wanted to show me off. We worked with Billie Holiday and Sarah Vaughan and Anita O'Day, and I met Duke

Ellington and Count Basie. And we'd go fishing up in Wisconsin and sit there by some lake and cook fish and eat them and watch the sun rise. I had learned all the good old Dixieland tunes from Jimmy, but I was also listening to the new sounds—Charlie Ventura and Lennie Tristano and Charlie Parker.

"Jimmy and I had split up, musically, by the early fifties, and my first gig all by myself in America was at the St. Charles Hotel, in St. Charles, Illinois, and not long after that I left for New York. I played solo piano at Condon's and then I went into the Embers, with Eddie Safranski on bass and Don Lamond on drums. Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge were brought in as guest stars, and we backed them. I was so nervous I had to write down what I was supposed to say at the close of each set. I played Storyville, in Boston, and then I went into the Hickory House in 1952, and I was there most of the next eight years. The best trio I had was Bill Crow on bass and Joe Morello on drums. Sal Salvador introduced me to Joe one night. He was at the bar, a skinny bean pole in a raincoat, and he looked like a studious young chemist. I asked him to sit in, and I was flabbergasted. I'd never heard anyone play drums like that. When Mousie Alexander, who was with me then, left, Joe joined us, and I was so enamored of his playing that I let him play a lot of solos."

Marian McPartland looks up at the ceiling and laughs. "Whenever I think of Joe, I think of swinging. It was impossible not to swing with him. And whenever I think of swinging, I think metaphorically. Swinging is like being on a tightrope or a roller coaster. It's like walking in space. It's like a soufflé: it rises and rises and rises. The fingers and the mind are welded together. But it's dangerous. You have to leave spaces in your playing. You can't go on like a typewriter. Sometimes I do, though, and I leave no note unplayed. It's hard to say what goes on in your head when you're swinging, when you're really improvising. I do know I see the different keys in colors—the key of D is daffodil yellow, B major is maroon, and B flat is blue. Different musicians spark you into different ideas, which is why I like to play with new people all the time. Especially the younger musicians. They're fearless. Joe used to play enormously complicated rhythmic patterns once in a while and confuse me, and I'd get mad. Now I'd just laugh. Playing with lots and lots of different people is like feeding the computer: what they teach you may not

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come out right away, but it will eventually. Unless you have a row with someone just before you play, your state of mind doesn't affect you. You can feel gloomy, and it will turn out a marvellous night. Or you can feel beautiful, and it will be a terrible night. When I started out, I had the wish, the need, to compete with men. If somebody said I sounded like a man, I was pleased. But I don't feel that way anymore. I take pride in being a woman. Of course, I have been a leader most of my career, and that helps. I don't feel I've ever been discriminated against jobwise. I have always been paid what I was worth as a musician. So I feel I've been practicing women's lib for years.

"The Hickory House was a good period for Jimmy and me. He was on the wagon and we were both working, and we lived on the West Side. For the first time in my life, I began spending all my waking hours doing things that had to do with just me, and one of them was a big romance that went on, or off and on, for years. But I wanted to keep things together with Jimmy, and we bought a little house out in Merrick, Long Island, and Jimmy's daughter came and lived with us. Joe Morello left in 1956 to join Dave Brubeck, and it was terrible, but he had to move on. In 1963, after the Hickory House gig was over and I'd worked at the Strollers Club, in the old East Side music hall called the Establishment, I went with Benny Goodman. I thought I'd be perfect for Benny, because I had worked so long as a sideman with Jimmy, and of course Jimmy and Benny played together in Chicago as kids. But I had the feeling I wasn't fitting in. Bobby Hackett was in the band, and he'd tell me, 'Marian, don't play such far-out chords behind Benny,' and I'd say, 'Well, why doesn't Benny say something to me?' One night, Benny and I had a couple of drinks, and I told him I knew he wasn't happy with me and to get someone else. All he said was 'Oh really, you don't mind?' and he got John Bunch. So all of a sudden, nothing seemed right—my work, my marriage, my romance. When I got back to New York, I started going to a psychiatrist, and I stayed with him six years. He was tough but very good. He indirectly precipitated a lot of things. The romance finally broke up, and I cried for a week. Jimmy and I got divorced. I didn't really want to do it, and neither did he, but it turned out we were right. Jimmy hasn't had a drink in five years, and I'm twice as productive. We've never lost touch with each other. We still talk on the phone almost every day, and he stops by all the time. In fact, he said he'd come by today."

III

THE doorbell rings, and Marian McPartland jumps up. "Speaking of the Devil! That'll be the old man now." Jimmy McPartland comes into the living room at ninety miles an hour, gives her a peck on the cheek, plumps a big attaché case down on the coffee table, takes off his blazer, and sits down. She goes all domestic; she scurries around emptying ashtrays, picking up teacups, and straightening pictures. McPartland is sixty-five, but he doesn't look over fifty. His handsome Irish face glows, and he is salty and dapper. He is wearing a striped button-down shirt and a foulard tie and blue checked pants. He carries his considerable girth the way Sydney Greenstreet did—as a badge rather than a burden. His credentials are all in order—the founder, along with Bud Freeman and Dave Tough and Eddie Condon, of the Chicago school of jazz; the first and foremost of Bix Beiderbecke's admirers ("I like you, kid," Beiderbecke told him. "You sound like me, but you don't copy me"); and a still lyrical and inventive cornettist—and he wears them well. He opens the attaché case. It has a cornet in it, and several hundred photographs. He puts the cornet beside him on the sofa and dumps the pictures on the coffee table. "My God, will you look at these, Marian," he says, in a booming voice. "I found them the other day out at the house, and some of them go back thirty or forty years. There's your father, and there we are, with Sarah Vaughan and Charlie Shavers and Louis Bellson. And here we are on the ship coming over. Look at you in the G.I. togs and look at me. Thinsville."

She leans over his shoulder and giggles.

"Here we are playing in that pub in Eastbourne when we went to visit your family. And here you are holding a fish we caught in Wisconsin."

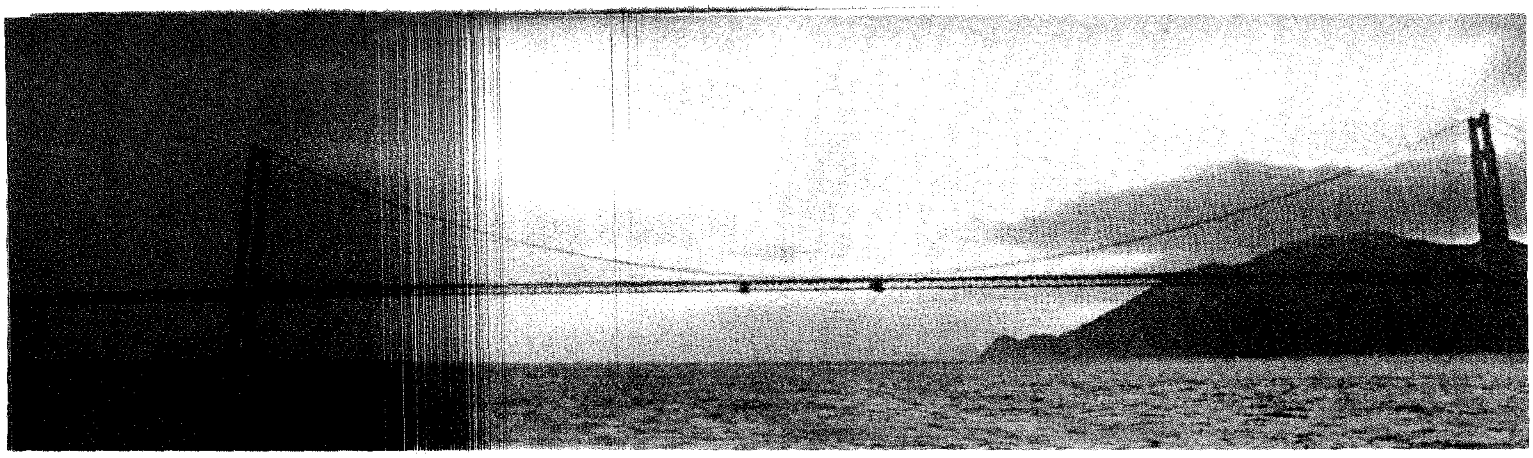
"They should be put in a book, Jimmy. They'll just get lost."

McPartland pulls a tape out of the attaché case.

"A guy gave me this on my South African trip, a couple of weeks ago. I'd never heard it before. We made it in England in 1949. You were on piano and you wrote the arrangements. It'll surprise you."

She puts the tape on a machine, and Bix Beiderbecke's "In a Mist" starts. A complex ensemble passage introduces a Jimmy McPartland solo. "Listen to that intro," she says. "How awful."

"It's not, it's not. The clarinet play-



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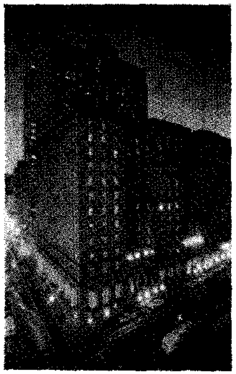

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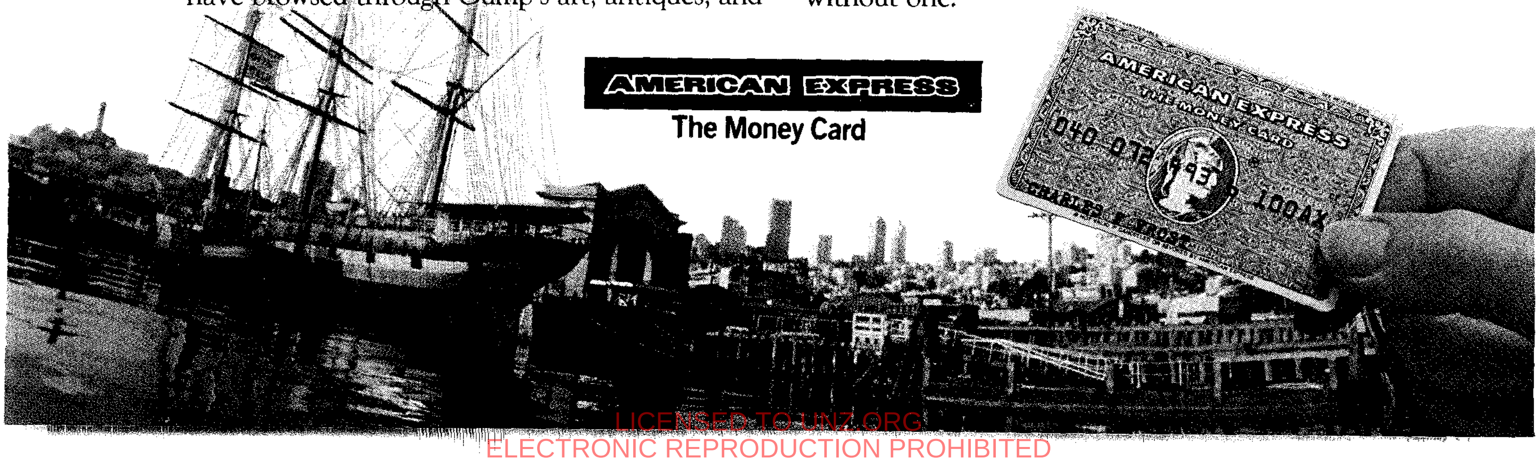

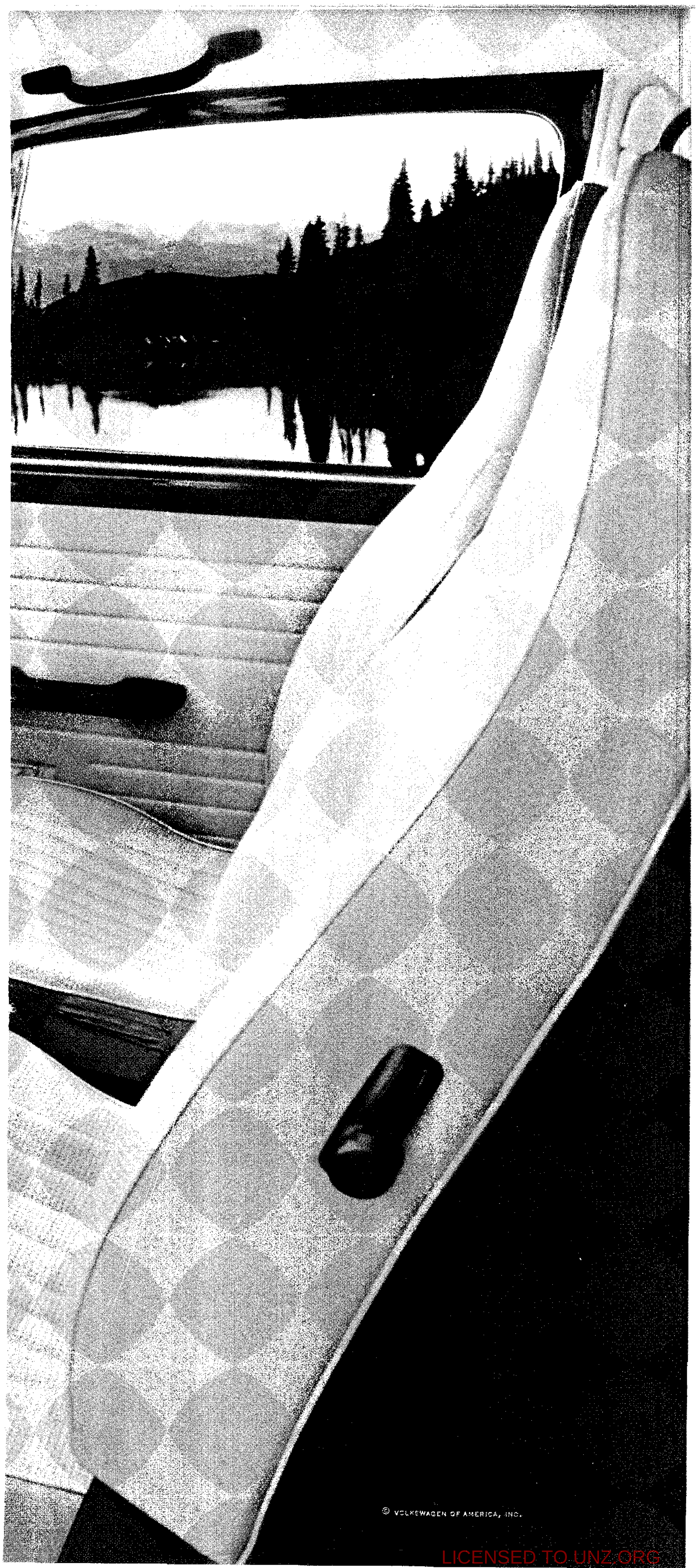

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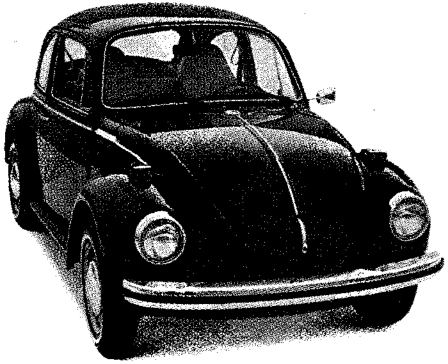

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er is out of tune. You know, I don't sound bad. Not bad at all." The tape finishes, and McPartland opens his mouth and points at one of his upper front teeth. "Look at thiff," he says to her through his finger. "The damn toof if moving back. Walking right back into my mouf."

She stares at the tooth, frowns, and straightens up. "You should go to Dr. Whitehorn, Jimmy."

"I don't know. I think I'll have to move my embouchure. I've already started, and it's a bitch of a job—changing an embouchure you've had almost fifty years." He walks over to the window and puts his cornet to his mouth. He makes a little sound halfway between a puff and a grunt, takes the mouthpiece away, makes the sound again, takes the mouthpiece away again, and so on for two or three minutes. The room is silent except for the mysterious little sounds, but suddenly three or four full notes come out. "There. That's better. But it's going to take a hell of a lot more work."

"Jimmy, are we still going out to dinner?"

"Sure, babe. That Brazilian place around the corner you like so much."

"I'll go get dressed."

McPartland goes through his embouchure-priming process once more. Then he shuffles through the photographs. "Marian is amazing. There's no one I'd rather be with as a person, as an all-around human being. I have terrific respect for her as a musician and as a person. She's talent personified. Musically, she has that basic classical training, and she's meshed that and her jazz talent. She's just begun to do it really successfully in the past two or three years. And she's a great accompanist. She flows with horns and singers like a conversation. Marian didn't have good time when I first heard her. Her enthusiasm was overwhelming, and she'd rush the beat. I'd tell her to go along with the rhythm, to take it easy. She sounded like Fats Waller, and, in fact, the first tune I ever heard her play was his 'Honeysuckle Rose.' It was in this tent in Belgium. I go in and there's a girl playing piano and she looks English. I thought, God, this is awful. I wouldn't play with her until I'd had a couple of drinks. I proposed after six or seven weeks. Real offhand. 'If it doesn't work out,' I'd say, 'you can just go back to England.' She tried to act real G.I., but I could see she was a fine, well-bred person and not a Chicago juvenile delinquent like me. My father was a boxer and a musician and a professional baseball player with Anson's Colts, which were the forerunners of the Chicago Cubs. He didn't take a drink until he was twenty-one, and then he never stopped. My brother Dick and I built a reputation as tough little punks, and we were almost sent to reform school, but my mother saved us. She was a schoolteacher from Glasgow, and she knew German and worked as a translator in court for all the Jewish people. We were hauled up before the judge, but he knew my mother and told her he'd let us off if she moved us to another neighborhood, and she did. She was a wonderful woman, and she always treated me like King James himself. She had seven sisters, and her name was Jeanne Munn. I'd go to her father's house every Sunday—his name was Dugald Munn, and he was an inventor—and I'd get fifteen cents for listening to him read from the Bible. He had a wee bit of a brogue, and I couldn't understand a word he said. So visiting Marian's parents was like being in an English movie to me. They were mid-Victorian in style. Her mother was in a wheelchair and very well dressed and very particular. Everything at a certain time, everything regulated. Tea at four, dinner at eight. If I was late coming back from fishing or golf, Marian's mother would say, 'James, you're late. We've started our tea.' Her father, who was a great engineer, used to knock his brains out in his garden, and I'd help him until the pull of golf or fishing got too strong. He was a nice, conservative gent."

Marian McPartland has been standing for some moments in front of the sofa. She is in a Pucci-type dress and white boots, and she has a fur coat over one arm. "Daddy once slapped my hand for saying 'Blast it!' "

McPartland digs a frayed envelope out from under the photographs and pours out a lot of German currency. "We used to go into people's houses over there and rifle them. That's where all this came from. Some of it is inflation money from after the First War. It was a terrible thing to steal like that, but everybody did it."

"You used to appear with bagfuls of old cobwebby wine bottles."

"I was just well organized. Once, you needed a piano for a special show, and the colonel gave me the name of this collaborator in the town. I got eight guys together and a truck, and we went to his house and there was a beautiful piano. Brand-new. I told him he'd get paid for it, and we brought it back to the theatre."

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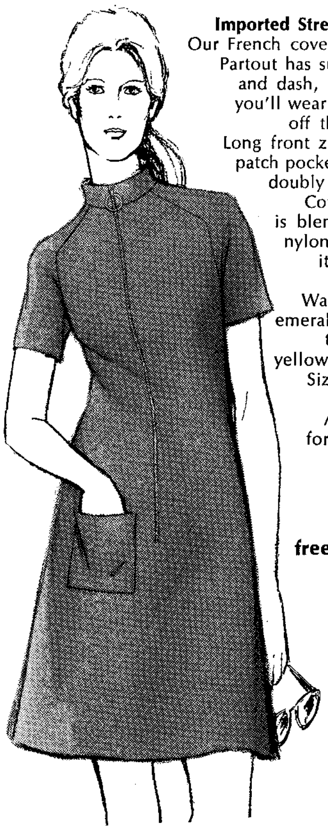

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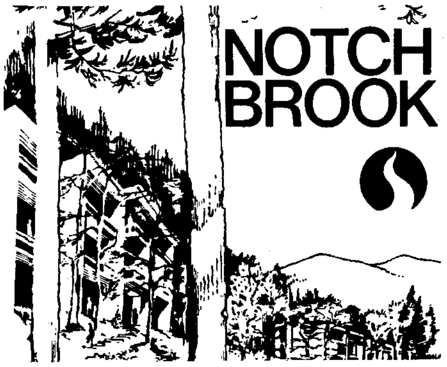

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says. "You said you were going out to find me a new piano and you did. It was one of your finest moments. Let's go and eat, Jimmy."

IV

IT is January 2nd, and Marian McPartland's opening night at the Café Carlyle, where she will be until the end of February. It is her fourth long night-club gig of the past year, the three others having been at the Cookery, in the Village, and at the Rowntowner Motel, in Rochester. It is in some ways an odd engagement, and it suggests the country mouse's visit to the town mouse. The Café houses, for eight months of the year, the elegant and fashionable supper-club singer and pianist Bobby Short, and it is not the sort of room one associates with jazz; indeed, no out-and-out jazz group has ever played there. By nine-forty-five this evening, when the first set is scheduled to begin, the room is filled, largely with friends and well-wishers. There is a table of business acquaintances, most of whom are amateur musicians. Barney Josephson, the owner of the Cookery, is at ringside with his wife. At the back of the room are Alec Wilder and Jim Maher, the writer. Jimmy McPartland and Clark Terry are at another table, and nearby are Clem De Rosa and pastor John Gensel, of the Lutheran Church. Marian McPartland sits down at the piano, and she is a winsome sight. The room, with its fey, old-fashioned murals and rather dowdy trappings, is out of the late thirties, and she brings it brightly and instantly up to date. In the light, her hair is golden and bouffant (she has abandoned her hairdresser-inspired "helmet" style of last spring, and now does her hair herself), and she is wearing an ensemble that has clearly been thought out to the last fold: a close-fitting cranberry turtleneck, a gold belt, brocaded cranberry-and-gold palazzo pants, and a gold pocketbook, which she plunks down on the piano. She looks calm and collected, and, smiling slightly to herself, she goes immediately into a pleasant, warming-up version of "It's a Wonderful World." (Her accompanists are Rusty Gilder on bass and Joe Corsello on drums.) Despite her outward cool, she sounds jumpy. Her chords blare a little, an arpeggio stumbles, her time is a second or two off. In the next number, a long, medium-tempo "Gypsy in My Soul," which she introduces as a carry-over from the days at the Hickory House, she begins to relax, and the glories of her style come into full view. Marian McPartland came of age when pianistic

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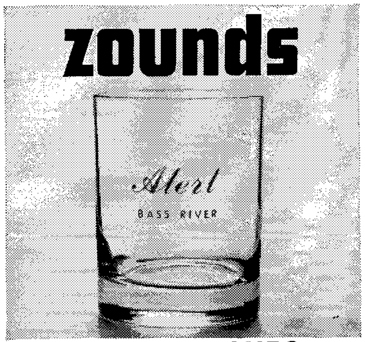

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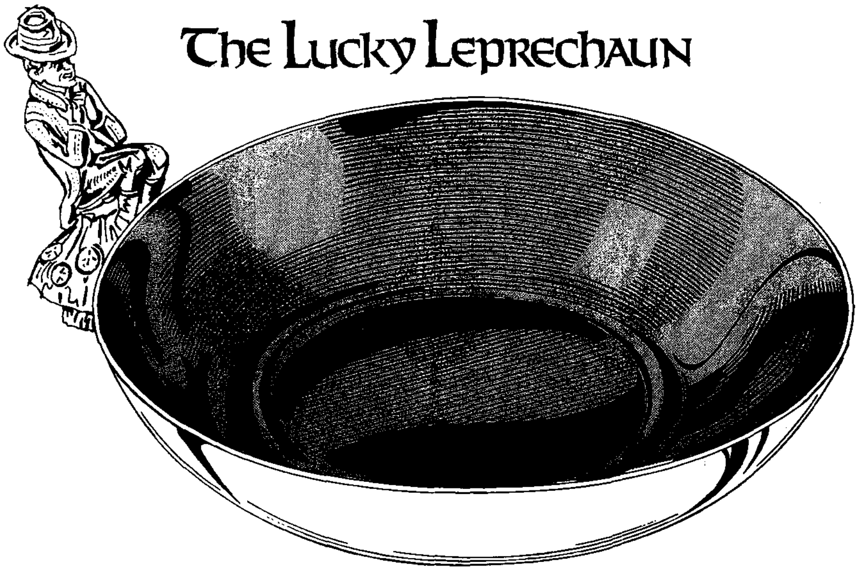
giants roamed the earth—Earl Hines, Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Bud Powell—and their footsteps still echo dimly in her work. But in the past five years she has moved beyond adroit adulation into her own, special realm. It is, in the way of Johnny Hodges and Sidney Bechet and Tatum, an emotional, romantic, and highly inventive one. (Her sheer inventiveness is frightening; her ceaseless ideas sometimes trample one another.) Her slow ballads suggest rain forests. The chords are massed and dark and overhanging, the harmonies thick and new and almost impenetrable. And her slow blues are much the same: the tremolos are mountainous, the arpeggios cascades, the blue notes heavy and keening. But her slow blues also have a singular Celtic bagpipe quality. Her foliage is thinner at faster tempos. There are pauses between the stunning, whipping single-note melodic lines, and her chords, often played off beat, are used as recharging way stations. Her notes have room to breathe, and her chordal passages are copses rather than jungles. "Gypsy in My Soul" is sumptuous and crowded, and so is the theme from "Summer of '42." But then she moves lightly and swiftly through medium-fast renditions of "All the Things You Are," part of which is translated into contrapuntal, Bach-like lines, and "Stompin' at the Savoy," which is full of laughing, winding arpeggios. The room is swaying and rocking, and before it can subside she drops abruptly into a delicate, veiled ad-lib reading of "Little Girl Blue." It is a hymn, a lullaby, a crooning. A bushy, luxuriant slow blues goes by, and then she pays Alec Wilder tribute with a gentle blending of his three best-known tunes—"I'll Be Around," "While We're Young," and "It's So Peaceful in the Country." They are fresh, mindful versions, and Wilder, listening intently, looks pleased. She closes the set with a rambunctious, homestretch "Royal Garden Blues," and after the applause, which is long and cheerful, she stops briefly at Wilder's table. He asks her how she feels. "I was flipping at first," she replies. "But then the marvellous vibes from all these dear people got to me, and it began to feel very good. Very, *very* good, in fact. I think it's going to be a nice date." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

◆

Princess Anne got a dressing gown in Parliament Thursday for her recent fox hunting expeditions.—*Charlotte (N.C.) Observer.*

Some of those English foxes are quite informal.



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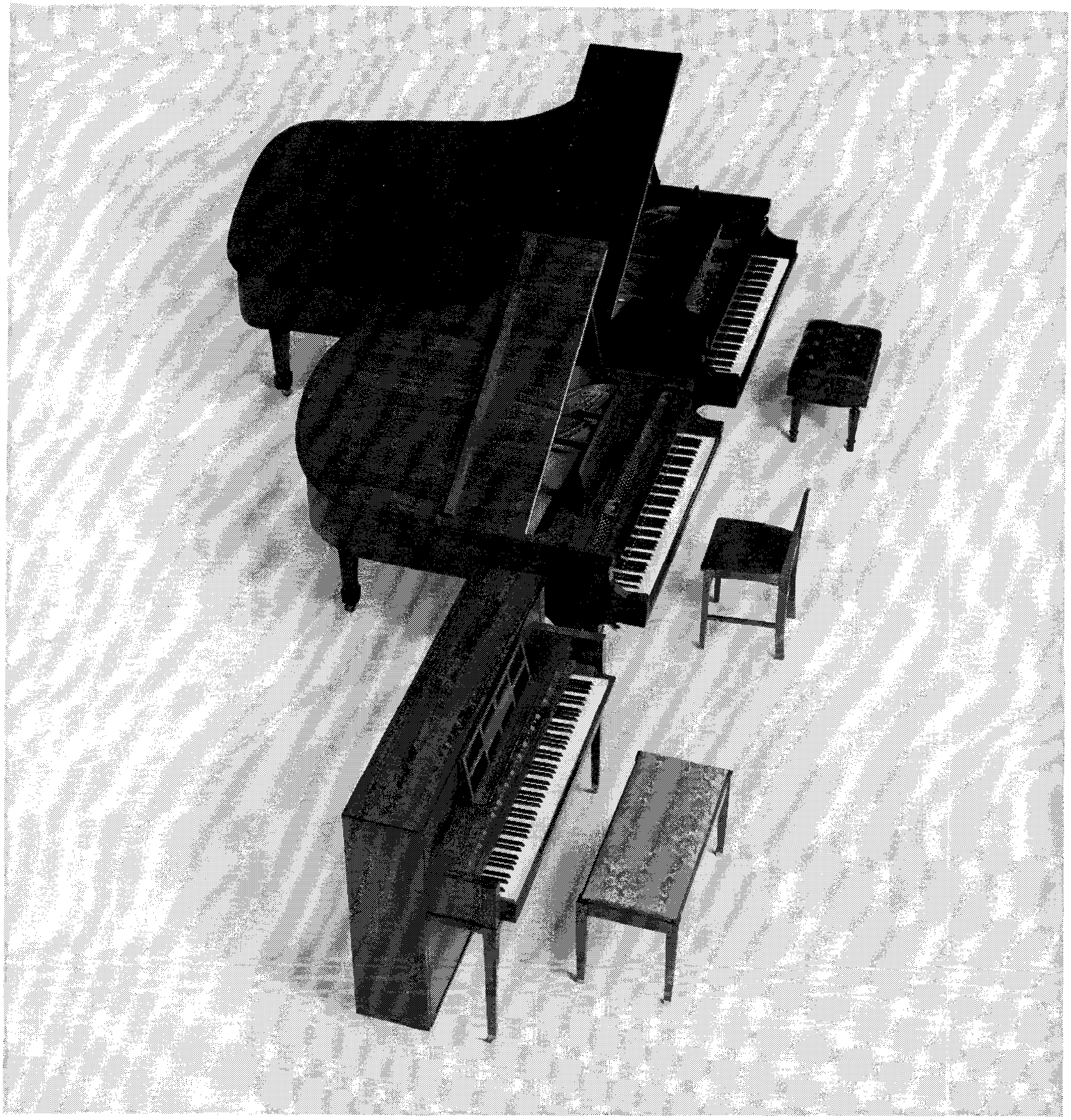

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THE THEATRE

GALLANT TRY

"TRICKS," a musical based on Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin," survived for but eight performances at the Alvin, and I'm sorry—it was a show as frolicsome and eager to please as a puppy, and while it could never have become a Broadway smasheroo, it deserved to run long enough to find an audience. No doubt the financial burden of carrying the show for even a few weeks would have proved unendurably heavy, but what a sad ending for all concerned! Plainly, they intended to do something distinguished, and they did. The star of the show was René Auberjonois, who literally hurled himself into the role of Scapin, the clown-servant who helps keep the world moral by subjecting it to a series of totally amoral pranks. Christopher Murney served as an admirable foil to Auberjonois, and Mitchell Jason and Tom Toner played with unbridled noisy relish a pair of bad-tempered old fathers, determined to spoil things for the younger generation. The beautiful and ingenious sets, in Necco-wafer colors, were by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Miles White, had considerable wit as well as dash. The music of "Tricks" was by Jerry Blatt, the lyrics were by Lonnie Burstein, and the book was by Jon Jory, who also directed the production. My sympathy to them all.

STILL another play about Mrs. Lincoln, called "Look Away," gave a single performance at the Playhouse Theatre. The cast consisted of Geraldine Page and Maya Angelou, and the author of the clotted work from which they were released with such merciful swiftness was Jerome Kilty. The only praiseworthy thing about the play was the set, by Ben Edwards—a vast, gloomy bedroom in a madhouse, filled with scores of dusty trunks and boxes. One's eyes had something to count as one's ears struggled not to hear the lines. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Black Cherry Orchard

THE first impression one gets of the production of "The Cherry Orchard" at the Public, with an all-black company under Michael Schultz's direction, is of the openness of the emotion on the part of everyone. All the actors perform with total boldness and sincerity, no matter how foolish the behavior of their characters. We are so used to British Chekhov; this is quite different—and different, too, from the Moscow Art production of eight years ago. Mme. Ranevskaya and her family and neighbors and servants are almost literally brimming over with tears and excitement and laughter, and the comedy and irony come through by indirection. The second impression is that Mr. Schultz and his actors refuse to take sides; no character—not Trofimov in his "All Russia is our orchard" speech or Lopahin when he lectures Mme. Ranevskaya and her brother on their stubborn improvidence and laziness—is allowed to become the playwright's spokesman. The characters always seem to be on their own, saying something absolutely right at one moment, and something wrong or boorish or silly the next. And the third impression is that the life we are seeing onstage is truly the life of the gentry. That this should be so is to the credit of the actors. It takes a few minutes to get used to an all-black cast in a play as familiar (and as Caucasian) as "The Cherry Orchard," but fewer than you might think.

Gloria Foster, all confidence and vulnerability and grace and impulsiveness, is almost immediately acceptable. Her Mme. Ranevskaya is entirely self-centered, seemingly unmindful of the feelings of anyone else and then suddenly all sensitivity and affection. She is the most passionate Ranevskaya—the least *casually* charming—I've ever seen, but she is charming just the same. Her two angry scenes with the tutor Trofimov—the first when the sight of him reminds her of the death of her little son, and the second when he lectures her about her worthless lover in Paris—are very effective. Robert Jackson's Trofimov—the perpetual student, idealist, and non-accomplisher—is properly scruffy and all thumbs, but he is quite touching in his refusal to take any money from Lopahin, and he is crushed by Mme. Ranevskaya's outbursts at him. James Earl Jones makes a powerful Lopahin—clumsy and unmannerly and always aware of his clumsiness and of every snub that comes his way, but always aware, too, of his rise in the world through his own industry. "This lower-class man who is on the make is the central figure in Chekhov," wrote Edmund Wilson. When Lopahin returns from the auction of the estate, he is too excited to speak; he mouths the words "I bought it," and then almost seems to go out of control when he talks of possessing the house where his father and grandfather were slaves. It was here that I felt that Mr. Jones cheated a bit, using his American blackness for the wrong effect. (Perhaps the substitution of the word "serfs" for "slaves" would help him.) And his brandishing of an actual axe when he speaks of cutting down the cherry orchard is a bad mistake. Ellen Holly is an exceptionally pretty Varya, and an exceptionally deep and troubled one—all nerves and shyness and feeling. I also admired Zakes Mokae's ancient, mumbling, stern Firs; Leon Morenzie's caddish valet; Dennis Tate's blinky, funny, indignant Yepihodov; Verona Barnes' faithless Dunyasha; and Suzanne Johnson's ingenuous Anya. Josephine Premice's performance as Charlotta, the eccentric German-bred governess, is a triumph of comedy, pathos, and style, and the scene at the party where she performs her card tricks and ventriloquism is absolutely wonderful.

The performance as a whole is much bolder than we are used to in Chekhov, and some of the details and subtleties may be lost. The play is such a miracle, though, that it can stand up under any honest interpretation. One small quibble: the vase that Lopahin knocks over breaks with the dim sound of shattered plastic instead of the nice smash of priceless crystal. There is at all times a great deal of beauty on the stage, and Theoni V. Aldredge, the Public's invaluable costume designer, and David Mitchell, its invaluable scenic designer, are responsible for a large share of it. John Morris wrote the pleasant incidental music, and a young man named Noel Pointer plays a delightful solo on the violin during the party scene. The translation, by Avrahm Yarmolinsky, sounds fine. —EDITH OLIVER

•

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ANNALS OF POLITICS

INCOME BY RIGHT—II

IN a national television address on August 8, 1969, President Nixon, not quite seven months in office, offered his first major domestic proposals. The theme of his address was government reform, and its principal component was a proposal for "welfare reform" termed the Family Assistance Plan. FAP, as it came to be known, was a negative income tax, which would provide guaranteed incomes to just under twenty million persons: forty-three per cent of them black and fifty-two per cent Southern. It would replace the existing program of Aid to Families with Dependent Children (A.F.D.C.), under which welfare support is, for practical purposes, available to impoverished households headed by females. FAP was to cover the working poor and the dependent poor alike. Thirty-seven per cent of the potential FAP recipients—heads of families with children—worked full time all year, and forty per cent more had some work during the year. FAP payments would decrease as personal income rose, and strong work incentives were written into the program, which the President described as "workfare," contrasting this to welfare, in part to protect the program from political attack from the right and in part out of an expectation that the long-term impact of the program would be to decrease dependency and increase the number of families that were essentially self-sufficient. The great rise in the welfare rolls which commenced early in the nineteen-sixties had become a central fact of life in New York and other cities. Inevitably, it had become a national political issue as well, and Mr. Nixon's address marked the first occasion on which a President had taken up the issue of welfare in any substantive way.

To deal with the welfare crisis by proposing a guaranteed income, it had been assumed, would be politically disastrous for any national political figure. A 1968 Gallup Poll reported fifty-eight per cent of the population opposed to a guaranteed income of $3,200 for a family of four—approximately the median cash income families would have under FAP. (Naturally, FAP payments would vary according to family size, up to a family of seven.) In the spring of 1969, the political scientists Bill Cavala and Aaron Wildavsky, after a survey of the Congress, concluded that there was no possibility of a guaranteed income's being seriously proposed, much less enacted. They anticipated opposition equally from the more right-leaning conservatives and the more left-leaning liberals, especially welfare militants. If their calculations were partly wrong, it was because they did not anticipate that a President might distinguish, as Nixon did, among proposals that would all technically qualify as guaranteed incomes but had quite different purposes and effects. The term "guaranteed income" had come into general use in the early nineteen-sixties, in the context of a somewhat short-lived automation scare associated with the recession of that period. In retrospect, there appears to have been nothing the matter with the economy that sufficient demand would not have cured; nonetheless, a small intellectual movement got under way predicated on the hypothesis that automated machinery was permanently destroying vast numbers of jobs and that government would consequently have to divorce earnings from work, providing everyone a guaranteed income. Although FAP would in fact enable persons not to work—only a small "fine" was to be deducted from payments for absolute refusal to accept employment—it was not in the least intended to have that effect. The President, accordingly, stated that his proposal was not a guaranteed income in the sense in which the term had formerly been used. The public overwhelmingly accepted the distinction and supported the proposal.

A week after the President's address, Gallup began polling, and found strong bipartisan support for "President Nixon's welfare reforms." Three-quarters of the persons interviewed had heard of the proposal. Of those who had done so, sixty-five per cent were favorable, twenty per cent were unfavorable, and fifteen per cent had no opinion. Little difference in opinion was found based on age, region, income level, or political affiliation. Many of those interviewed liked the work incentives; on the other hand, some of the opposition came from persons who felt the proposal did not go far enough

"All I can say, Mr. Townsend, is thank goodness someone finally had guts enough to bring lycanthropy out of the closet."

in helping the poor. In October, a Harris poll found a "heavily favorable reception." Public opinion remained solidly in favor of FAP. A year after the President's address, the White House commissioned Field Research Associates to survey the issue among Californians. A Berkeley professor who analyzed the data found "extraordinarily strong support," in a now stable pattern of favoring both help to the working poor and strong inducements to work. But a New England professor was scornful. The President, he wrote, had "offered the poor the Protestant Ethic warmed over." As it turned out, Protestant organizations—as against Catholic and Jewish—were to present the strongest opposition to the measure, but this was not evident in the fall of 1969. The President's address of August 8th was a huge success. More telegrams were received at the White House than on any other domestic issue in memory, and most of them were enthusiastic.

The press response to the address, which included a proposal for the sharing of federal revenues with state and local governments and one for a major redirection of manpower programs, was equally favorable, owing not least to the drama of the event. *Newsweek* wrote:

> For more than six months, Richard Nixon bided his time, husbanding his domestic program. . . . Then last week, in a brisk 35 minutes of national television time, he unlimbered a set of reforms so sweeping that even some of his own Republican Cabinet officers were left gasping for conservative breath, and some of his sternest foes had to hark back to the heyday of Democratic activism for a comparable summons to innovation in social policy.

The impression was international. The *Economist*, of London, wrote:

> Any one of the three main proposals in the message would rank as major legislation—indeed historic legislation—and here they are combined into one.

Even so, FAP was seen from the first as by far the most important of the proposals. A political scientist might judge revenue sharing to be at least as important (in truth, both were measures of near-Constitutional stature), but welfare reform dealt with people—poor people, black people, dependent people—and had by far the greater appeal in those terms. It promised, moreover, to resolve an emotional dilemma that had become a national political issue—the public wanted to help the poor but not to encourage dependency. "Workfare" seemed to resolve the conflict. Such, at least, was editorial opinion. One government count found

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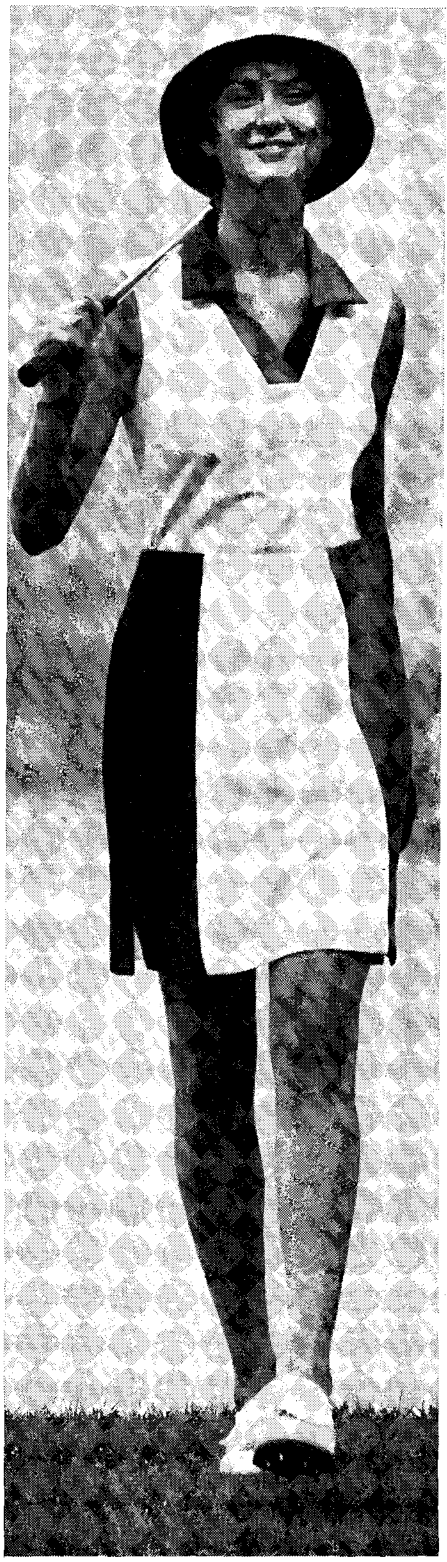

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ninety-five per cent of editorials in favor of the new program, and the major newspapers in nearly all the twenty-five largest metropolitan areas "enthusiastic." The conservative New York *News*, with the largest circulation in the country—read, most probably, by more welfare recipients than any ten other newspapers—was cautious but not hostile. The *News* would brook no nonsense about the nature of the proposal: it *was* a guaranteed income, and the "work requirement" was nothing of the sort, but only a penalty. If work was refused, "payment on account of the children would continue." Still, the *News* was prepared to listen further, setting a pattern that was to persist. Conservatives who were cautious about the program or opposed to it were, typically, quite accurate about its provisions. By contrast, those liberals who came to think the program inadequate often got their facts egregiously wrong.

There were regional differences also. Although Southern congressmen were later to vote five to one against FAP, much of the most sympathetic and sophisticated comment on the President's address appeared in the Southern press. To be sure, ambivalence was also evident. An editorial in the Chattanooga *News-Free Press*, quoting an estimate by Democratic Senator Albert Gore that "there are some counties in Tennessee in which nearly seventy-eight per cent of the population would be eligible for payments," declared the idea that four out of five persons in a county might be dependent on the government for a living to be "shocking." Gore was also reported to have said that the Nixon proposal was "bigger, more liberal" than anyone had expected—an "almost radically revolutionary program." The editorial mentioned that Gore himself, "a liberal Democrat, one who is generally a proponent of welfare handout programs . . . said he had some doubts about it." Fifteen months later, Gore's was one of the decisive votes in the Senate Finance Committee which killed the measure. By then, it was his judgment that the program was not big, liberal, or radically revolutionary *enough*—that, indeed, it was "utterly inadequate."

A similar pattern of ambivalence appeared in the black press, whose response was the least favorable of all. The President had personally briefed the black members of the Administration on the details of the program before he made his address, and had received, the Chicago *Defender* reported, "a standing ovation." But other black leaders sensed "Vietcong booby traps." Why was Nixon doing this? Clarence Mitchell, Jr., the congressional lobbyist for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was briefed at the White House and learned that as much as a third of the population of Mississippi would receive FAP payments; he asked what would happen if a state like Mississippi decided not to participate. The thought had simply not occurred to anyone in the White House. But it occurred to Mitchell. Would Southern whites tolerate such largesse? An answer of sorts was provided: If a state did not participate in FAP, it would not be able to participate in any Social Security program—Old Age Assistance, Aid to the Blind, all would have to go. In the words of a *Defender* account of the briefing, "Mitchell's retort was that Mississippi could care less." The San Francisco *Sun Reporter* depicted FAP as "simply another case of Nixon paying off his debts to Southern politicians." The *Amsterdam News* was "wary of whether or not those who need the help in Mississippi will actually get it." But its principal scruple was that "while the Nixon plan sounds great for Mississippi, it is penalizing New York and other industrialized states."

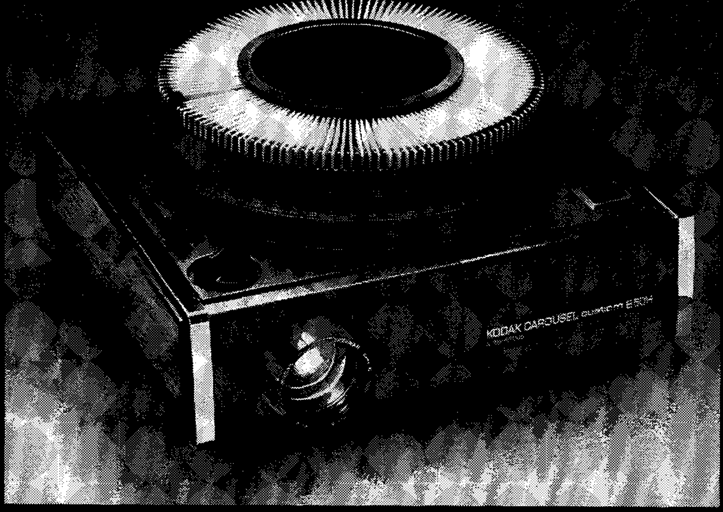
IF it will be accepted that "penalizing" is an editorial term for "not working to the advantage of," the *Amsterdam News* had a point. FAP was a proposal for income redistribution among both individuals *and* regions. Resources were to be transferred from the non-poor to the poor and from the better-off regions of the nation to the less well-off. Almost any federal aid program financed from general revenues involves a transfer of money from, say, New York to, say, Alabama. But FAP was notable in this respect because of its concentration on the working poor, of whom so many were Southern. This was scarcely grounds for opposing the measure, but it made for a certain imbalance. The expected impact of the legislation was too intense for comfort in the South and too diffuse to arouse passions elsewhere. Half the working poor lived outside the South; this may, indeed, have been the needier half, but they did not press on the public consciousness and were rarely the object of public assistance. At the behest of New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, a formula was devised in the final hours of drafting to insure that every state would be relieved of at least ten per cent of its welfare costs and none of more than fifty per cent, but it remained the case that FAP had relatively less to offer the North than the South. FAP proposed to raise welfare payments dramatically in the South, where they were often dramatically low, and it proposed to extend the A.F.D.C.-U. program, under which unemployed male heads of families received benefits, to those states—again, mostly Southern—which had not adopted it. One provision required that all states maintain existing levels of A.F.D.C. benefits by continuing to supplement federal payments. But the mother in the Newark slum (New Jersey then had the highest A.F.D.C. benefits) was not likely to be better off unless the New Jersey legislature used some of its FAP savings (or revenue sharing) to increase her benefits. And all *this* would do would be to enhance the comparative benefits of dependency.

Here was the nub of it. If welfare was a problem not of poverty but of dependency—and it was—there was no assurance that FAP could do anything about it. In some ways, the greatest difficulty the program encountered was that a conscientious effort had to be made to fashion a measure based on the best social-science knowledge available when this knowledge was largely negative. The annual report for 1968-69 of the Social Science Research Council had put the point with some bluntness:

> The difficulty we as a nation face in solving our problems is not will but knowledge. We want to eliminate poverty, crime, drug addiction and abuse; we want to improve education and strengthen family life, but we do not know how.

Arthur F. Burns, then Counsellor to the President, who opposed FAP, did so as a social scientist. What, he would ask repeatedly, was the evidence that a guaranteed income would contribute to family stability? There was none. To the contrary, the most reasonable proposition would have been that there was a welfare problem because there was a welfare program, and that anything that made welfare more attractive would make dependency more attractive. The proponents of FAP did not deny this but argued that by providing support for families headed by males the attractions of welfare as such were relatively diminished. In June, George P. Shultz, the Secretary of Labor, wrote:

> The AFDC program has brought the welfare system to the point where it is less a solution than a contributor to



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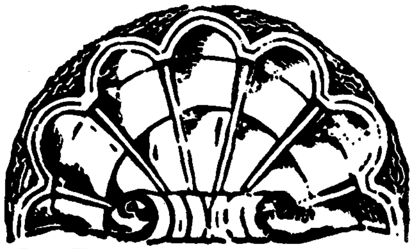
dependency. The most instructive lesson in this, as in the history of some other efforts to modify arrangements at the core of human existence, is that the changes in human behavior which are the key to the success of [FAP] are extremely hard to predict. [FAP] seeks to restore to the welfare system the purpose of reducing dependency by including the male *in* rather than forcing him out, by supplementing earnings from low-wage employment, and by building a federal floor. The prospects for success in this attempt hinge on the effects of human behavior in such basic matters as working, marriage, rearing of children, and family dissolution. Many of the most powerful forces involved are virtually invisible; but one, the ability to understand and the desire to follow economic self-interest, is clear and clearly related to movement from welfare to work.

The advocates of FAP held out the hope—it was not more—that the new program would set in motion a new calculus of decisions on the part of millions of individuals which, over time, would lead families away from rather than toward dependency. Government had created the system that created the dependency; *it had a responsibility* to try to undo it. Since there was no certain knowledge of how to do this, a bet had to be made; and the best bet, it was put to the President, was that the interests of the individuals involved and of the society were in fact convergent, and the wisest course of government would be to adopt the most direct means of reinforcing those interests, which was to say an income strategy.

The advocates of FAP could, moreover, set forth their own proposal with considerable precision. The 1967 Survey of Economic Opportunity, a census sample concentrating on low-income households, made it possible to design a negative income tax that would do what it set out to do—eliminate family poverty—with an exceptionally tight "fit." In the Ninety-second Congress, the FAP basic payment (i.e., for a family of four with no income) was raised to $2,400 by "cashing out" some $800 in food stamps that was to have accompanied the original $1,600 payment. As of 1970, the median income deficit—the difference between the poverty level and the median income of those below it—for poor white families was $1,024. The average FAP payment for such families was to be $1,027. For the median poor black family, the deficit was $1,316 (reflecting lower incomes and larger families). The average FAP payment was to be $1,304. These were hard data, and if the President knew he didn't know *what could be done about dependency*, he did know what was required to raise



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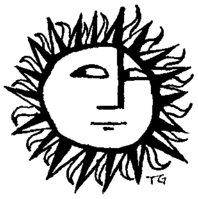
family incomes above the poverty level.

A principle of parsimony obtains in government, or ought to. Solutions requiring the fewest number of moving parts are almost always best. As a social intervention, FAP was the quintessence of simplicity: people were to be given money and left to their own devices. The assertion that no one knew how to do anything better—if, indeed, anything was better—did not deter the President. In truth, the assertion that there was no confident social-science advice to be given probably encouraged the President to take the largest of his options, on the judgment that small measures were not likely to have much effect.

THIS was a curious time in government. A sense of the limits of social policy, as of foreign policy, was making itself felt in the aftermath of substantial failures. At this time, for example, the relative lack of success of the compensatory-education programs of the nineteen-sixties was being reported from the field with ever greater insistence. The issue of compensatory education, in fact, arose early in the new Administration, and influenced the adoption of FAP. It was an issue as closely connected as any could be to the achievement of racial equality, the minimization of social-class differences, and a general relaxation of the wrenching social tensions of the time. The methods for accomplishing all this were widely supposed to be understood. By 1969, the best available opinion held that they were not. This opinion, however, was all but inaccessible to the general, or even the interested, public. It took the form of yet unpublished papers, of works in progress, of judgments being formed by individual researchers and confirmed in the talking circles of Cambridge, Washington, Berkeley, and other such places. Thus, the Nixon Administration, on the basis of work being done in the Harvard University Faculty Seminar on the Coleman Report, had the strongest reason to believe, with respect to compensatory education, that "the least promising approach to raising achievements is to raise expenditures, since the data give little evidence that any widely used school policy or resource has an appreciable effect on achievement scores." There is a legitimate sense in which it can be said that the President of the United States knew this to be so. But the Congress did not know it; the National Education Association did not; the Urban League did not; the New York *Times* did not. Moreover, the President knew they did not. Further, he had to be aware that this "best evidence" now available to him might be reversed by the next generation of studies. But for the moment this was the information available to him. In these terms, direct income redistribution—as opposed to providing an elaborate array of services—made much the most sense. But from this it did not follow that it would make sense to the interested publics, for it was indeed a "radically revolutionary" program in terms of the assumptions it challenged, and thus, of necessity, was a challenge to interests also.



Appropriately, the first hostile reaction following the proposal of FAP came from the anti-poverty program. The Office of Economic Opportunity, despite reservations by its economists, had developed as a more or less straightout services program. The poor were to be helped through strategies that would lead to individual improvement and collective self-realization, notably through community-action programs, known as CAPs, established with a considerable degree of élite direction. A proposal to put an end to poverty, or the largest share of it, by direct cash payments was by any definition a threat to an agency proceeding with the same task by indirect means, and it was at once perceived as such. (In 1964, when the O.E.O. program was announced, John P. Roche, then head of Americans for Democratic Action, asserted that what the poor needed was not community services, psychiatrists, or playgrounds, but money. He called for a negative income tax, and was promptly deplored by the welfare community.) Within a month of the President's address, the California CAP Directors Association adopted a "Position Paper on National Policies and Priorities," which denounced FAP and the Administration generally with extravagant and often incoherent insinuation:

> The Nixon Administration is revealing itself to be the enemy of the poor and the disadvantaged and . . . is attempting to convert the local community-action agency and organizations across the State into the visible and immediate instrument of new forms of neocolonialism.
>
> The proposed Nixon welfare proposal to deal with family income maintenance is little more than a public relations gimmick to subsidize cheap labor and involuntary servitude. . . . All at the expense of the poor.
>
> The rhetoric of moderation in which the Nixon Administration speaks to the

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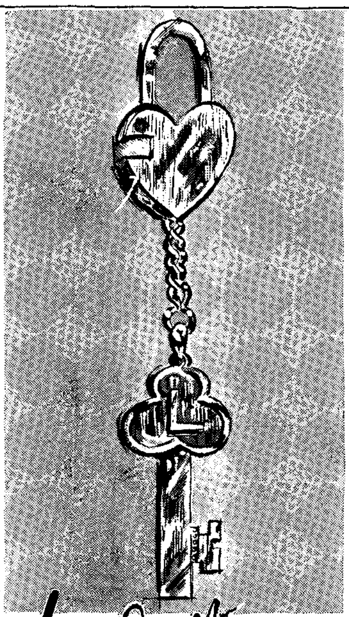

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people creates the illusion of new opportunities and benefits. Community Action organizations which have gradually assumed the role of advocates of the poor and deliverers of the needed services to the poor at the same time realize the illusionary quality of the political pronouncements and faced with budget reductions and program constraints cannot deliver. The people whose expectations have been aroused by the moderate rhetoric have no recourse other than to perceive the Community Action organization as no friend of the poor because of their inability to deliver. Nixon's New Federalism, the rhetoric notwithstanding, represents the regeneration of domestic neocolonialism in dealing with the poor. . . . A regression into paternalism. . . .

The California CAP Directors Association recommends and urges the organization of an army of dissenters in every local community. . . . Our slogan shall be power to the people.

The eventual defeat of FAP can only be understood if the CAP directors' resolution is read carefully. Government, slowly through the first third of the century and rapidly in the second third, had developed a formidable services-dispensing bureaucracy. These services, it turned out, were not especially effective. "Community Action organizations . . . deliverers of the needed services to the poor . . . cannot deliver," the CAP directors complained, attributing the failure to "budget reductions and program constraints." But that was scarcely the whole story. And while the dispensers of services to the poor genuinely wanted to deliver, it can be assumed that they also genuinely wanted their jobs. What the CAP directors demanded was block grants from Washington that would, in effect, establish them as units of local government. In September, the board of the National Association for Community Development approved the California resolution, and in October it was adopted at the association's annual meeting, in Washington, which was attended by a thousand delegates—for the most part O.E.O. employees.

Many individuals and some organizations committed to social change worked in support of FAP, but it never received anything like the support it ought to have had from its natural constituency. To the contrary, the measure was libelled and smeared to the point where it was normal for a liberal to consider the measure positively hateful. Some of this opposition has to be attributed to the vested interests of the new class of service dispensers. Was this not at the heart of the opposition of the National Association of Social Workers—especially if one considers that rich men resisting cuts in the oil-depletion allowance probably

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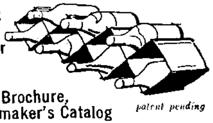

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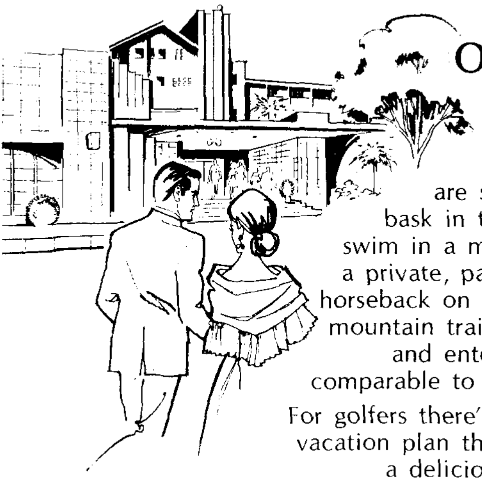
think that they, too, are representing the best interests of the nation? Shortly after the 1968 election, Kenneth Boulding, in effect, predicted it all:

> The New Deal and its successors were at least in part a fraud. Social democracy in practice has meant much more in redistributions toward the deserving middle class and the people who know how to get on the gravy train than it has for the poor, who are supposed to be the principal beneficiaries.

TRUST is an elusive term, but it is a fundamental measure of health in a political system. It can be too high and it can be too low; there is probably an equivalent of 98.6°, but, whatever it is, there can be no doubt that the level was abnormally low at the end of the nineteen-sixties (as it may have been too high at their outset). It was lowest among precisely those individuals and groups whose trust was needed for the enactment of FAP. The measure was intended to be generous, and was generous. But to those who distrusted the Presidency and both distrusted and deeply disliked the incumbent President it was easily depicted as repressive and cruel. There is nothing unusual in such activity—exaggeration in politics routinely borders on or passes over into outright misrepresentation—but in this instance there were relatively few indications of normal cynicism. FAP was lied about by people who were not liars.

The "work requirement" was a prime example. The 1967 Social Security amendments, passed by a Democratic Congress and signed by a Democratic President, established a program under which welfare mothers were to be offered work and training for work, and in various ways encouraged to become self-supporting. The penalty for refusing to participate in the program was a reduced A.F.D.C. payment. (The statute provided that "such individual's needs shall not be taken into account in making the determination" of the family budget.) The law made no exception for the mothers of small children. The program was compulsory and was so intended. In actual operation, it does not appear that any great amount of compulsion occurred. As with all services programs, the amount of money made available for the WIN (Work Incentive) program was much less than the "universe" of likely candidates would have required. The number of "slots" WIN was able to offer for training was always exceeded by the number of persons voluntarily seeking training. If anyone was being forced into training, no one at the executive level of the Department of



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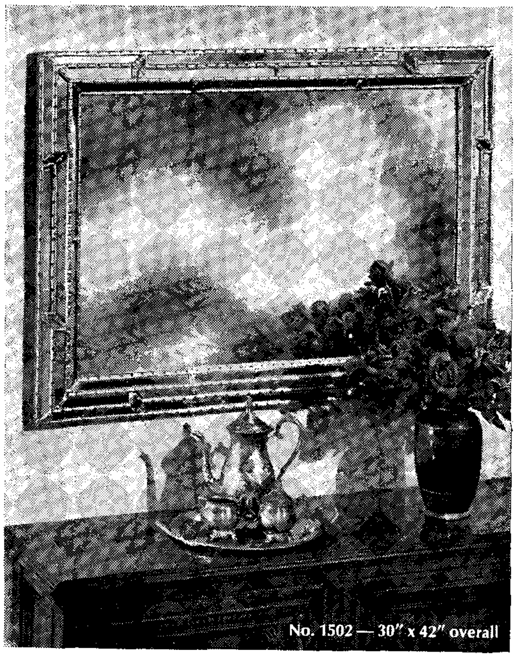

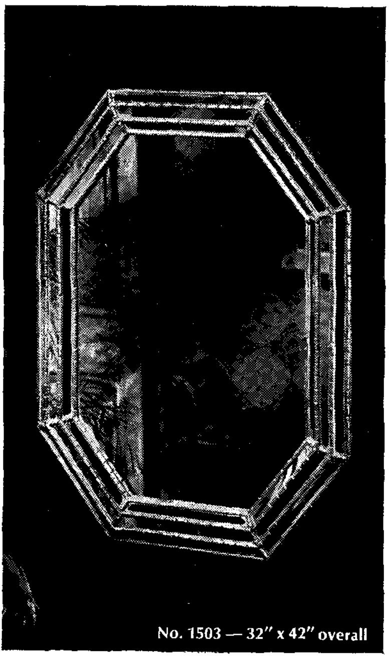

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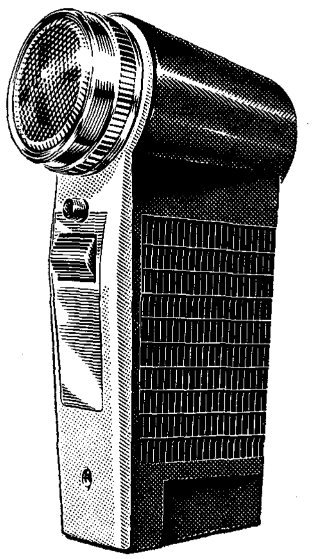

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Health, Education, and Welfare knew about it; but the principle of compulsion was anathema to the career professionals in the department. The original draft proposal for FAP, prepared at H.E.W., provided that the existing statutory provision be modified to exempt mothers with children under six, which is to say fifty-two per cent of A.F.D.C. mothers. At no time in the whole debate within the Administration over FAP did anyone question that this was a sensible and humane change that ought to be made, and it was included in the final legislation exactly as originally proposed. Somehow, all this did was to call attention to the *already existing* "work requirement"—in truth, no more than a universally applicable penalty—and to create the impression that the Administration was seeking to force welfare mothers to work. To be sure, this belief was strengthened by Administration pronouncements on the work ethic and the importance of menial chores, but the fact remained that the Administration was proposing to cut back sharply on what little compulsion there was in the system. The legislation was seriously described as "repealing the Fourteenth Amendment."

In the South, the confusion was notable. Congressmen would rail against the measure, asking who was going to iron shirts once FAP was enacted. Social workers would describe the legislation as a scheme to force Marian Anderson to work in white men's kitchens. In time, the facts came to be completely reversed. In December, 1970, the Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, chairman of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, sent a letter to each United States senator, on behalf of the commission, urging approval of FAP, in which he said, "I firmly believe this legislation rests on deep moral principles and its enactment will advance this Nation toward the just and decent society for which we will all strive." He noted, however, that there were problems, including "the requirement that mothers of preschool children register for work." It was by that time almost routine for critics to misrepresent the legislation in this manner. The moment the mistake was pointed out by the White House, Father Hesburgh sent a follow-up letter correcting it. But such openness was the exception. After a certain point, the gross misreadings of the legislation were less innocent, more political; and even where they were innocent, there proved to be few persons the like of Father Hesburgh, more interested in the bill than in maintaining a posture of infallibility.

Trust was more than ordinarily important in shaping responses to FAP, because the legislation was almost perversely complex. It was, to begin with, a reform measure relating to an endlessly jumbled mass of regulations, precedents, and procedures. To have codified, simplified, and changed the oil-and-gas legislation of the federal government and the fifty states would not have been a more formidable task. To master the proposal at the outset and then to follow it through a succession of revisions required the equivalent of oil-and-gas lawyers. There are few such persons in the field of social policy. The welfare activists, in particular, were terribly new to government—especially national government—and clearly had difficulty in following the details.

But for all those involved, whatever their politics, the essential challenge was to comprehend the workings of a negative income tax. FAP "taxed" benefits at fifty cents for each dollar earned beyond a so-called "earnings disregard." With a base of $1,600, the first dollar earned above an "earnings disregard" of $60 a month would reduce the negative tax to $1,599.50, making for a total income of $2,320.50. This process was to be repeated until the "break even" point, when the negative-income-tax payments would be exhausted. A positive income tax—the ordinary kind—moves up and down just as income does. The more one earns, the more one pays. With a negative income tax, things are more complicated. The more one earns, the less one is paid; the less one earns, the more one is paid. In the first instance, it is income up, payments up; income down, payments down. In the second, it is income up, payments down; income down, payments up. Not perhaps an impenetrable complexity, but nonetheless too much of one.

The complexity was first on display in Laurel Lodge at Camp David, where the President summoned his Cabinet to a final briefing two days before he announced the plan to the nation. Edward L. Morgan, Deputy Counsel to the President, and Robert E. Patricelli, Deputy Assistant Secretary of H.E.W., presented a series of charts and slides showing how the new arrangement would work. Questions followed, not all of them friendly. There were good economists in the room, and good businessmen; they would at least test how well the two young men had mastered their brief. But it soon became clear that the advantage was on the other side. The answers came back as quickly as the questions were put, but not everyone present could follow. On occasion, the questioner would ask that an answer be repeated. And yet it was equally clear that the answers had not been obtuse—they simply required a novel kind of calculation: up, down; down, up. As Patricelli led the group through the sequence for the half-dozenth time, the President leaned over to Melvin R. Laird, the Secretary of Defense, and remarked, "How do you get that smart?"

But not everyone was smart enough. That has to be one of the lessons of FAP. If it was not to be taken on trust, it couldn't be had, because, simple as it might seem, it was too complicated: up, down; down, up. As originally set forth, FAP would have abolished sixty per cent of the poverty in the nation. Ninety per cent of FAP payments would have gone to families with incomes below the poverty level. (In the original bill, those states that then supplemented A.F.D.C. welfare payments would have been required to go on doing so, and thus there was almost no danger of any family's losing income under the new formulas.) However, this central fact simply never sank in among those who would otherwise have tended to approve the plan. FAP was almost never viewed in terms of its impact on the working poor. Instead, it was viewed as a flat payment to families with zero income, and it was asked, "How can you live on sixteen hundred dollars a year?"—to which the answer had to be that you can't, even if some do. When food stamps were "cashed out," to raise the basic negative tax for a family of four to $2,400, the same questions continued to be addressed to the Administration and to the sponsors of the legislation in Congress, and with increasing impatience. The advocates of a guaranteed income found themselves depicted, literally, as proponents of starvation.

OUT of whatever mixture of motives, from the moment the measure was proposed counter-proposals were offered that set the negative tax at a level that would have provided a reasonable minimum income for families with no outside earnings. The first such proposal put the amount at $5,500, and this became a rallying

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cry: "Fifty-five hundred or fight!" Perhaps no great issue could be taken with the sum as a minimum, but as a negative tax it was plainly a formula for economic ruin. A $5,500 benefit level in 1971 would have cost some $71 billion and covered up to a hundred and fifty million persons. Most families would have continued to receive income supplementation until their earnings approached $12,000. When, in the Ninety-second Congress, the ante was raised to $6,500, the cut-off point accordingly rose to about $14,000.

The initial response to FAP by liberal organizations was very much conditioned by this problem. On September 12, 1969, the General Board of the National Council of Churches, representing thirty-five Protestant, Anglican, and Orthodox communions, asserted that the payment level of $1,600 was "less than adequate." Congress was urged to enact legislation with a higher level, to include individuals and childless couples, and to exempt all mothers with children from any employment or training requirement. In time, this pattern of outbidding took on a certain willfulness, but at first it seems to have been genuine. At a thoroughly friendly briefing arranged for the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights (it was marred only by a denunciation of welfare chisellers by a representative of a black women's professional organization), Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., of the A.D.A., put it plainly that when the Administration had got the FAP payment up to a decent level there would be plenty of support forthcoming from the liberal community. It all seemed a simple bargaining process; few grasped the extraordinary dynamic of a negative tax—the geometric rate at which the number of recipients grew as the level of payments rose. Probably a good many persons thought they were only adding to the payments of those initially covered; that is to say, taking the nineteen million persons who would have been covered by FAP and raising *their* incomes. The thought seems rarely to have occurred to those putting forth such counter-proposals that they were not only increasing the level of payment but greatly adding to the number of persons eligible. In rough terms, every $100 increase above the FAP payment level brought in an additional three hundred thousand families. This proved nearly impossible to explain. After two years of debate, a United States senator was at first utterly unbelieving and then thoroughly shaken when it was demonstrated, by a fellow-senator, that a "compromise" proposal he had offered would cover seventy-three million Americans and cost an additional $42 billion. The senator wanted a bill, but a good many persons came to prefer the issue.

To be sure, a few organizations of the social-activist variety that came into being during the nineteen-sixties supported FAP with clarity and comprehension. The Urban Coalition was one of them. A number of long-established organizations were equally vigorous. The American Jewish Committee abandoned a practice of neutrality on legislative matters to lobby with great conviction and insight. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. and, to a lesser degree, the National Association of Manufacturers knew exactly what was in the bill and supported it with the kind of authority they bring to the Congress. Most liberal newspapers sooner or later fell into the "not high enough" category, but a few, notably the Washington *Post*, became expert in the subject and followed it editorially from first to last, explaining the facts and pleading with liberals not to let the best become the enemy of the good.

On balance, it was the conservatives opposed to FAP who showed the best understanding of its underlying principles and its details and were often the most fair-minded in discussing it. In November, 1969, having participated in the development of the proposal as Assistant to the President for Urban Affairs, I became Counsellor to the President and, as a Democrat, entered the Nixon Cabinet, thereafter becoming a public advocate of the proposal. For reference, I kept on my desk a pamphlet issued by the United States Chamber of Commerce which listed the benefits of the many sections of the bill on a state-by-state basis. The Chamber was opposed to FAP. It thought the benefits quite high; indeed, absurdly so. But the estimates were entirely reliable, and at that early point no government tables were available. Day after day, I would read the Chamber's figures to doubting or hostile congressmen who had been told the benefits were criminally low. Probably the best over-all discussion of FAP was issued by the usually conservative American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, in a pamphlet that,

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point by point, stated the case pro and con, and along the way raised quite legitimate issues, as in this comment on day care:

> The proposal would finance comprehensive care worth up to $1,600 to $2,000 per child for families whose incomes are low enough to qualify for FAP, say $3,500 a year, but not for those whose incomes are just a little higher, say $4,000.

Liberals somehow could not rally to the President's proposal. But then neither had they been able to make such a proposal on their own; the idea was public property, and the core proposal had been stockpiled in H.E.W. for years before the Republicans came to office, but Democrats had never proposed it. As David Halberstam writes, there had not been "a major new domestic program since the New Deal." Something of the anatomy of this failure may be seen in the response to FAP. There was first a failure of analytical competence. Most liberals somehow never quite got the facts straight. More costly, the measure was misrepresented with impunity. By most standards—certainly those of the right—FAP was legislation of the left, but its effect was to push the left into even more demanding and intransigent positions.

Something akin to this process had occurred during the debate over FAP within the Administration. Both those for and those against a guaranteed income found at each stage of the argument that what it all came down to, however the matter was defined, was spending more money to deal with the problem of welfare or of poverty. The more reflective conservatives within the Administration warned in the strongest terms that no matter how much the President proposed to spend, his opponents would propose to spend more, and would make him appear ungenerous in the extreme. That is about what happened.

In part, the response was mechanical. Social activists at this time routinely assumed that they had to keep their distance from Richard Nixon. So when he moved, they moved. In any event, many interpreted his move—quite wrongly—as an indication that the whole political center was moving left. Liberalism had got itself into more than mechanical difficulty, however: it had largely abandoned its necessary role as the arbiter of fact in public discourse. In a more conservative society, this role can fall to conservatives, but in a liberal polity such as that of the United States, where education and publishing

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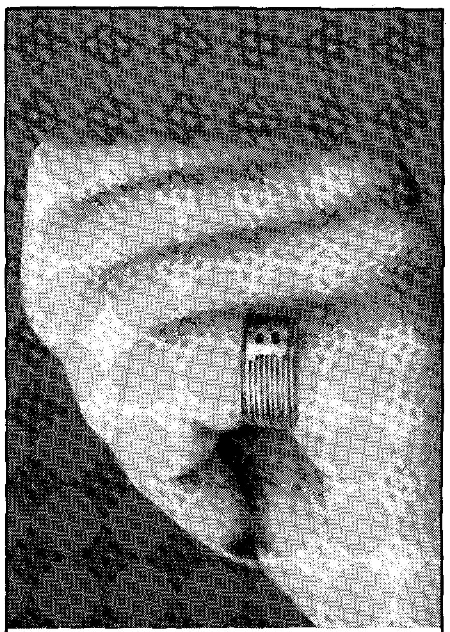

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and, in normal times, politics are overwhelmingly liberal, it is up to liberals to keep the language of politics in good order; and this American liberals failed disastrously to do in the nineteen-sixties, mostly as a result of the Vietnam war, when they had to turn on their own policies, but also as a result of the presentation of the most vociferous set of black demands yet addressed to white society. Under the circumstances, many liberals found it convenient—or emotionally more comfortable—to adopt a policy of "*pas d'ennemis à gauche.*" No matter how extravagantly American society was denounced, there was little censure to be expected from the centers of liberal influence. A comparable dispensation applied to those who chose, for whatever reason, to misrepresent—and, finally, to defeat—the effort to establish a guaranteed income. As long, that is, as they were to the left. Evidently, the thought that this might be precisely what the right was banking on rarely occurred. It was no time for thought; it was a time for feeling.

THE Republican Administration was not especially helpful. From the first, it was understood that a guaranteed income could come about only if it was accompanied by some assurance that the nation was not abandoning what is, in truth, a potent and deeply believed "work ethic." The President's pronouncements were always to this point. Somehow, they came to be seen as a symbolic assault on liberalism, and it may be that they were, although liberals *would have only themselves to* blame for that. They had no reason to be against work, any more than to be against law and order. Indeed, they had every reason not to be. The liberal cause depended utterly on middle-class leaders' *not* disavowing and disparaging the virtues that were perhaps optional for them but were absolutely necessitous for the working people who provided the base of the old coalition. Such was not to be.

There was, in reality, a conflict of interests within the liberal coalition which was steadily assuming the quality of a class struggle. Social élites had frequently provided leadership for liberal movements and parties, not least that of the Democrats, but in the course of the twentieth century social policy had created a very considerable middle class of persons who derived their status and their prosperity from ministering to the needs of those below them in the social hierarchy. The rewards to these individuals were substantial, for they included the satisfaction of doing well while doing good. To put it otherwise is to elide the first fact concerning this new class, which is that its prosperity is based in significant measure on the taxation of those who earn less than it does. Every additional dollar spent on education, for example, increases income inequality. This is not a dilemma of the teachers' doing, but it is one that teachers face. And so it goes, through a long and lengthening list of the public and quasi-public professions that find themselves more and more not only in economic conflict with the social center of the nation but in value conflict also. No one expected this, and no one wanted it, but this is how it turned out, and never more painfully than in the response of the social-welfare profession to the proposal of a guaranteed income. What did the leaders of well-educated and well-intentioned middle-class professionals do in the face of a proposal by the President of the United States to give money to the poor? They did everything they could—or, at least, as much as was necessary—to prevent that from happening.

It was not, of course, a straight-out affair of economic interest. The anti-poverty workers may well have thought their jobs threatened by a guaranteed income. No such prospect faced the welfare profession, a secure middle-class group. Rather, a symbolic conflict of values was involved, which could not be resolved. Ideologically, the American public is conservative; *in practice, it is liberal.* This is one of the most notable, if least noted, findings of American social science. The French maxim "Think left, live right" is reversed in the New World. The best politicians know this. The three Presidents of the nineteen-sixties understood and accepted it. This is to say that, apart from personal preferences, they understood that the American public was willing to accept liberal programs when these were cast in non-liberal terms. Hence, Johnson would talk of converting "tax eaters" into "tax payers" in connection with his anti-poverty programs, and his speechwriters were certainly equal to the challenge of coining "workfare." But there were some programs so liberal as to require not just conservative rhetoric but conservative sponsorship as well. A guaranteed income was one. It does not much abuse the word "maturity" to assert that the mark of the mature political mind in this period was the ability to understand, and even to value, this curious combination of liberalism and conservatism in American public mores. In effect, the public asked little more than that change be accompanied by continuity and by deference to traditional proprieties.

More is obscured than clarified, probably, by speaking of the genius of a people, but a certain prudence, even caginess, is to be seen in this American antinomy. In their ideological conservatism, the American people had developed a kind of sea anchor that had its uses. Some, innocent of subtlety, saw only the conservatism and either approved or despaired. Others, innocent of ideology, saw only the practice and wondered what the fuss was about. None of this was very satisfactory to persons with a penchant for tidiness or a taste for intensive politics. Still less was it satisfactory to those who simply did not understand—who, taking words for deeds, could see the American public only as hostile to them and indifferent to their purposes. Both these dispositions were overrepresented in the social-welfare profession, with the result that it could respond only with hostility or indifference to an extraordinarily advanced proposal that the "conservative" public had immediately embraced.

Social Work, the journal of the National Association of Social Workers, was during these years a strange mélange of traditional articles on casework interspersed with black manifestos and somewhat unconvincing attempts by upper-middle-class white professionals to demonstrate how radical and insurrectionary *they* were. Nixon was an obvious target. FAP was simply dismissed. "Guaranteed Protestant Ethic," one comment was headed; "Mr. Nixon's 'Speenhamland,'" another. This last article asked whether FAP was not all a diabolical scheme of "payment for services rendered" in the 1968 Presidential campaign, precisely parallel to the late-eighteenth-century system of poor relief in parts of Britain under which the parish made up the difference between earnings and subsistence income—thus, a somewhat fuzzy tradition has it, enabling capitalists to fatten on pauperized labor. The "Speenhamland" article answered its own question:

> Small Southern business people, as well as business people elsewhere in the country (the sober, quiet middle class that works and does not demand)—the people who elected Mr. Nixon—could use some primary capital accumulation in this inflationary period. What better way

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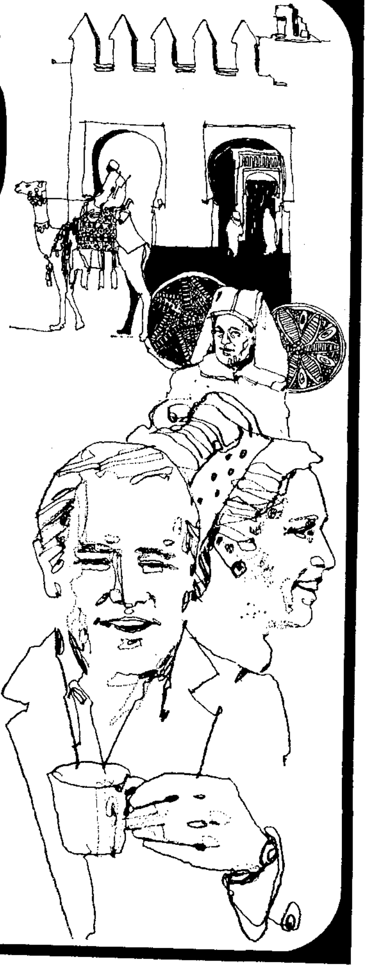

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exists to tie small business in the South and elsewhere to the Nixon Administration and build thereby a strong, viable Republican Party throughout the South? Statistics lend support to this view.

A measure of compassion is owed the social workers. What were they if not "sober, quiet middle class"? And yet the rhetoric of the period had devalued this role in their two primary communities, the campus and the slum. There was a measure of cultural aggression in their hostility to FAP—asserting their values over the values that the politicians knew to reside in the mass. But they were also trying to accommodate to a quite rapid change of values in their own social setting. Having worked hard all their lives, they suddenly had to become contemptuous of work. Professor Alvin L. Schorr, the editor-in-chief of *Social Work*, in effect telegraphed this position in an editorial of January, 1969. "Why . . . do programs for the poor as poor fail?" he asked. "The Protestant ethic of work as salvation is certainly at the heart of the problem." If this was doubtful theology, it was without question a deep belief of these not infrequently work-driven and almost invariably deeply moral men who spoke for the social-welfare professional. They hated FAP because of what it said about them (that welfare was a failure), because of what it said about the President who proposed it, and because of what it said about the public to which it was proposed. They fought back. In August, 1970, the Coalition for Health and Welfare Legislation, a group of thirty-five agencies and activities in New York City, declared its opposition to FAP in what had become the standard formulation:

> The bill tends to look upon the recipient of family assistance as a person to be corrected by punitive measures rather than one who should be assisted by a whole series of incentives.

The New York chapter of the National Association of Social Workers declared that FAP, while "at first considered by many social workers as 'a foot in the door'—moving towards real reform," was now seen to be a "regressive step." This was getting close to newspeak. As time passed, the President's intentions came to be fantasized. It became doctrine, for example, that FAP, in the words of one social-welfare leader, would put "into the hands of a local bureaucracy . . . instruments of control over the lives and livelihood of over twenty million persons." With the establishment of national standards and the beginning of direct federal administration of income-maintenance programs, FAP would have done just the opposite. But by 1970 all was unreason in the world of social work.

There were individual exceptions. Among the welfare professionals who joined the debate over FAP there were some few who could follow the Presidential purpose. Of these, Wilbur J. Cohen, who had helped draft the original Social Security Act and had served as Johnson's last Secretary of H.E.W., was the most prominent. On television, following Nixon's August 8th speech, he declared that FAP was, of course, a Democratic program, adding, in the manner of men and parties out of office, that it would cost considerably more than had been suggested. His position shifted from time to time, as he sought advantage for his party, but his commitment to FAP remained solid. He became increasingly active in lobbying on its behalf and devising strategies for Democratic congressmen similarly disposed. In the course of the second House vote on FAP, in 1971, he provided Wilbur Mills, of Arkansas, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, with a letter endorsing the legislation signed by Cohen himself and six previous Secretaries of H.E.W. Mitchell I. Ginsberg, who had joined the Lindsay administration in New York as Commissioner of Welfare, and was to become dean of the Columbia University School of Social Work, was at first less certain in his view, but ultimately he was intense in his commitment to welfare reform along the basic lines of the President's proposal. With Mayor Lindsay's approval, he gradually spent more time in Washington, ending as the nearest thing to a full-time lobbyist the legislation had.

But these were exceptions. The rule was hostility. The position of the welfare professionals was not enviable. In more settled times, they would have welcomed FAP. Now they were forced to attack it, for they themselves were under attack. Radicals scorned or coopted them. (In 1972, Mayor Lindsay's Human Resources Administrator, Jule Sugarman, explained that sixteen per cent of the city's population was on welfare because the national government "really is happy to have a large pool of unemployed persons who can serve as a brake on wage increases." In ordinary circumstances, the Administrator, a well-paid bureaucrat in the Nixon Administration before leaving to become an even better-paid bureaucrat in the Lindsay administration, would have been explaining that there are practically no employable males on welfare, and relatively few employable females.) What was more serious was that the welfare recipients were on the attack. In May, 1969, as the final arguments over FAP were being pressed in the White House, welfare militants took over the annual meeting of the National Conference on Social Welfare, barricaded the doors, and demanded a payment of $35,000 from the "welfare establishment" toward a "Freedom Budget." It wasn't fair. If the profession did not like, or did not trust, the President of the United States, it was quite able to say so with whatever degree of directness it chose. But, as a white (and black) middle-class calling, it was utterly incapable of responding in any terms save agreement and concession (whatever private reservations and secret resolves might accompany them) to angry black women reviling the genteel world of the professional with a disdain intended (at some level of perception and purpose) to reverse the terms by which the genteel had dealt with the common, the powerful with the powerless, the secure with the insecure.

Social workers had grown accustomed to accusing *others* of having too much power and too little compassion. Now *they* were being accused of just that, and by just the kind of person they most liked to think they spoke for. In the spring of 1969, Bill Cavala and Aaron Wildavsky, in assessing "the political feasibility of income by right," offered this judgment: "It would not be too much to say that the social work profession has been traumatized by the growth of black militancy." The militants were described as claiming "that the social workers are hostile to poor people and that their experience does not fit them to interpret these people's needs." This may be the larger truth of the response of liberals and of the liberal professions to FAP. All the other reasons for opposition were as nothing compared to the transcendent fact that black militants were opposed.

THE locus of black opposition was the National Welfare Rights Organization. It was not a mass organization in the same sense as the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the Methodist Church, or the N.A.A.C.P. It had no such numbers, and no comparable capacity for sustaining itself over time. The half-life of such organizations tends to be brief; for the N.W.R.O., it was probably all but over by 1969. For the moment,

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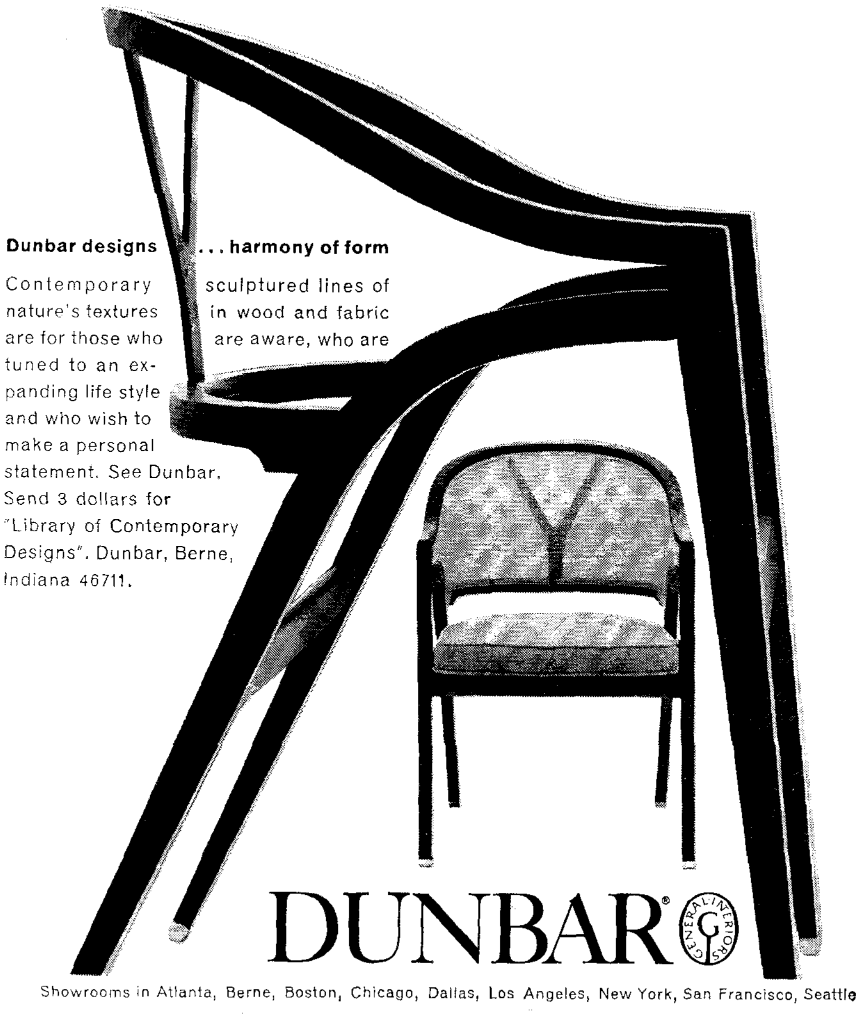
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however, it had some membership and great saliency. The media, in the manner of the time, greatly exaggerated the N.W.R.O.'s numbers, but the essential fact is that it was, as it claimed to be, an organization of welfare recipients. A convergence of circumstances had in this instance created what was, in ways, yet another new social class, heavily dependent on government but seemingly atomized and incapable of organizing itself to bring influence to bear. Organization came about along with the concentration of the population involved in a geographical area—New York City—and the advent of strong leadership.

The leader was Dr. George A. Wiley, a man of brilliance and energy who perceived and defined the new social class and focussed its interests in ways that made organization, for the moment, possible. The N.W.R.O. grew out of a "poverty rights" group in Washington, and by 1968 it was the unchallenged spokesman for blacks with respect to an issue that until then the civil-rights movement had all but denied existed but that was now near the center of national politics. Welfare dependency had taken the civil-rights movement unawares and unprepared. The strategy of civil-rights activity in the nineteen-fifties and early nineteen-sixties was to present the black man and woman, boy and girl as qualified and competent citizens of the South demanding no more than what the Constitution guaranteed. And this was certainly the truth. Yet there was this other truth, which somehow seemed to detract from the primary one, to threaten it, and thereby to threaten all that depended on it. We may one day conclude that the welfare explosion of the nineteen-sixties was basically a population explosion, preceded in the case of Southerners by no less extraordinary changes in public health. Professor Norman Ryder, of Princeton University, has shown that during that decade the number of Americans between the ages of fourteen and twenty-four increased by fifty-two per cent—five times the rate of the preceding three decades. No such increase had previously been recorded in modern American history; nothing comparable is likely ever to occur again. (In the nineteen-eighties, the size of the group will actually decline.) All the troubles of youth, including hasty marriage and nonmarriage, seem to have grown at a geometric rate during this period. The time arrived when a majority of black youth coming of age had at one or another period been supported by A.F.D.C. Welfare became incomparably the most im-

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portant federal program affecting the poor. Who, in truth, was to blame? Who even knew what was going on? A strategy of avoidance evolved; it was the one subject on which civil-rights leaders were silent. Wiley's genius was to see that this newly emerged segment of the black population had interests that could never be served by such a strategy, designed more to maintain the self-esteem of those who did not need help than to help those who did. Leaving behind an academic career as a chemist on the faculty of Syracuse University and moving away from more traditional organizational modes he had learned in the Congress of Racial Equality, he proceeded by rapid steps to the center of the issue of dependency. In doing so, he became the first black leader to define the problem of his people as in significant measure that of the family headed by a female and living in the Northern urban slum.

The activities of the N.W.R.O. reflected many influences, notably Saul Alinsky's organizing tactic of demanding concessions from someone with power to grant them and a disposition to do so. Some demonstrations seemed designed mostly to attract attention by their outrageousness, but others taught the lesson of how easily the poor could become so stigmatized that everyday things seemed outrageous when they did them. In 1938, in London, under the auspices of the National Unemployed Workers' Movement, fifty unemployed men appeared in the grillroom of the Ritz and asked for tea. In much the same way, N.W.R.O., thirty years later, began to ask for charge accounts at department stores and special grants to buy Christmas presents.

Nominally, the N.W.R.O. was committed to the establishment of a "guaranteed adequate income for everyone." Theorists of the movement espoused a "crisis theory," which held that if the welfare rolls were made to grow large enough, the government structure would break down somehow and simultaneously establish a negative income tax or some such arrangement. Reality, however, was a different thing. The organization was universalist and integrationist in its outlook, but its membership consisted overwhelmingly of black A.F.D.C. mothers. Nearly a quarter of the members were from New York, and two-thirds were from nine industrial states. As with early trade unionism, this vanguard of organizers was, in a sense, the aristocracy of welfare recipients. Estimates made at the Brookings Institution set the net income, in cash and

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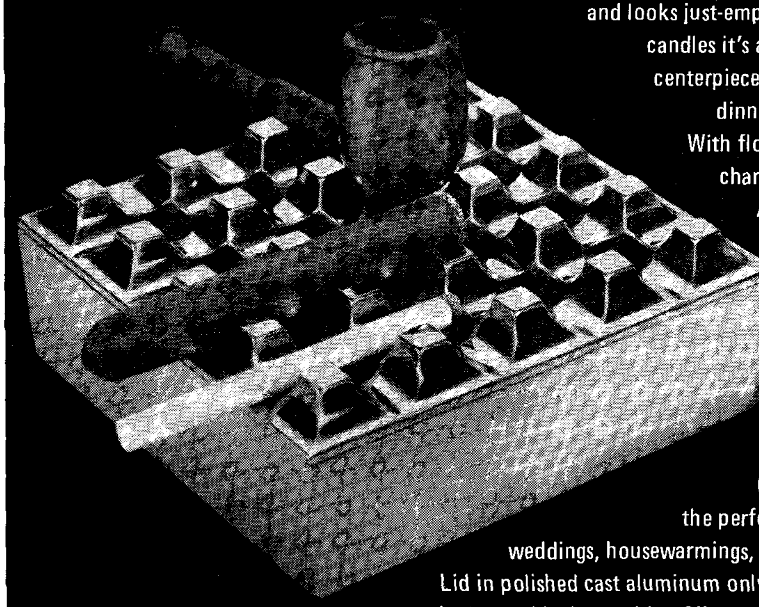

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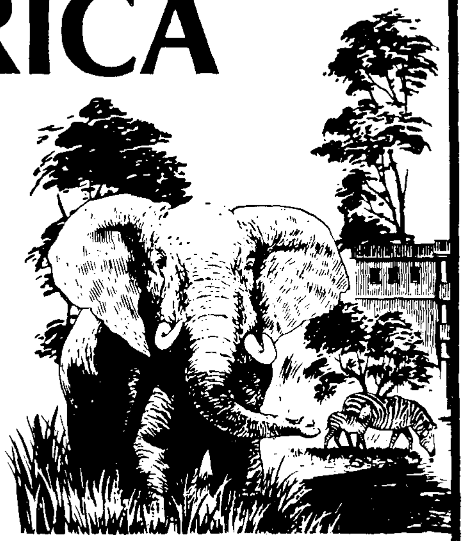

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kind, of a welfare family of four in New York City in 1971 at $5,665 for those in public housing and $5,245 for those not. Such families already had a guaranteed income, and not a particularly low one. Ineluctably, the organizational interests of the N.W.R.O. focussed increasingly on ways to improve the circumstances of this constituency, preferably in steady increments associated with crisis bargaining. The interests of the N.W.R.O. had to reside in the manipulation of the existing welfare system, not in replacing it. Any large allocation of limited disposable resources to a new system and new recipients—the working poor in Maine, Puerto Ricans in the Caribbean, Navajos in New Mexico, even blacks in Mississippi—could not serve the interests of the N.W.R.O., especially if the allocation was not to be accompanied by any guarantee of a rise in benefits for its own membership. At its national conference in July, 1970, the N.W.R.O. issued a detailed statement entitled "How the Nixon Plan Hurts Poor People." Seventeen detailed charges were listed, followed by an admission that "the Nixon Plan would do a few positive things." So much for a third of the population of Puerto Rico, and the rest of the working poor, who were then, as they are now, receiving nothing—or, at most, some food assistance.

Wiley may have hoped to keep a bargaining relationship with the Administration, but in short order it became clear that his organization—which, however small, was vigorous and in no way docile—would have none of it. In December, 1969, the White House Conference on Food, Nutrition, and Health met in Washington, pursuant to the Presidential message to Congress the previous May, which had also called for unprecedented increases in food aid to the poor and almost poor. The mood of the conference was radical, and hostile to the Administration. Here the N.W.R.O. raised the cry of "Fifty-five hundred or fight!," and found in Senator Eugene J. McCarthy a sympathizer and a sponsor. On April 30, 1970, the N.W.R.O. bill was introduced in the Senate as the Adequate Income Act of 1970. As a gesture for bargaining purposes it made sense, although the provisions were extravagant. (With no "work requirement," no "earnings disregard," and a sixty-seven-per-cent marginal rate of taxation on earnings, the bill would have created a massive work disincentive for almost the entire population. A family of seven earning *nothing would have as much income*

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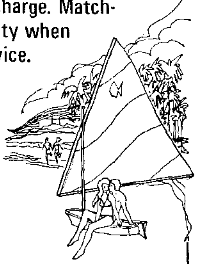

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as a family headed by a wage earner working forty hours a week at $4.25 an hour. Extra earnings would add little to income.) The Department of Labor legislative analysts were near to shaken. In 1968, they reported, there were some twenty-two million male workers with annual earnings of less than $5,500. One-third to half the work force might just stop.

In effect, this kind of craziness was frittering away a significant social opportunity. Whites could not say this, although blacks could have. But blacks, too, were traumatized. To contradict the N.W.R.O. was both to break ranks and to risk a fearsome fury. In these years, only one prominent black leader openly supported FAP, the economist Andrew F. Brimmer, who spoke from the relative security of a fourteen-year term as a governor of the Federal Reserve System. In a series of addresses, he warned that "the problem of welfare is inescapably acquiring racial overtones," that "the actual dependence of a sizable fraction of black families on welfare casts a patina of incapacity on the community as a whole." He was surely right in that. The repeated assertion by militants that A.F.D.C. was a "black" program, which the Administration was trying to take away from blacks, can only have obscured the fact that the majority of A.F.D.C. recipients were white. Yet Brimmer alone found the courage and competence to resist this calamitous ascription. —DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

•

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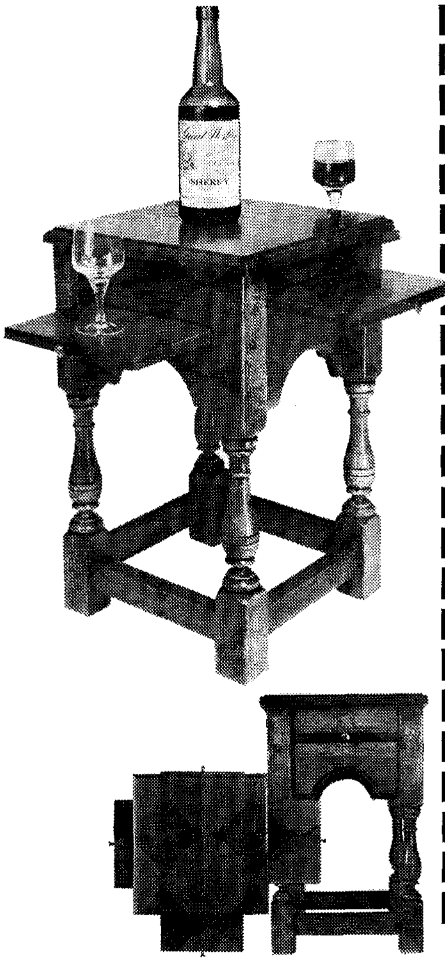

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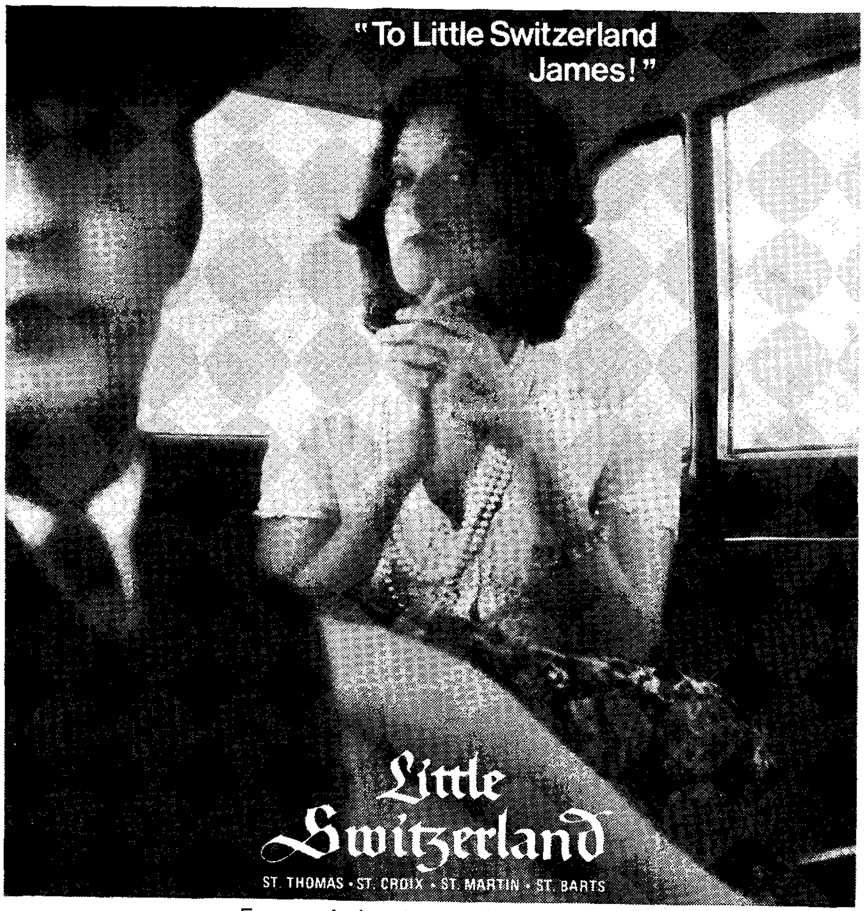
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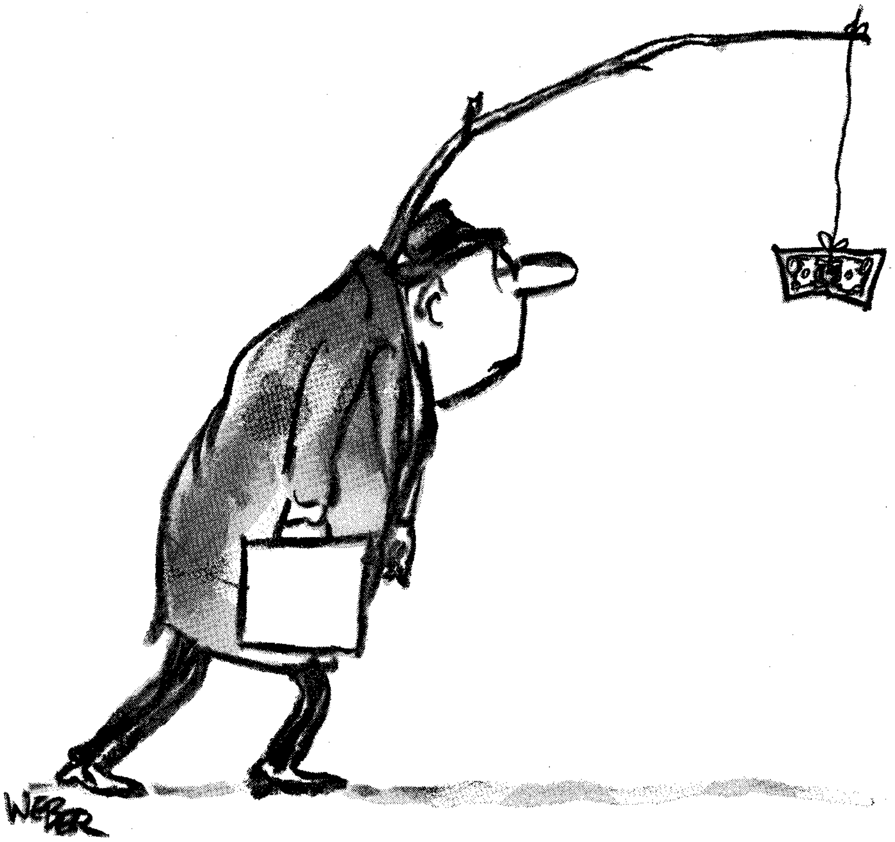
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Poetry and Politics

THE movie of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's "The First Circle" goes against the grain of all those old movies in which the heroes struggled to complete an invention or to perform a feat while inwardly, in our childish souls, we cheered, sharing the heroes' victories as they won fame and fortune. For the prisoners—or *zeks*—in this movie, heroism means destroying their inventions and refusing to carry out the tasks that might win them freedom and honors. Unlike Solzhenitsyn's "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich," which deals with an Everyman, a mere dot, in the slave-labor camps, "The First Circle" is a view of the top echelon of the slave-labor world—the mathematicians, scientists, engineers, and professors working in a technical institute near Moscow. They have spent years in the labor camps—they have survived the bottom—and now they are, as the novelist puts it, in "the highest, the best, the first circle of Hell." The tasks assigned them are to solve "security" problems: the government wants a device for putting a hidden camera in a door so that everyone who opens the door is automatically photographed; the government wants a scientific method of identifying people by their voice patterns so that incoming calls on monitored phones can be traced; and other such projects. These prisoners can improve their own situations only by helping to entrap others, and they succeed—as human beings—by deliberately failing. They know what the consequences will be, and the movie brings us to an awed admiration of their heroism; though we can't quite cheer, we draw in our breath, feeling, now, like adults.

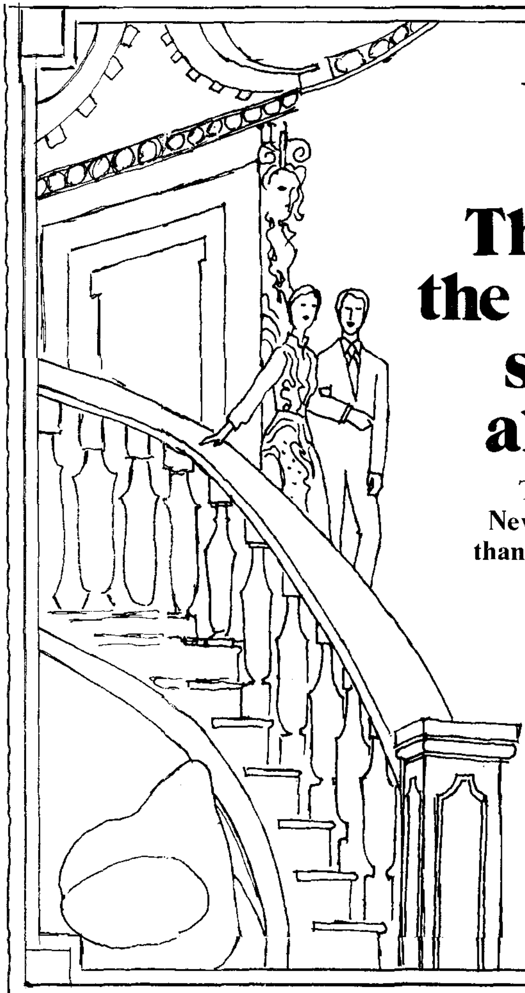
The movie isn't drab—which is what one may fear. It's tense and inspiriting: not a great film but good enough to dramatize Solzhenitsyn's themes and to leave us facing the issues the novel raises—the moral and intellectual choices left open to the prisoners. It isn't often that a movie tries to engage us in one of the central political experiences of our own time, and it's far from simple to re-create modern Russia—the novel is set in 1949—without Russians. Alexander Ford, the well-known veteran Polish director, who was for many years head of the Polish film industry, left Poland in 1968, because of the anti-Semitic persecutions, and he made this film in Denmark as a Danish-German co-production. The film is in English, and I can't see how one can rationally object. The performers are Scandinavian (mostly Danish), Polish, and German; they spoke their lines in English—accented, of course—and then, under the director's supervision, nonaccented English voices were dubbed in. Under the circumstances, it's an almost impeccable solution, because the somewhat uncharacterized, impersonal voices make the argument of the film very easy to follow. The camerawork, the subdued color, the editing are all craftsmanlike; Ford must be a very modest man, deeply engaged with the material, because he doesn't intrude between Solzhenitsyn and us.



The high intelligence of this movie is that it does not try to replace the novel. The book has that density of episodes and individual stories and interconnected lives which makes for a great "read." The picture of the new Soviet bourgeoisie and the discussions within the prison about supporting the regime have the richness of high journalism, and the sudden, majestic big scenes—such as the arrest of Volodin, the young state counsellor in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—stay in your memory. In the movie, you lose that spacious, beautifully controlled outpouring of incident; you lose the orchestration of the themes, and what some might call the Russianness. Ford eliminates characters and telescopes others, and he doesn't try for the contradictions within them, or the depth. Some of the big scenes are in the movie, and they're not great scenes now, but, if their sublimity is lost, you can still get their import. I think Ford's approach is sound: what makes most movie adaptations of novels of the first or second rank so embarrassing is that the director tries to rival the author. The movie becomes a pop vulgarization, which is then advertised as if the movie itself were a classic. The acceptance of pop has become a self-put-down for many of us; when we see a movie in which people behave like adults, we come out feeling clean, for a change. There is no pop distortion here, nothing tinny. By concentrating on the themes—on precisely what is most controversial—the movie performs an inestimable service. In the book, Solzhenitsyn's great gift of specificity and the other pleasures of his narrative crowd out one's niggling doubts about what he's saying. The movie, stripping away those pleasures, brings us to confront the material *politically*.

Structurally, Ford is very faithful. The action begins with the phone call that Volodin (Peter Steen) makes to warn an eminent professor—who as a doctor had saved Volodin's mother's life—that he may be arrested. Then the action moves to the life within the prison-institute during the three days in which experiments conducted there lead to Volodin's arrest. Volodin enters the prison just as a group of obstructionists, including the hero, the mathematician Nerzhin (Gunther Malzacher), are being sent back to the lower rungs of Hell, where they may expect to rot and perish. The movie is faithful even to a defect in the novel: as we become involved with the prisoners, we lose track of the imminent danger to Volodin, and it isn't until we hear the tape of his phone conversation being studied in the institute that we are brought back to the story line. It may be a defect in both novel and film that there is no real suspense—that it is only a matter of time before Volodin is arrested. That is, in Solzhenitsyn's vision the police apparatus is like a doomsday machine, so incredibly, fatally efficient that nobody can get by with anything. This isn't necessarily based on actual observation. For the author's purposes, the superficialities of chance are unimportant, and it doesn't really matter if Volodin escapes detection this time; sooner or later the impulse that led him to warn the professor will land him in prison. And what Solzhenitsyn is concerned with is how an individual in the extremity of suffering finds his humanity. I think this is why the spring of the trap as Volodin is caught doesn't have the effects of suspense that it would in an ordinary melodrama, in which we would have been sweating it out with him and hoping for his escape.

In the movie, Nerzhin, a man much like the author (who is also a mathematician), is given some of the action that the designer Sologdin is assigned in the book, and also bits of Gerasimovich, the physicist (both these characters have been eliminated), but Nerzhin takes on the additional burdens with ease, since all three characters appear to speak for the author. Malzacher, a lean actor with an intelligent manner (a little like Richard Basehart), is successful in suggesting that Nerzhin is satirical and amused about his own adamant gadfly nature—that his irony includes his own loftiness. What Malzacher doesn't suggest is that look of a man from an earlier century which we begin to see in the photographs of the bearded Solzhenitsyn—the severe look of an Amish elder. This Solzhenitsyn is the greatest poet of freedom, and his integrity gives him an intimidating moral authority, but his aura of intellectual



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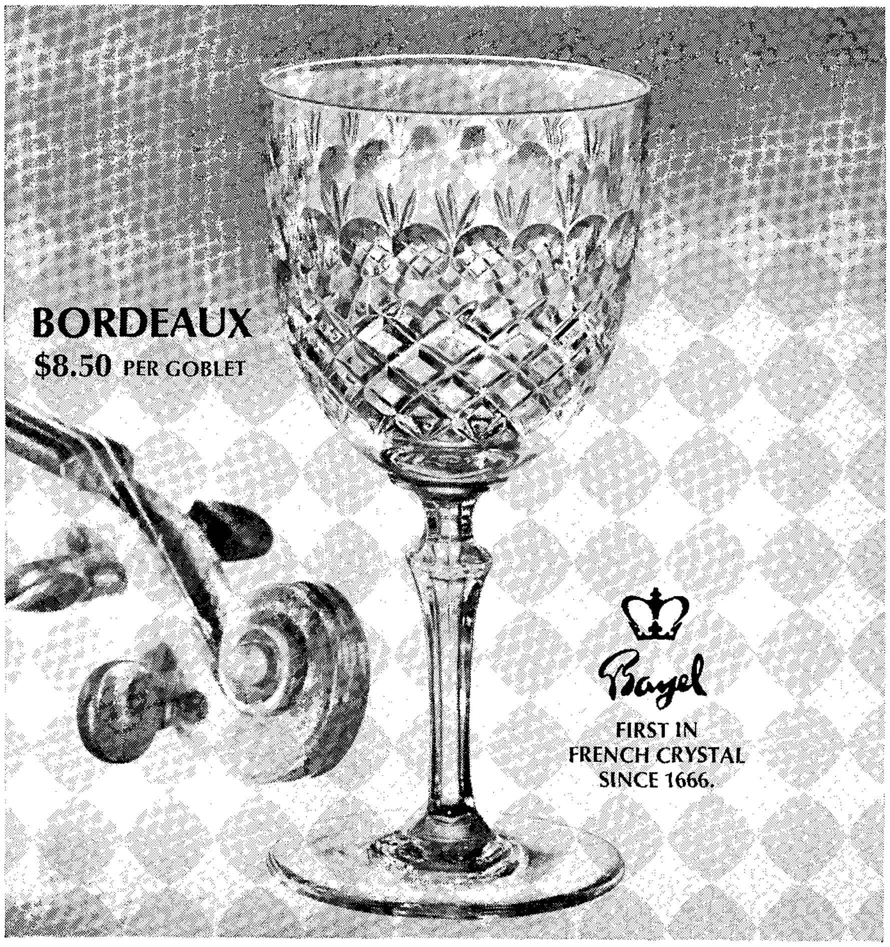

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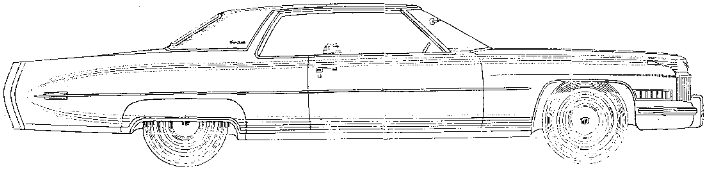

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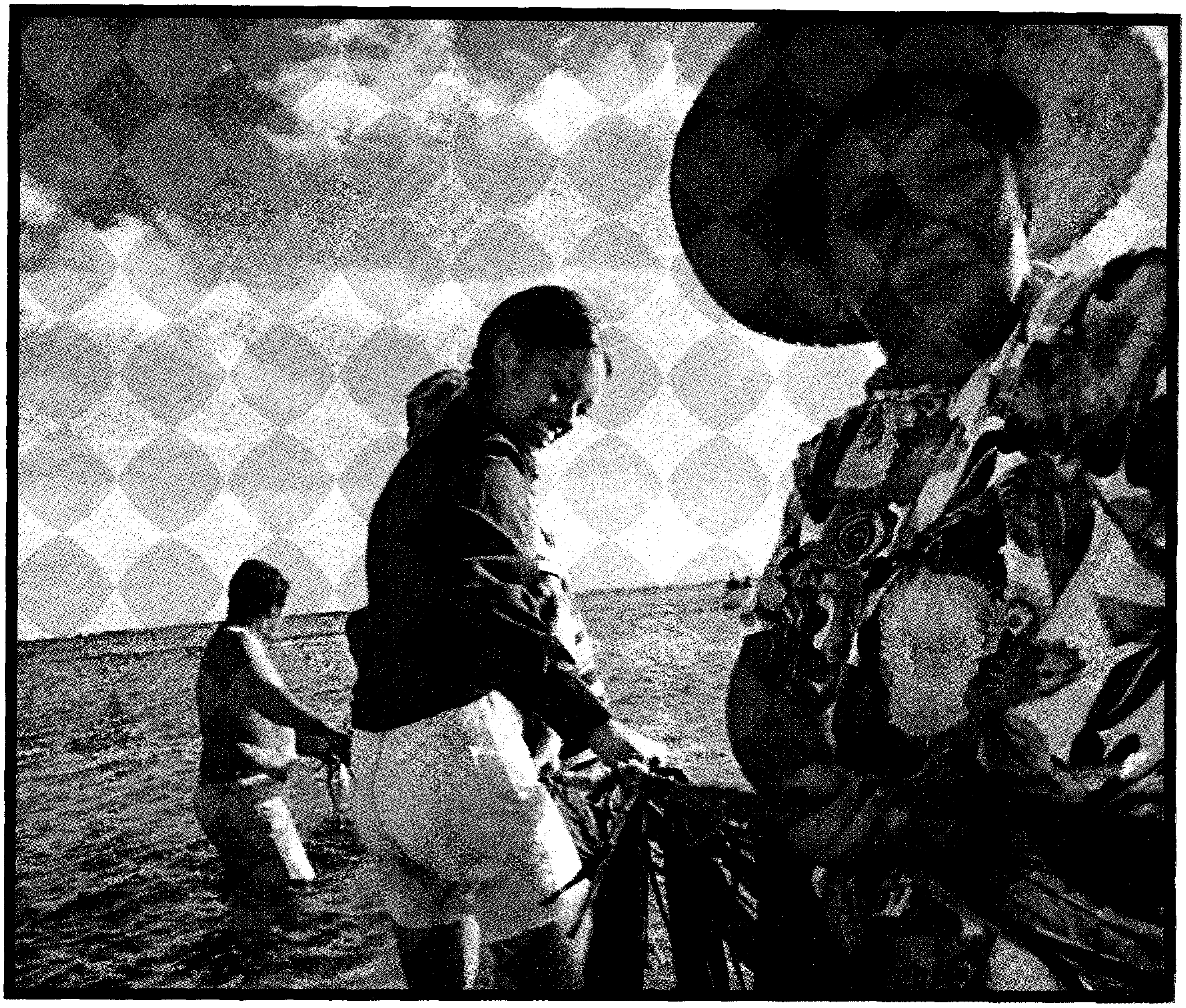

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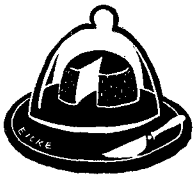
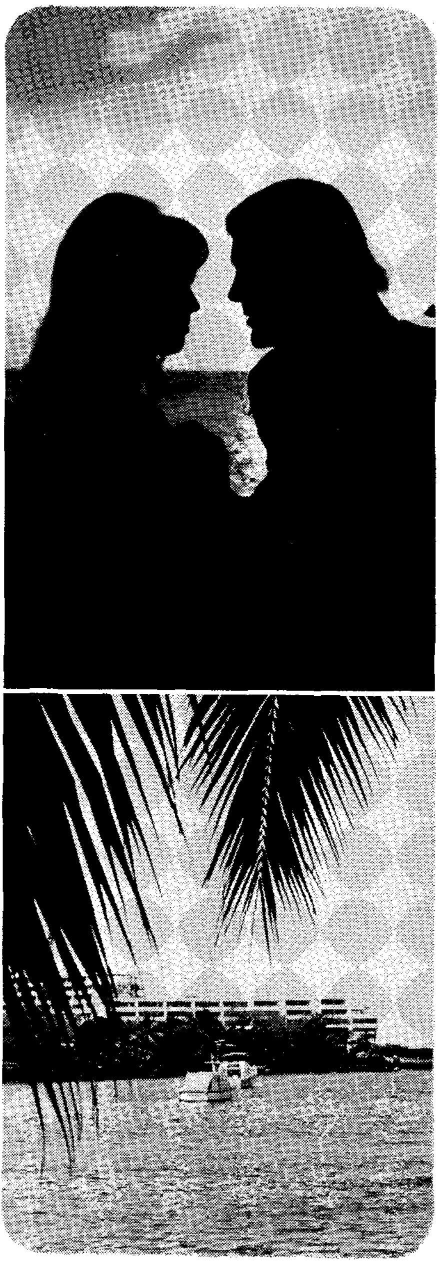
clarity can be deceptive. It is too easy for us to blur the distinction between two ideas: one, that in an oppressive system if you try to act like a human being you risk martyrdom, and that martyrdom may be your only way not to lose your self-respect; and, two, that this martyrdom will bring down the system. The first is not difficult to believe, though Solzhenitsyn himself carries it further than we may assent to; in the novel, he has Gerasimovich thinking that "those who were free lacked the immortal soul the *zeks* had earned in their endless prison terms." The second idea, however, is slippery. "The First Circle" is the story of a moral victory—of Nerzhin, primarily, but of others also—but in the terms of the novel and the movie this moral victory defeats the oppressors. Harrison Salisbury, who is quoted on the cover of the book, said in the *Times Book Review*, "It is not in the end the prisoners who are destroyed, even though they may lose their lives. It is the jailers. . . . It is the oppressors who are doomed." For Solzhenitsyn the oppressors may be spiritually doomed, but that shouldn't be confused with actual political doom. We must, of course, believe in moral courage, but as an end in itself—as the realization of what man can be. It would be immaculate justice if moral incorruptibility destroyed the corrupt, but that goes back to the high-minded naïveté we had as children, when we overestimated the power of words and believed that virtue would conquer all, without a fight, just in the nature of things.



Because Solzhenitsyn, in his beautiful, stiff-necked intransigence, clearly makes a difference in the world, we are in danger, I think, of accepting his Christian mysticism as if it were a political solution. His heroes become stronger in themselves when, at the end, they are "filled with the fearlessness of those who have lost *everything*, the fearlessness which is not easy to come by but which endures." They are resigned but not broken. It is, of course, a great triumph, but it's a peculiarly insulating personal triumph. And although the assumption that the spiritual strength of men who have lost everything will defeat the oppressors may be a psychological necessity for the heroes, it is, when viewed from the outside, heavenly rhetoric. When you get to the point of believing that the *acceptance* of powerlessness is true power, you're no longer talking about the visible world.

Deep in the author's writing—and even in his face—one can feel the belief that man was put on this earth to suffer. And this has somehow got mixed with the idea of defeating your enemies by the purity of your suffering. But your gestures may do more for you than to them. It is not really surprising that this great Christian novelist should spring from the Soviet Union: totalitarianism drives one to the last outpost—fighting to save your soul (which, psychologically, may not be so very different from American blacks fighting for their manhood). But it's easy for us to overvalue our own suffering, romantically. An individual here may immolate himself assuming that his suffering will change the world, that the people who don't care about the deaths of thousands—of millions—will be transformed by his. (Does he perhaps think that one white charred body will do what all the brown corpses can't?) The truth of political life is even more horrible than Solzhenitsyn's truth. We can certainly believe that in the Soviet Union the heroes are in the camps, if by "the heroes" we mean the irritable or defiant people who express their revulsion at the social order, even though only inadvertently. But are they *fortunate* to be there, as (in some strict, recondite area of his mind) Solzhenitsyn sometimes seems to think—earning their immortal souls? Nerzhin-Solzhenitsyn, shoving his contempt down the oppressors' throats, is a strong, robust hero, a dissenter with the humor of his rectitude. And Solzhenitsyn himself, as the survivor of everything "they" dished out, is the greatest symbolic artist-hero in the modern world. But politically, despite the intelligence of his descriptive passages, he looks toward some special mystical endowment of the Russian people. And that famous Russian soul doesn't seem to come through in political life—it comes through only in novels. Probably what comes through in political life in the Soviet Union is what comes through in political life here now—hopelessness, apathy, suspicion, fear, cynicism, violence.

What gives the movie its impact is how close the whole situation feels to us, and Solzhenitsyn is inspiring because many of us feel that we, too, need moral leadership. But I was bothered in the novel by Volodin's saying, "After all, the writer is a teacher of the people. . . . A greater writer is, so to speak, a second government." And I was bothered, too, by the words of



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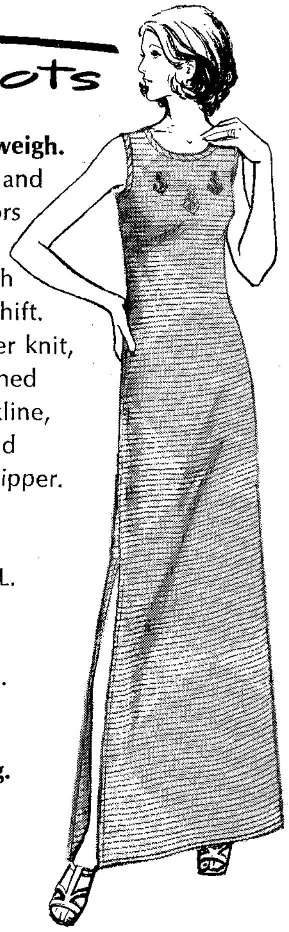

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In The Altogether

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Solzhenitsyn's undelivered speech accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1970: "One word of truth shall outweigh the whole world." (If it did, the Vietnam war would have ended—would never have started. If it did, editorial writers wouldn't have to go on saying the same things over and over.) When Solzhenitsyn speaks those words, he takes risks, and the words have political consequences, but people who believe that one word of truth will really outweigh the whole world are mistaking poetic power for political power. Yet I think that at times we all play this game with ourselves. Solzhenitsyn's own depth of feeling is not in question. He sets a peerless example that lifts our spirits, but our exaltation may allow us to feel that evil can be dealt with by poetry alone. We react the way we react to a stargazing valedictorian: we can see that he believes what he's saying, and we find his belief inspiring because we want to believe. We respond to the beauty of the message. But we know that when more people actually believed that the poetic truths would conquer, it didn't improve their social conditions; it merely helped them to bear their suffering. There's a soaring upbeat element in "The First Circle"—an old-fashioned Christian Russianness—that may have helped to make the book popular. At the end of the novel, when the group, including Nerzhin, is being transported to Siberia, Solzhenitsyn writes:

> Yes, the taiga and the tundra awaited them, the record cold of Oymyakon and the copper excavations of Dzhezkazgan; pick and barrow; starvation rations of soggy bread; the hospital; death. The very worst.
>
> But there was peace in their hearts.

The challenge of the movie—coming to us at this time—is that even though we're not living in a totalitarian state, and we know that the hopelessness Americans now feel isn't fully justified, we fear increasingly that the only self-respecting choices that are left us may lead to martyrdom. That "peace in their hearts" is maddening, because we haven't got peace in our hearts, even in its simpler forms. But in Solzhenitsyn's form it's spiritual solace when everything else is gone.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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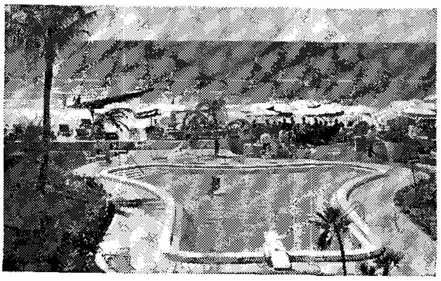

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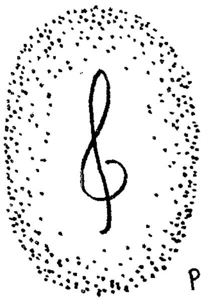

THERE is plenty of new music to be heard in New York—less than in London, it is true, but enough to keep any interested listener very busy. There is no dearth of lively composers and no shortage of expert performers. Yet to a newcomer the “new-music scene” here presents some puzzling features. To embark on any large-scale criticism after but a few months’ acquaintance would be both rash and impertinent; let me venture just a few midseason observations, based chiefly on the work of Pierre Boulez in his triple role of conductor, compère, and composer. Mr. Boulez should be the center of new music in New York. In the summer of 1971, before embarking on his first season as music director of the Philharmonic, he stated his intention: “What I want to do is to create models of concert life in two cities—London and New York. After that, anyone can do it. But if I don’t, I fear nobody will. . . . And that’s why I’ve been invited by the New York Philharmonic and the B.B.C. It’s not just because of my ability as a conductor. There are plenty of conductors as good as I and some who are much better in parts of the repertory. But it’s the ideas I want to put into practice that count. I want to create conditions in which the music of our own time is once again an integral part of concert life. That’s a creative task and that’s why I accepted it.”

It is possible for one man to change the concert life of a great city—provided that he controls the city’s major concert-giving organization. I watched it happen in London. The man was William Glock, his organization the B.B.C., the largest patron of musicians—both performers and composers—in the world. Glock, appointed B.B.C. Controller of Music in 1959, made the music of our own time central to the B.B.C. Symphony’s concert series, to the Proms (that enormous “festival” of orchestral music which for weeks fills the Albert Hall, and over the air reaches a wider audience still), to the countless concerts and chamber and solo recitals promoted by the B.B.C. both in public halls and in studios, to the broadcast relays of new works up and down the country, to recordings and relays from abroad, and to the broadcast talks about music and the printed commentary and discussion appearing in the B.B.C.’s publications. Within a few years, Stravinsky could call London “a great capital of contemporary music” (a footnote in his “Expositions and Developments”). He said this had been brought about “to a large extent by the accession of an intelligent younger generation in the musical press,” and he was possibly too generous to the profession. It is true that Glock’s arrival coincided with the appointment, to major critical posts, of several young writers sympathetic to his ideas; there was also a crop of exceptionally gifted young composers, and another of instrumentalists adept in the techniques of, and eager to perform, contemporary music. All things conspired; the conspiracy succeeded because Mr. Glock, who is now Sir William, was there to lead it, and had the B.B.C.’s vast resources behind him. Moreover, for ten years before that, as director of the Bryanston and Dartington Summer Schools, where men like Stefan Wolpe, Elliott Carter, Luigi Nono, and Luciano Berio had taught and inspired a new generation of British musicians, Glock had been training his lieutenants. Boulez arrived as his most brilliant general.

In New York, Boulez has a harder task. There is nothing like the B.B.C. to his hand. (The Philharmonic is important, but less dominant in the musical life of New York than the B.B.C. is in London.) Nor is there anything quite comparable to the Arts Council of Great Britain to support him in his campaign. London has five major full-time symphony orchestras. The B.B.C. Symphony is paid from television license fees; the four others are sustained by both the nation (through the Arts Council) and the city, and a proportion of their income is dependent on the programming of new native music. In addition, there are chamber orchestras and ensembles specializing in contemporary music which draw most of their income from the public purse. I mention these things not to suggest that they order this matter better over there (and by Continental standards British subsidies to music are still meagre); the intricacies of American subsidy still escape me. (For example, though federal, state, and city grants to the Philharmonic amount to only $331,000 in a budget whose total expenses are $5,293,000, there must also be a good deal of “concealed subsidy” in the form of the tax rebate on the gifts from corporations, foundations, friends, and patrons.) Nevertheless, when from the latest report of the Arts Council of Great Britain, covering the year March 1971-March ’72, I pull some figures, I wonder whether those of this country are comparable. During that period, the people of England, through their taxes, commissioned from their composers, and paid for the performance of, sixty-six new musical works: the Scots, five; the Welsh, thirty-eight—this in addition to the commissions from the B.B.C., other bodies, and individuals. Maybe the American record is more impressive. The very fact that I don’t know indicates a failure of publicity. Such a failure, in this of all countries, is surprising.

In New York, I miss the musical press—equivalents to the British monthlies the *Musical Times* and *Music and Musicians*, and that quarterly review of modern music *Tempo*, which contain essays on and introductions to forthcoming works, and informed discussion on those that have been recently performed. America is not short of good writers on music, but there is nothing quite like those magazines, which circulate among the ordinary concertgoing public. They are on sale in London’s concert halls. Since I have, after all, embarked on comparisons, let me add that in Lincoln Center I miss the bookshop that on the South Bank (London’s complex of concert halls) sells not only all the musical magazines and a wide range of books on music, and pocket scores, but also the particular scores, so far as they are published, of all the works due for performance throughout the place. I miss the monthly brochure that should list, with detailed programs, all the events in the five theatres, the big Philharmonic Hall, the recital halls of the Juilliard School, and the auditorium of the Library of Performing Arts that make up the Center. I miss a detailed monthly calendar, such as the *Musical Times* publishes well in advance, of all the musical events scheduled for the city, and an equivalent of the *Music and Musicians* monthly calendar that announces all the major events of the country (impracticable in this huge land—but the interested New York musician should at least be able to know when something unusual and worthwhile is happening in Washington, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Boston, Hart-

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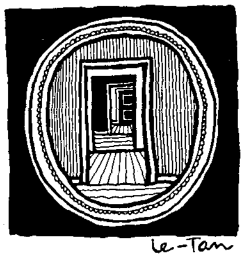
ford, and anywhere else within easy reach). There is a lack of information—information that could stimulate attention and insure that the numerous good things available are fully enjoyed. It is rather like—let me get all my limey grumbles off my chest!—the way the efficiency of New York's subway and bus systems is vitiated by the lack of clear, simple signposting, such as any logical person could devise in an hour or two. How early do the promoters get together to compare plans and programs, and avoid clashes that must divide a potential audience? The signposting toward new music is inadequate: often one comes across it too late, when already irreversibly headed for something else; at other times, on arrival, there is too little helpful related information.

One little example, of a small, simple piece of further guidance that could have been given but wasn't. Three of the four works billed at this season's Prospective Encounters concerts, conducted by Boulez, had already appeared on record: Jacob Druckman's "Incenters," Peter Maxwell Davies' "Eight Songs for a Mad King," and Mauricio Kagel's "Match." It would have been easy to tell people this and print the record numbers on the program sheet; if Boulez thinks the pieces are worth doing, he must think there are people who may perhaps want to hear them again, after the concert is done, or even hear them in advance. Not everyone can make sense of, say, Davies on just one or two hearings. A line about whether a score is published, and by whom and at how much, would not be amiss. An indication of which scores and which records are available at the Lincoln Center library, for borrowing or for reference, might prompt continuing interest, a less brief encounter. It would no doubt be too expensive to produce a magazine specifically connected with the Encounters, such as the *Domaine Musical*, which Boulez edited when he was director of the Domaine Musical concerts in Paris in the fifties. That magazine, with its fiery, stimulating manifestos, got into hands the local likes of which probably never open the covers of *Perspectives of New Music* (a journal published twice yearly by the Princeton University Press for the Fromm Music Foundation, and less readable than *Domaine Musical*—partly, I suspect, simply because by nonspecialists it is less read).



Boulez' Domaine concerts, charged with new works and explosive new ideas, left an enduring mark on Paris musical life. They became the talk of that talkative town. As the critic Antoine Goléa put it, they were "the crucible, the brain of avant-garde French music." Boulez' Prospective Encounters here have not been comparable—in part because they have been largely retrospective. Last week's began with William Bolcom's "Morning and Evening Poems," for soprano and chamber ensemble, texts from Blake, and composed in 1966. The composer wrote in the program, "This piece is in a style I don't compose in anymore . . . but I think its lyricism might save the piece, along with the extraordinary text." It was saved for me by the beautiful singing of Phyllis Bryn-Julson, which gave distinction to a score otherwise modest, "healthy" (Boulez' word), and of no special musical interest or marked character. Kagel's "Match," of 1964, was billed to follow, but that particular encounter remains prospective, since Boulez said the performance was not ready. Instead, Paul Jacobs played Stockhausen's "Piano Piece XI" and, joined by Robert Miller and Morris Lang, the same composer's "Refrain" (1959), for piano, celesta, and vibraphone. Mr. Jacobs' spoken introduction to the works was fluent, laconic, and engaging. Of the piano piece, he gave two very accomplished, gripping performances; the execution of the trio was confident, cogent, arresting, not quite precise. Afterward, Boulez suddenly became interesting, even eloquent, as he talked of his fellow-composer's early attempts in these pieces to marry fixed notation with some elements that shift in each performance—a problem that had also concerned him at the time. He described how in "Refrain" each new event began only when its predecessor had faded into silence, and asked the players to demonstrate with an example. Then, one had the impression of everyone in the hall listening, with hushed breath, for the moment when a musical sound died. It was the kind of intent, electric stillness that a great singer can sometimes induce when she has the house hanging spellbound on a single, soft-spun note. It should have been followed by a second performance, which might all have been listened to in that way. Boulez said there was no time for that, so we had no six-minute

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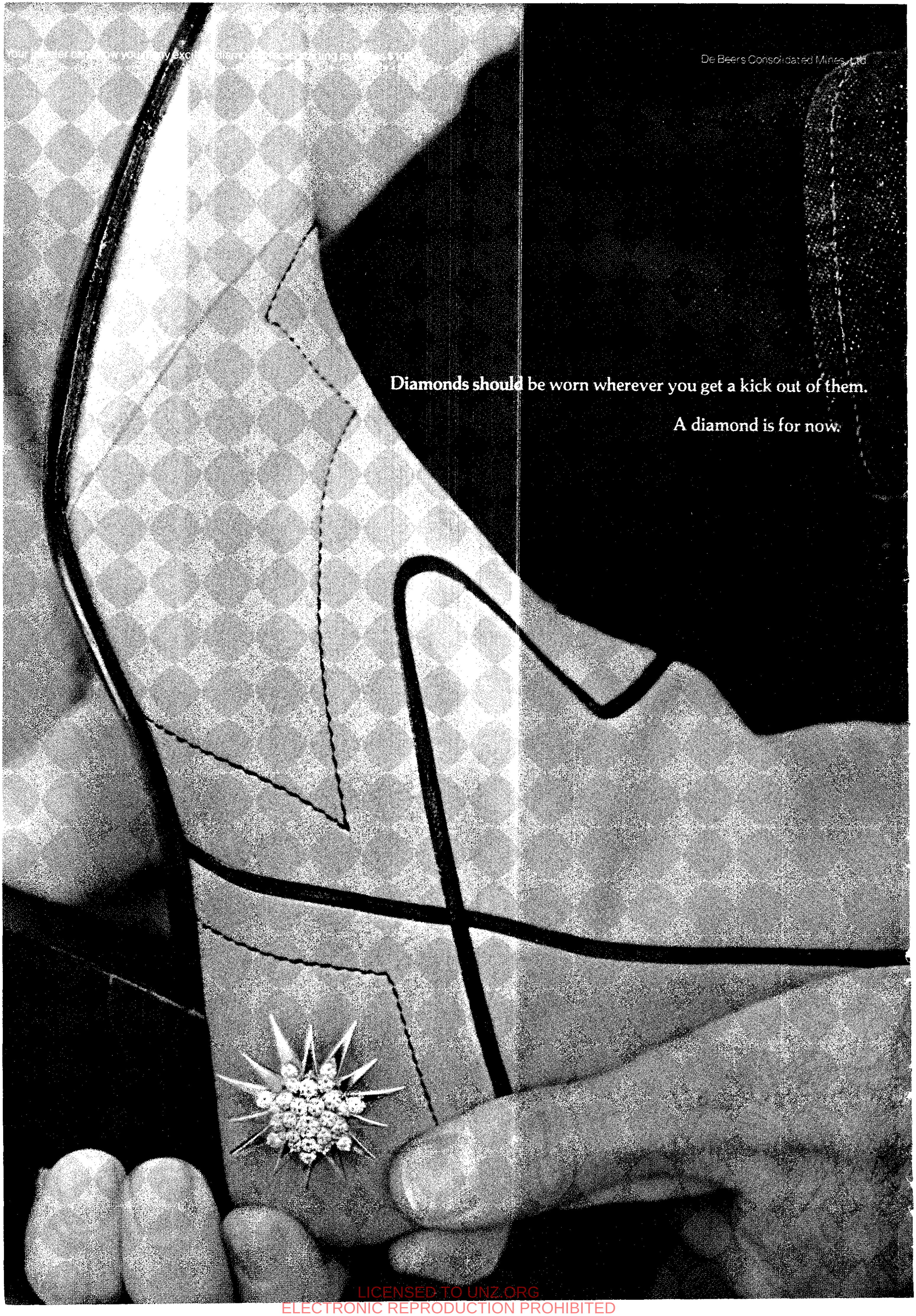
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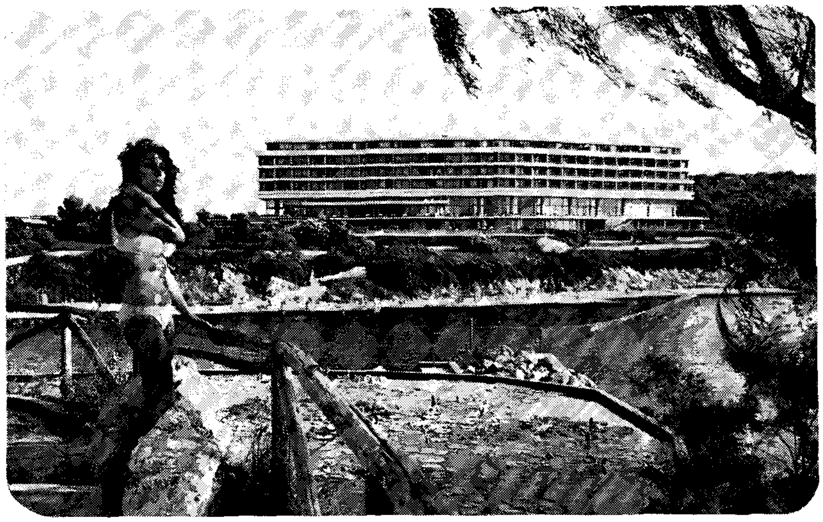
his, only half an hour's more rather dull chat.

Stockhausen is the most important composer so far Encountered, and these unscheduled performances of his relatively early works provided much the most vivid musical experiences of the series. For the rest, I have found the concerts disappointing, with too much loose gab and too little music. The criticisms David Hamilton made of the first series still hold. (Mr. Hamilton's thoughtful assessment appears in the current *Musical Newsletter*. Now, *there's* a magazine that every intelligent concertgoer should read; it's not on sale at Lincoln Center—only by subscription.) The Loeb Student Center of New York University is not quite right for these events, either in feel or in space. Weak or middling pieces have been included in a repertory so small that only the strongest will do. Boulez is not a skillful compère. Like Mr. Hamilton, I wish that he would tell the audiences he draws about the other, abundant new-music series that New York provides. (Amplified and annotated, the monthly broadsheet of announcements published by the Center for New Music—a good start, though far from complete—might well be included with the program.) Last week, he could have said that some of Mr. Bolcom's later music was available on record; referred anyone interested in pursuing the remarks on randomness to his essay "Alea," in a 1964 *Perspectives;* announced that three days later, in the Juilliard Theatre, he would in a public master class be pulling to pieces some compositions by Juilliard students. These sporadic Encounters will serve small purpose if they don't send people questing after other new adventures.

THE first of the Juilliard School's series of Boulez master classes in composition, last month, was most interesting for the light it shed on his own current ideas and practice. As instructor, he was, surely without realizing it, at his most odious and crushing. He all but sneered at the two student composers, Andrew Violette and William Komaiko, for writing for means so old-fashioned and conventional as, respectively, piano and string quartet, instead of a fashionable chamber combination. He told Mr. Violette, whose "Dream Maze," though nothing special, was a perfectly agreeable modern-romantic piece by a youth who knew his Berg "Sonata" and Berio "Sequenza IV," that if he had written some sections all in the treble and some all in the bass,



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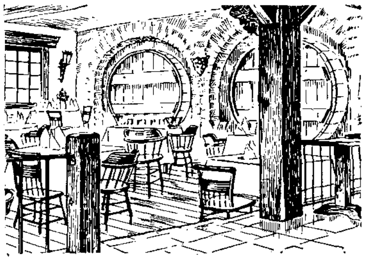

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the work would have "acquired a profile." He chided him for not exploiting more extravagant and unusual ways of getting sound from the piano, such as he, Boulez, had pioneered. He mocked and parodied a rather striking effect of repeated chords. He subjected the opening bars to instant recomposition. From separate movements of Mr. Komaiko's Second Quartet, a work whose basic idea is the presentation of each instrument as an individual, he pulled two passages that were rather similar in mood, in order to refute with a triumphant smile the composer's declaration that he thought each movement did have its own character. (As if moments of tender reminiscence were now taboo.) Oh, he was hateful! And no doubt for the best reasons: to spark spirited defense from the budding composers (but how do you defend yourself against a man who brooks no contradiction?) and to ram home his central thesis, the unremarkable one that every piece should show a clear "idea"—favorite Boulez word—clearly executed.

As a composer, Boulez has lost the verve that made his "Le Soleil des Eaux" (1948), "Le Marteau sans Maître" (1955), and "Pli Selon Pli" (1960, but many years in the making) just about the most exciting, colorful, and powerful pieces of their day. In his latest work, ". . . explosante/fixe . . . ," as in its predecessor, "cummings ist der dichter," he seems to be picking over a small, if striking, "idea" and executing it with a great deal of elaboration and technical resource. Both pieces are attractive to the ear; both have left me wondering whether the results were worth all the effort and expense involved in their performance. " . . . explosante/fixe . . ." went through various metamorphoses before it reached the world première, in Alice Tully Hall, in its definitive version, commissioned by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. It was first performed by the London Sinfonietta as a trio for variable instrumentations; for the Chamber Music Society it has grown in length (from eighteen minutes to about half an hour), altered its scoring, and been equipped with electronic effects supplied by a device called the Halaphone. The flute opened proceedings, solo, with its "explosion"—a skittery, jittery, captivating pattern of sound, exquisitely played by Paula Robison. In turn, viola, cello, trumpet, harp, vibraphone, clarinet, and violin "exploded" (though the word is really much too violent to describe what seldom rises

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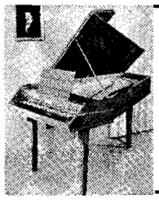

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above a delicate patter) and then continued, each with "its set of variations on an individual level, 'fixe.' " The work has a "profile," since the notes are contained in a range of two octaves. It has a clear and easily grasped "idea"—but one that outstayed its welcome, I thought, even when the Halaphone came into action to provide variety and complexity of texture. This machine—nine hundred and forty-seven pounds of equipment brought over from the experimental studio of the Heinrich-Strobel Foundation, in Freiburg-Günterstal—was controlled by a crew of three, led by its inventor, Peter Haller. It picks up the sounds of the individual players, can mix and modify them as required, and project them, through a series of speakers around the hall, to produce effects of circling or stalking. Seated at one side of the hall, I missed these marvels, and heard merely rather curious and interesting combinations of live player on the stage and distorted descant in various places. At the second performance, the machine went wrong.

AT the regular Philharmonic Hall concerts, there has been surprisingly little new music. Boulez' programs look particularly timid by comparison with those of the Chicago Symphony; Solti has certainly made the music of our own time an integral part of Chicago concert life, and has concentrated—wisely, it seems to me—on music composed for a large, virtuoso symphony orchestra. But to the Philharmonic programs—and program books—I must return another time.

—ANDREW PORTER

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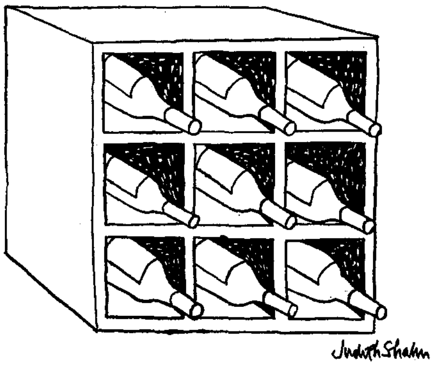
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 13

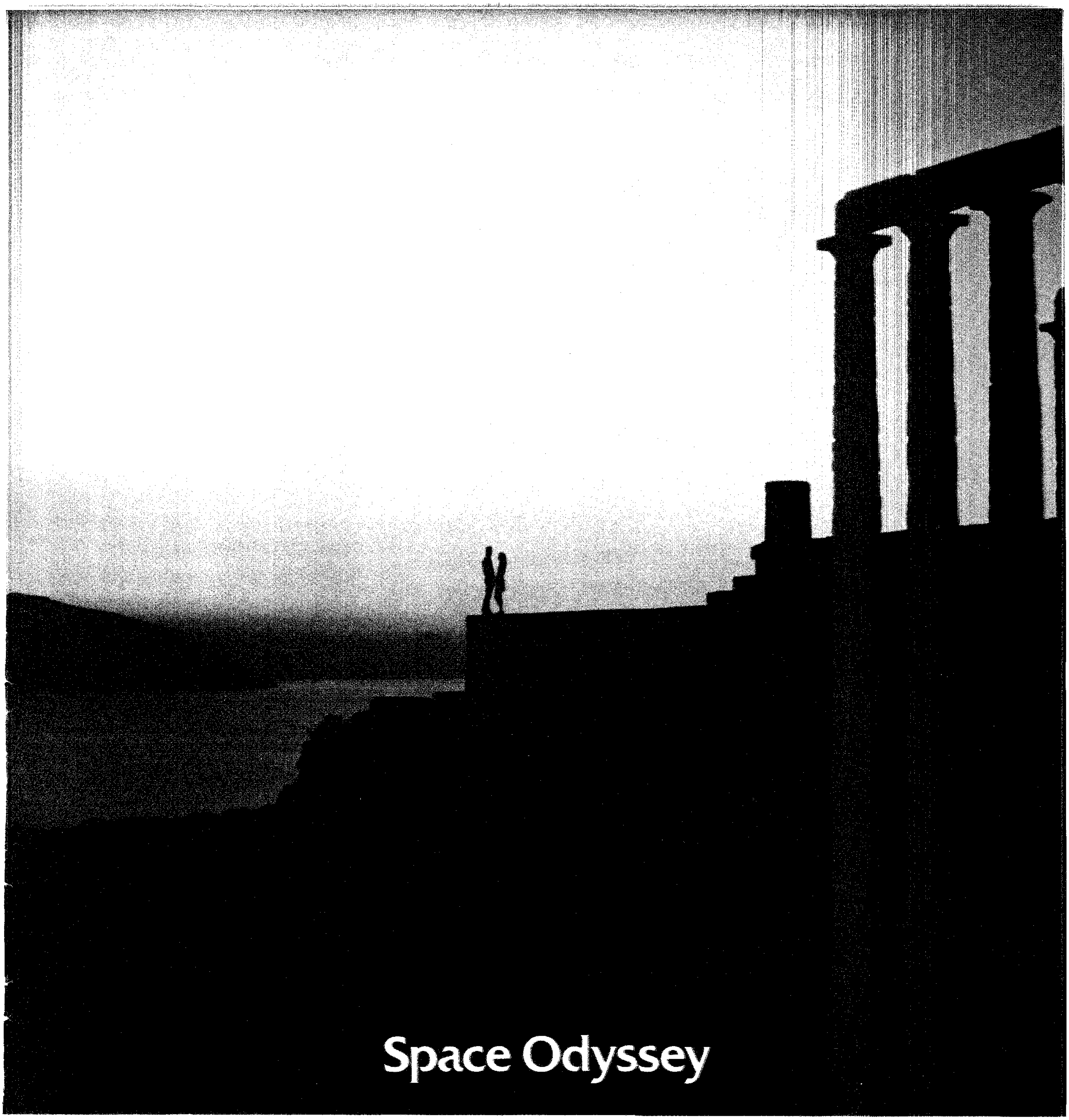
HENRY KISSINGER and Le Duc Tho resumed smiles and pleasantries during the past week in Paris, and Kissinger is currently on his way to Key Biscayne to confer with the President on the latest developments, or lack thereof, in the secret talks. No unofficial observers here know anything except what reporters in Paris saw when doors were opened or closed, and Administration diplomats who may have some knowledge have been scrupulously honoring their commitment to secrecy. However, the fact that the two principals are reported to have spent more than thirty hours together in the past several days has raised the spirits and hopes of some people—largely, one suspects, because no two intelligent men could spend that much time together expressing nothing but disagreement on the relatively few matters that remain at issue. No one, however, is displaying the euphoria that seemed to prevail in Administration circles last October and in the few November days before the election. Moreover, while Kissinger and Tho can speak for their governments with great authority, it requires more than their concurrence to arrange a cease-fire. Kissinger must have the President's approval, and Tho must have the approval of the Politburo in Hanoi. Although the President can act on his own in theory and in fact, in practice he has made it clear that he will not accept an agreement that does not have the approval of our allies in Saigon. The differences between Washington and Hanoi may be negotiable at this stage, but at least one difference between Hanoi and Saigon seems irreconcilable. North Vietnam basically wants a speedy extension of its sovereignty over South Vietnam. South Vietnam would like the exact reverse of this, but it sees the hopelessness of that part of its cause and is willing to settle—as Hanoi is not—for the continuance of the Demilitarized Zone and for the independence of the present Saigon regime. Left to ourselves, we might deplore but accept a united country, but the President—as of now, at any rate—will remain adamant about maintaining the partition as long as he is informed that this is the wish of President Thieu.

There is always, to be sure, the possibility that the President may come to see things in a new light and give Thieu the kind of treatment he has lately been giving so many members of his own Administration here. This would probably sit well with Congress and the American people and make life a lot easier for him. But there is as yet no sign of his readiness to do so. Under the circumstances, it seems more likely than not that time is running out on Henry Kissinger—that if he doesn't bring home an acceptable agreement, or fails to produce one in a few weeks, his usefulness at this particular task will have come to an end. This would be no reflection on the skill he brought to the job but, rather, an indication of the impossibility of completing the mission assigned him. By now, it is felt, he and his able predecessors have tried every formula ever applied in the history of diplomacy, and perhaps some new ones as well. The Administration may have two or three men it might try as replacements for him, but it is doubtful if there are more than two or three acceptable to Nixon who might succeed where Kissinger seems to have failed. In time, it appears more likely that the choice will be between an American defeat papered over with documents of specious reasoning or another round of escalation, more brutal and destructive than any in the past. It is even not quite out of the question that tactical nuclear weapons would be used, and anxiety has mounted in some quarters here since Nixon's choice for Deputy Secretary of Defense, William P. Clements, Jr., a couple of days ago told a Senate committee he would not rule out the employment of nuclear arms. Their use, however, was quite specifically ruled out by the President himself two years ago—at a news conference on February 17, 1971—and again by Administration aides after the Clements statement. These restraints could be put aside, but if they were, Nixon would be following a course of action that would have a disastrous effect on American and world opinion, and would for the present doom most of his other diplomatic undertakings, some of which must be, even in his eyes, vastly more important than Vietnam.

There remains the chance that Congress—either the one now in session or the one to follow it—will force American withdrawal by simply denying the military the funds necessary for the pursuit of the war. Anti-war sentiment in the House and Senate is stronger now than it has ever been, and neither body seems in the least impressed by what White House people speak of as the President's "mandate." For one thing, most anti-war candidates got quite respectable mandates of their own, and there is a widespread tendency to believe that the Presidential vote was in large part anti-McGovern and in at least as large a part a response to the President's frequently emphasized eagerness to bring the war to an end. From the look of things at present, this is the most assertive Congress in years, and it is free to defy the President, because his days are Constitutionally numbered and because he has made very little effort to cultivate good will among its members—not even among the loyal Republicans who had difficulty in winning reëlection. Still, the average American politician is about as dismayed as Nixon himself at the prospect of a "defeat" of American arms, and the head counts that have been taken so far show that while an anti-war majority might be mustered in the Senate, the time has not quite arrived for mobilizing a House coalition. A new surge of anti-war public opinion might change this situation, but no such change is at the moment in view. The withdrawal of the ground-combat troops has gone a long way toward satisfying large sections of the public. Moreover, the Congress could not itself deal with North Vietnam or the Vietcong, and it probably would not decline to finance the war without prior assurances from the government in Hanoi that the prisoners of war would be returned in exchange for legislative action. One can certainly hope, then, that Henry Kissinger has actually scored a coup of some sort, for otherwise the outlook is for continued bloodletting in Indo-China, more rancorousness in American politics, and more anti-Americanism around the world.



THERE are times when Richard Nixon seems by far the least predictable of American Presidents in this century. He seldom fits any of the established partisan categories, and when he does seem fixed in one of them he suddenly moves away and lines up with another. When his future depended on Party support, he was as orthodox in his Republicanism as any man in the country. He had no compunctions, however,



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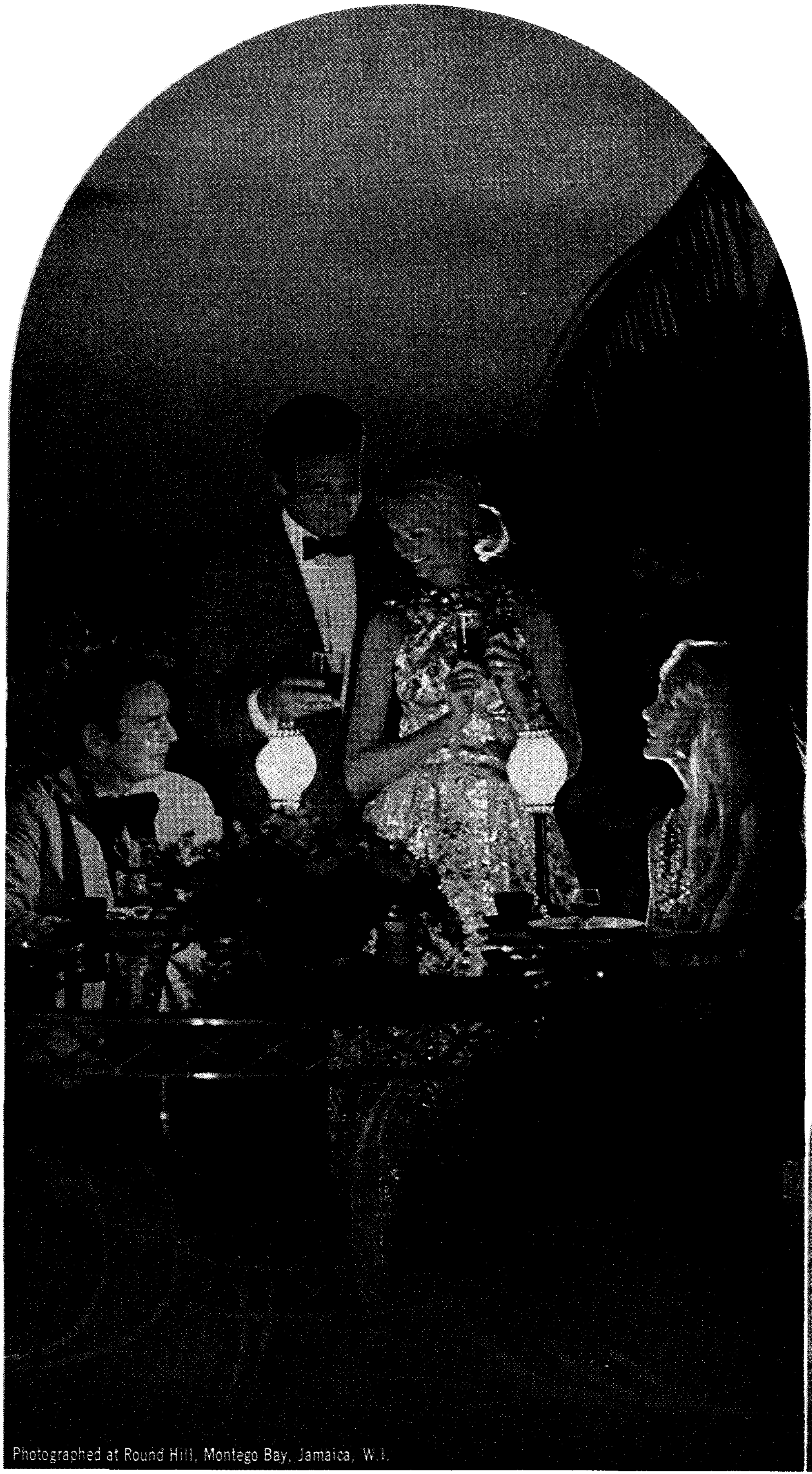

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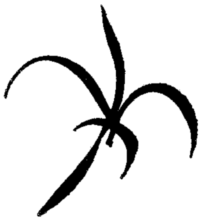

His forthcoming Inaugural Address and his State of the Union Message soon to follow may provide some hint of where and how he proposes to lead us through the next four years, but it will probably be foolish to take them as sure guides. Ordinarily, one can say of a politician finishing out his career that he will put aside opportunism and seek to establish himself as a figure of some nobility. But Nixon so far gives little evidence of any such impulse. It may be that his reorganization of the Cabinet will lead to a more effective executive branch, but government reorganization is usually an act of political showmanship that seldom improves the quality of performance. The machinery of government is generally less important than the men chosen to run it, and—if one excludes George Shultz, the Secretary of the Treasury, who now has increased economic powers—Nixon in his second term has surrounded himself with men who seem, if anything, somewhat less talented than those they have replaced. It may be that Elliot Richardson will be an improvement over Melvin Laird as Secretary of Defense, but he has no known qualifications for the job other than a greater suavity and a greater literacy, which won't hurt a bit but won't help much, either. The White House staff remains essentially the same, and it is singularly unimpressive except for Kissinger, who is less part of the Nixon team than head of the Kissinger team. The Secretaries-designate of Commerce and Transportation are men of whom practically nothing is known except that in the past they have been opposed to the policies they are now charged with carrying out.

It would be idle to suggest that Nixon's changes of personnel provide a basis for forecasting the quality of his leadership over the next four years. He has no real program in the usual sense. Like every other President, he wants peace and prosperity and national unity, but he has no fixed policies for achieving any of them. Eclecticism can be a perfectly rational approach in American politics, and ideological inflexibility can be disastrous. But Nixon is eclectic in the sense that he is generally ready to try anything that seems likely to work for a time at least or give the country the impression of accomplishment. His trips to China and Russia were valuable as diplomatic gestures, but they accomplished little of value for the nation, and they complicated certain other problems—such as our troubled relations with Japan—which he has yet to show any interest in dealing with. Both his critics and his supporters think they can find certain clues in the records of the men he appoints and rejects, but in this both sides are likely to be misled, since the record shows that Nixon wants men to put aside their private positions and carry out his will, no matter how much it may be at odds with their convictions. (This probably helps explain his taste for men of obscurity, who are likely not to be fixed in the public mind as men of firm beliefs or crusading temperaments.) He has no objection to innovation—several of the economic measures he has sponsored are in direct conflict with the view of the wing of the party he has generally represented—but he has exhibited little zest in fighting for fundamental changes, the only exception that comes to mind being his effort, which met with success after a couple of setbacks, to remake the Supreme Court from a liberal into a conservative institution.

In recent decades, it has been customary to think of the immediate future in terms of the executive branch and its leader, the President. There have been times when Congress or the Supreme Court has frustrated the executive will, but in general Presidents have established policy and triumphed over Congress, even when it was in the control of the opposition party. The foreign policy we have followed for the last quarter century was initiated by a Republican Congress carrying out the wishes of a Democratic President who, when election time came around, excoriated that Congress—the Eightieth—for passing so few of the domestic proposals he set before it. Of the four

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Congresses that Eisenhower had to work with, three were Democratic, and by and large, except toward the very end, they complied with his wishes. There was no division between the White House and Capitol Hill while Kennedy and Johnson held office, but Nixon is starting his second term with, again, Democratic majorities in both houses. In his first four years, he had a few more setbacks than Eisenhower had in eight, but on most matters of importance he got his way. Now, however, there are signs that large numbers of congressmen, both veterans and newly elected members, feel that in the past few years Congress has too often and too willingly given the President his way, with the consequence that many of its own Constitutional and historical powers have atrophied. There is now clearly a strong minority, and perhaps a majority, mood to restore the balance, particularly in matters of foreign policy. It remains to be seen whether or not a majority exists to support the procedural changes that would be required for any sweeping assertion of independence, but dissatisfaction is mounting, and if there is no majority right now, there will be one in time, or else the functions of Congress will be too trivial to attract men of ability and pride. In any case, there have already been some changes of importance. Control of the House Rules Committee, a body of enormous potential importance, has passed from tired and lethargic elders to men far more modern in thought. The interrogation of Elliot Richardson and Claude Brinegar for their Cabinet assignments showed a vigilance not seen in years. Whether any of this will affect the President's thinking—though a product of the House and Senate, he has as President been unusually contemptuous of both institutions—is uncertain, but at least there is in prospect a day when the President will no longer be in sole command of loyal troops on Capitol Hill.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

> Capri, Italy (UPI)—The Isle of Capri, which has been dependent on water imported from mainland Italy, will have its own water supply in 1973 when a desalinization plant goes into operation.
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BOOKS

"Anyone Who Could Write English"

AMONG the lesser plagues of the Great Depression was the Federal Writers' Project. It induced rashes of rage in congressmen, editorialists, and state Works Progress Administration officials, and it was a chronic irritant to a public that considered it an oasis for loafers, troublemakers, and self-declared geniuses ("Isn't everyone a writer?"). The Project, established in July of 1935, was, like a sacrificial beast, threatened with extinction every spring during congressional appropriations sessions. For four years, White House pressure kept it alive as part of Federal One, the New Deal relief program in the arts, and at its height it employed more than six thousand people. Then, as Roosevelt's attention was increasingly engrossed in the oncoming war, the Emergency Relief Act of 1939 accomplished the long-expected death of the Federal Writers' setup, though Writers' Projects continued to function in almost all the states until after Pearl Harbor. The legacy of the Project's unwelcome existence was a huge heap of books, pamphlets, and unpublished documents. The most impressive of the lot was the American Guide Series: a volume on each of the forty-eight states, book-length guides to cities, highways, regions, and small towns, as well as studies of population groups and aspects of life in America.

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W. Miller

Jerre Mangione's account of the Federal Writers' Project, "The Dream and the Deal" (Little, Brown), begins with his discovery, in May of 1939, that Federal One, including its writers' section, was doomed. Invited to dinner at the White House, he tried, at the desperate urging of Henry G. Alsberg, National Director of the Federal Writers' Project, to persuade Mrs. Roosevelt, long a friend of the Arts Program, to help fend off the heavy assault against it that was gathering momentum in Congress. Mangione kept scouting for a chance to introduce the subject, until he realized, because of Mrs. Roosevelt's elegiac references to the Project, that she was aware of the threat to Federal One but that, as far as the White House was concerned, the impending congressional death sentence would be carried out.

Mangione, who was Coördinating Editor of the Federal Writers' Project (a grandiose title for the job of making business arrangements with publishers to put out Project books), enjoyed a reputation in Washington as an inexhaustible punster; it was rumored, apparently without foundation, that he was frequently asked to dinner at the White House because Roosevelt was entertained by his puns. Like the name of an earlier Mangione volume, "Life Sentences for Everybody," which consists of one-sentence character sketches, the title "The Dream and the Deal" is a manifestation of this talent. "Dream" combines in a single word the unreal atmosphere of the Writers' Project, with its weird types and absurd events, and the fantasy, promoted by its top echelons, that the Project was engaged in creating, against all odds, a lasting literary representation of America and its people. And "deal" refers simultaneously to the New Deal (out of which the Project sprang), the deal the Project received at the hands of officials of the W.P.A., the Congress, and the press, and the final connivance, between the White House and the legislators, that snuffed out its life. Punning is a device for putting reality at a distance. Mangione's verbal exercises in detachment enable him to recount embarrassing truths about the Project without violating his affection for it. He is candid, even jocular, about the deficiencies of the Project—its unwieldiness, its illogic, its freakishness as a phenomenon of an abnormal epoch—and his descriptions of Alsberg and his coterie and their appointments in the field offices give the reader an adequate notion of the mental calibre of those who held the Project in their hands. Mangione himself avoids making judgments, and if he experiences moral indignation—for example, about the contemptuous self-assurance of the head of the "tours" section of the Guides—he does not allow it to show.

Mangione's position in the Washington summit gave him a view of the Project as a whole, with the disorders, spasms, and blank spots in both the national office and the

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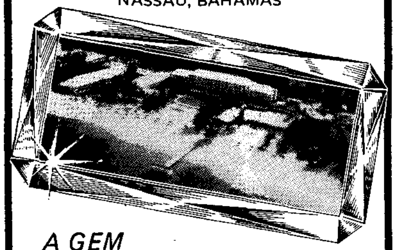

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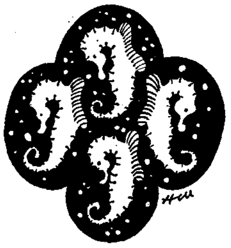
field. No outsider could know so much about its moods and inner attitudes. He has augmented his treasure of first-hand recollections with information gathered through interviews with surviving Washington staff members and people in the field. There are omissions, but fully to describe the Writers' Project would require another Writers' Project—and a better one. Mangione is a dedicated anecdotist, willing to interrupt his narrative at almost any point to introduce a good story. His yarns are to be prized for their entertainment or human interest, but occasionally I find myself taking exception to details having to do with me, and this makes me wonder about those dealing with other people. Some of the points are inconsequential: as when Mangione tells of reaching me by telephone from Washington at a publishing house and gets the name of the firm wrong. More serious is his account of battle in the Steering Committee of the Unemployed Writers Association over what qualifications were to be required of writers for the Project: the group of which I was a member walked out of the meeting not, as he reports, because of a fracas "over some technical detail" but in protest against the unscrupulous tactics of the Association's leftist faction, which we had just defeated in an open vote. In the thirties, an incident of this sort had significant political implications, though almost forty years later the precise details may no longer seem important. Yet the issue of the qualifications of writers continued to haunt the Project, and it is a recurrent theme in "The Dream and the Deal."

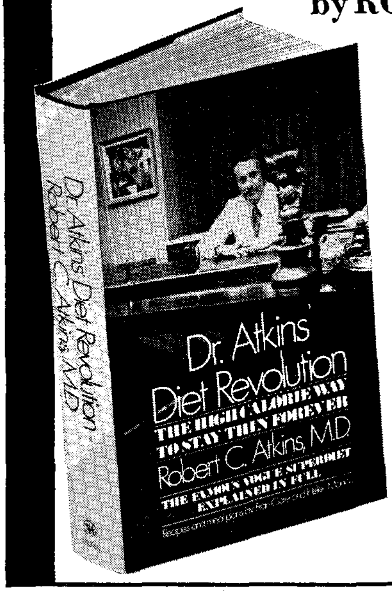


Mangione's identification with the planners and managers, while it gives him the advantage of an over-all view, stands in the way of a fundamental criticism of the Project: for all his frankness about its defects, he remains its apologist. Still, his testimony suggests that the Federal Writers' Project was, despite its quantitatively impressive output, intrinsically a failure—it was badly conceived, was directed by the wrong people, did little for American writers beyond supplying some with emergency jobs, and contributed nothing to American writing. The American Guide Series was an ingenious solution to the problems of the Project heads stuck with thousands of non-writers, though it was anything but a "dream" to the handfuls of genuine authors who labored on guidebook assignments at relief wages. If the Federal Writers' Project was finally given a deal by the Administration, the writers received all along a deal from the Project. Vardis Fisher, who wrote the Idaho Guide almost singlehanded, was not speaking for himself alone when he said that the national office was "incompetent and cynical and political." The outstanding fact about the Federal Writers' Project is that it was not a project for writers, in the sense that the Art Project was a project for painters and sculptors and the Theatre Project for actors and directors. It was a category of relief work comparable to many other projects for the skilled and the semi-skilled. The great majority of its members were not competent as writers, and—far worse—there was nothing a writer could do for it that could further his talents or his ambitions as an author. The Project gave no opportunity to the developing writer of the sort that the Arts Project provided for de Kooning, Gorky, and hundreds of young and unknown artists. In Chicago, "The Dream" tells us, Saul Bellow, assigned to copying lists of magazines in a library, "envied" two older writers, Isaac Rosenfeld and Lionel Abel, because the job of the first one was to give an account of pigeon racing in Chicago and the job of the second was to prepare textbooks for vocational schools. Most of the work was of this order of digging up facts, on matters ranging from eccentric buildings to cattle herding, and during my tenure in Washington a Latin-American novelist, invited to meet editors of the Project, disdainfully advised us that in his country writers were not interested in cows.

As it was constituted, the Federal Writers' Project had nothing to do with the art of writing and should not have been included in the Federal Arts Program. Writers had no part in formulating the Project's program; Mangione says that the American Guide Series came about through random talk at a Washington cocktail party during which a female journalist employed by the Resettlement Administration proclaimed that "the thing you have to do for writers is to put them to work writing Baedekers." The lady who delivered this verdict was to become the dominant editorial power on the Washington staff, which had been assembled by Alsberg from among old cronies, "whose best years," says Mangione, "were behind them." Her position was strong enough to allow her to oppose the director himself when he gave signs of yielding to what she considered to be literary impulses. Obsessed with preparing minutely detailed manuals of instruction, she established the Guide Series as a ready-made publication package, which field workers had only to stuff with the appropriate local data. After Fisher had completed his work on Idaho, the first volume in the series, he was berated by Washington for following his own ideas of form and proportion, and attempts were made to delay or suppress the Idaho Guide.

Despite their unevenness, the State Guides have received much and well-deserved praise; the enormous piles of American fact raked together in them have a fascination independent of structure and style. But the Project as a Guide-producing enterprise functioned separately from the Project as an activity of writers. In the Washington office, eagerness to get out the Guides far exceeded interest in what Project employees might be capable of producing or might benefit from doing. To supply the essays sections of the Guides—the only part of them that required literary ability, in contrast to the mechanical collecting of data for the "tours" sections—the Project, Mangione says, "enlisted the services of some twelve thousand consultants, most of them educators, who voluntarily reviewed, revised, and sometimes even wrote the essays." In the last analysis, the Guide Series was a tour de force by the Washington office to prolong the life of a writers' project for people who were not writers and on which people who really were writers earned wages for tiresome work. Mangione blandly recalls that some writers "resented the prospect of working on anything as mundane sounding as an American Guide;" he might have added that the unattractiveness of the Project's program caused uncounted numbers of writers to stay away from the Writers' Project whenever they could find other relief jobs, such as teaching or writing children's books; this only augmented the scarcity of writers on the Project.

The Federal Art Project remained ambiguous about whether its purpose was relief or furthering American art. In the Writers' Project there was no ambiguity; an early W.P.A. memorandum made it clear that "almost any person on relief who could write English" might qualify. When urgent need arose for a literary product, non-Project professionals filled the gap. A concern for writing might have brought diversity to the Project; in its absence,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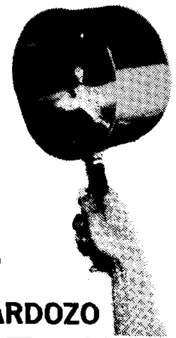

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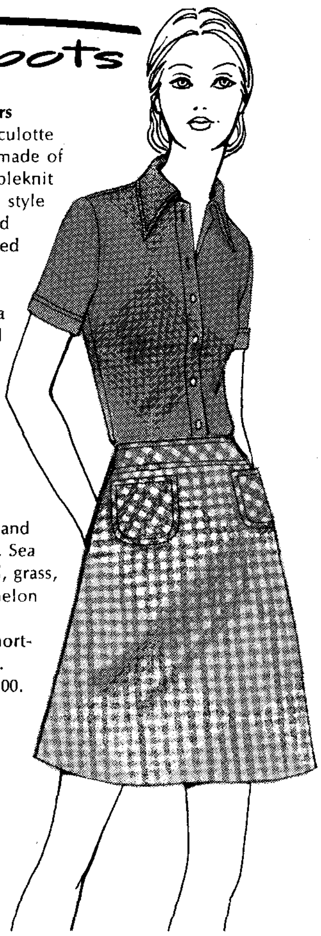

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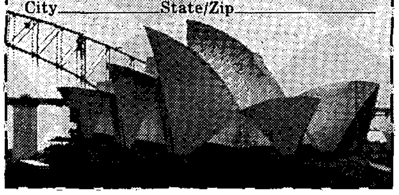

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a single ideology took hold. Partly in response to right-wing harassment of the Project on the ground that it was "Communistic," a hothouse Americanism pervaded its publications and its publicity. Ironically, the patriotic inflection was in harmony with the Communist Party line of the period, expressed in the slogan "Communism is twentieth-century Americanism." Studies of city neighborhoods and ethnic groups, collections of folklore and interviews with black ex-slaves, a tour book covering U.S. 1, a volume on ski trails—all were presented in the guise of what Mangione extolls as "the process of native self-discovery." This search for cultural unity was the "dream" that the Project substituted for a concern with American writing. As early as 1937, Bernard de Voto complained that the Guides "are all cluttered up with our cultural heritage," and among the Washington staff a joke went the rounds that parodied Göring: "When I hear the word 'culture,' I reach for my unity." America-consciousness was hardly what American writing needed in that decade. Working on the Project was relevant neither to the new American poetry, represented by Eliot, Pound, Williams, Stevens, Cummings, and Moore, nor to the best current fiction (Faulkner, Hemingway) nor to the coming of Fascism in Europe and the transformation of the U.S.S.R. into a totalitarian state. The Project assigned writers to mindless trivialities. In its fantasy of One America, it promoted the belief that the mere assembling of American data could be the equivalent of a great collective creation.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

OF LIGHT AND SOUNDING BRASS, by V. S. Yanovsky, translated from the Russian by Isabella Levitin and the author (Vanguard). This strange but excellent book (the author's second to appear in English) is divided into two parts. Part I is a "confession." Slipping back and forth in time, the narrator examines his life, pausing along the way to comment on, among other things, memory, religion, modern physics, technology, and the seven deadly sins. In Part II, the narrator and his fiancée visit (or remember visiting) a remote village, perhaps in the Caucasus, that is ruled by eccentrics, gypsies, werewolves, and ancient custom. The first half of the book is vaudevillian, the second romantic and lyrical. The two halves are linked not by "social,

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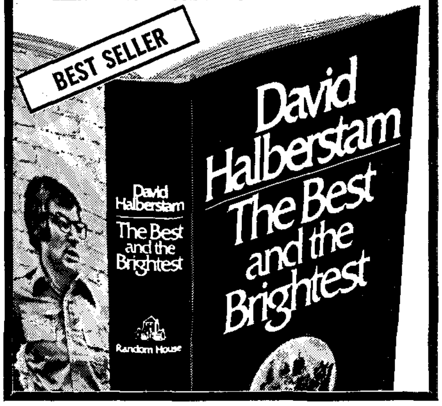

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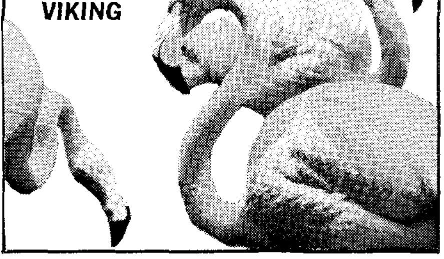

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logical, or psychological causality" but by poetic dexterity, and, odd as it may sound, they fit together as rightly as the images of a dream or the illogicalities of ballads. Mr. Yanovsky is a doctor who left Russia during the Revolution and has been in the United States, writing and practicing medicine, since 1942. He has written an extraordinarily original book that is also—in its playful but lucid philosophizing, romantic pessimism, and cosmopolitan love of nature—firmly entrenched in the best traditions of the Russian novel.

GENERAL

NOBODY EVER DIED OF OLD AGE, by Sharon R. Curtin (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Miss Curtin is a young radical from Wyoming who is outraged by the way America treats its old people—rich or poor, sick or well, in the home or on the street, at the Social Security office or in the nursing home. She writes from the fond memory of growing up with much-loved grandparents and from two recent years of deliberately living and working with old people of all kinds and conditions—of seeing the disgust they inspire in the vigorous young and the deep-seated fear they produce in the aging middle-aged. She introduces us to a dozen of the old men and women she has known, lets us see them as human beings, then shows us the dehumanizing forces with which they are constantly confronted (bureaucrats, social workers, nurses, doctors, even relatives—all of whom would treat them at best as children, and at worst as mere objects), and we do not hesitate to share her amazement at "the way old people face their days with dignity and strength." Her aim is to arouse the twenty million Americans over the age of sixty-five to form a liberation movement of their kind and to free themselves from the parasites that live on them. A shaming look at something usually tactfully avoided.

THE MANIPULATED MAN, by Esther Vilar (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Another sociological shoot-out, with men as the heroes this time, and women as the villains. The theme of the book (a raging success in Europe) is that women—"weak, unimaginative, and stupid" though they are—have somehow worked out a diabolical plan that enables them, *in perpetuum*, to "sit back getting lazier, dumber, and more demanding" of men. At first glance, it all seems to be a rather heavy-handed,

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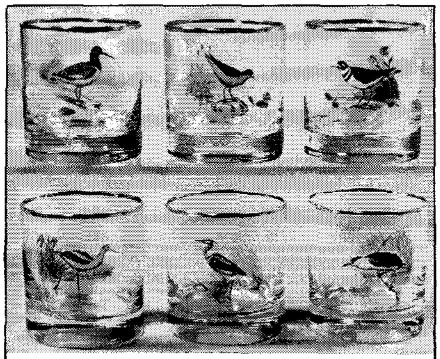

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if selling, put-on. Surely, one thinks, the author can't believe that all women are *that* loathesome ("lumps of stuffed human skin pretending to be thinking human beings") or that all men are that fetching ("their smooth bodies, kept trim by hard work, their strong shoulders, their muscular legs, their melodic voices"). But it soon becomes apparent that this twaddle is heartfelt; Miss Vilar, astonishingly, is utterly sincere.

EDWARDIAN OCCASIONS, by Samuel Hynes (Oxford). This collection of essays—many of which appeared in the English *Times Literary Supplement*—shows that sound historical criticism can be a high form of entertainment. Professor Hynes, of Northwestern, is lucid, witty, and brisk, and each of his essays assembles a wide range of facts within an intelligible line of argument. He says that the Edwardian period in England had a distinctive literature, marked by an intense and sometimes gloomy sense of history, and he sketches the careers of some familiar—or not so familiar—figures: Beatrice Webb, who might have been a great novelist if she had not felt the call of public duty; Ezra Pound, whose theories of writing are given a remarkably clear discussion here; Rupert Brooke, who wanted to be a poet more than he wanted to write poetry; Maurice Hewlett, who saw himself at the pinnacle of "Literature" in 1903 and who is now forgotten, because he conceived of it with a capital "L;" and others.

LIKE TO THE LARK: THE EARLY YEARS OF SHAKESPEARE, by Frederick J. Pohl (Potter). The author's specialties—history and archeology—led him to a study of Shakespeare portraits and thence into the speculative and enticing work of filling the gaps in Shakespeare's biography. This absorbing work proposes a new candidate for the "only begetter" of the sonnets; recalls the poet's family connections with endangered recusants; and insists that a painting long thought to be a dual portrait of Ben Jonson and William Shakespeare playing chess really is that.

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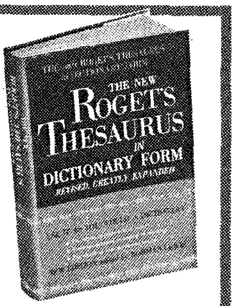

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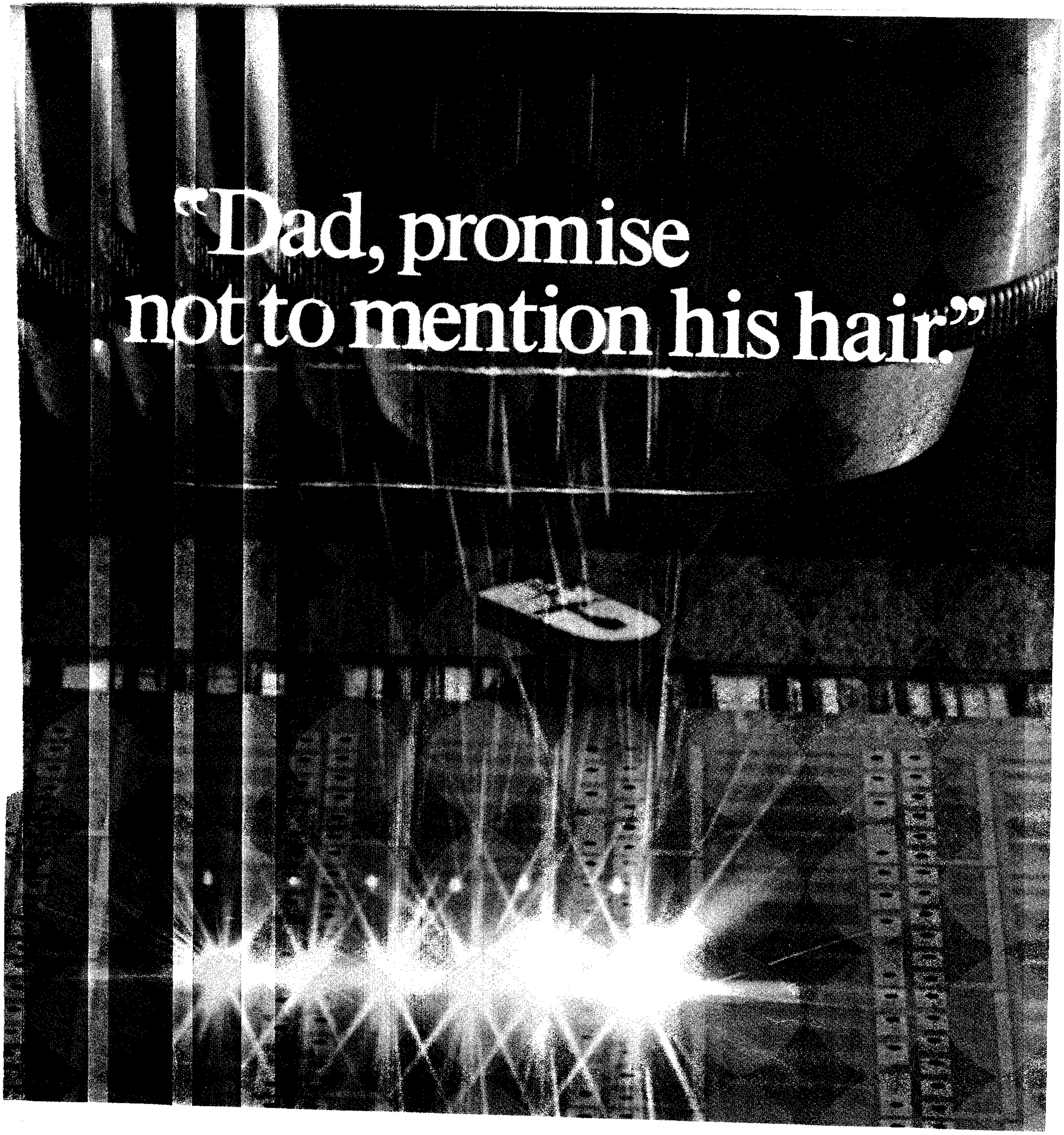

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